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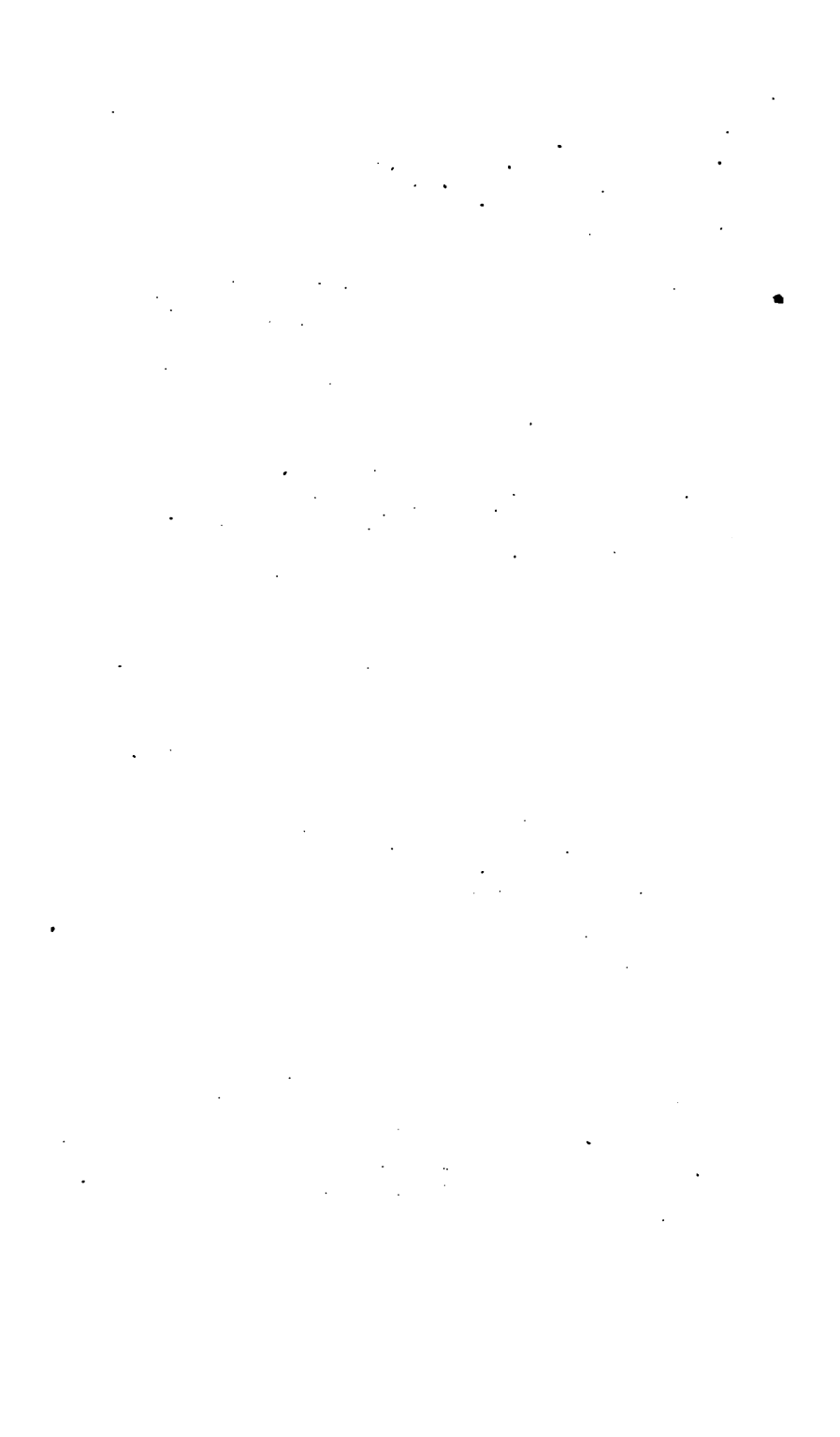
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Engraved by J. Smith. Painted by J. M. W. Turner. London.

# MY OLD PORTFOLIO;

OR

TALES AND SKETCHES.

BY

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

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"I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain; I will  
laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep."

SHAKESPEARE.

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LONDON:

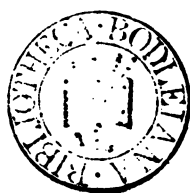
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1832.

18.





## **SOMETHING INTRODUCTORY,**

**BUT NOT A PREFACE.**

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**NOBODY** reads Prefaces. Nobody should. They are always the dullest parts of dull books. To any author who asks with Romeo,—

“What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?  
Or shall we on without apology?”

The answer of Benvolio is conclusive—

“The date is out of such prolixity.”

The reader likes to get into the heart of the mystery without loss of time. It only provokes him to see a fellow scraping and

bowing for half an hour instead of coming to the point at once. Even though the said reader be of the softer sex, she politely requests that he will "leave off his damnable faces and begin."

What is it to *any* reader, male or female, whether the man who publishes has been "urged by friends," or "impelled by a sense of duty," or "has yielded to an inward impulse," or "has overcome his unconquerable bashfulness?" If the book be bad,—friends, duty, impulse, and bashfulness kick the beam, and the volume sinks a dead weight on the head of the bookseller. If the book be good,—friends, duty, impulse, and bashfulness have no more to do with the circulation it obtains than the great Cham of Tartary, or the still greater Surlet de Chokier, ex-regent of Belgium.

Come, be a man! Shew a better respect for yourself. No cringing to the herd of common critics whom in your heart you despise. Say frankly—"I have done what I could: if you like it, well; if you dislike it—well, also." True, if you say so, you will considerably lower yourself in the

good graces of several respectable gentlemen whom I have in my eye. Nay, the few sentences I have now written have made them already say to themselves,—“ This style is too flippant, somewhat smart, but puppyish ; it must be put down.” Now, do you think either you or I ought to be scared by this ? I shall tell you who those respectable gentlemen are. They are either editors of weekly newspapers, which have changed sides three times within the last year ; or they are conductors, co-conductors, and sub-conductors of certain magazines, the circulation of which is not quite so extensive as that of the *Waverley Novels*. As for my single self, I had as lief cast MY OLD PORTFOLIO into the fire, as bend my back to sue for mercy at such hands. I have as good thoughts and quick fancies about me as they have. *They* cannot either make or mar me.

To the thousands whose minds are of a higher calibre than my own, I look, of course, with the respect that is their due. If my lucubrations succeed in interesting them, however slightly, I shall have done

something I need not be ashamed of. The approbation of those who are themselves distinguished is valuable, because it is the only means by which you can ascertain the comparative powers of your own intellect. Its reach is not enlarged by such approbation, but its confidence in itself is strengthened.

I believe some amusement may be extracted from this volume, else I would not have published it. The contents are of a light and fanciful nature, and have no higher aim than to lend their aid in whiling away a tranquil hour. A good number of the pieces were written several years ago, and I am willing to believe I could do better now. The truth is, I have had of late but little time to bestow on the more flowery paths of imaginative literature; and as I see every prospect of being occupied for years to come with studies of an abstract and severer nature, I was willing to throw my loose papers—my early loves and early follies, into a shape so compact and elegant as that in which, with the assistance of my publishers, they may here

be found. Let them take their chance as their betters have done before them. It is not improbable that they will be advertised in the newspapers for a month, and then forgotten for ever.

H. G. B.

*Edinburgh*, 1832.



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## SUMMER THOUGHTS AND RAMBLES.

To sit on rocks.—*Byron*.

Oh, blest retirement!—*Goldsmith*.

Ay! these were days, when life had wings,  
And flew, oh! flew so wild a height,  
That, like the lark which sun-ward springs,  
'Twas giddy with too much light.—*Moore*.

Few people know what to do with themselves when they go into the country. They see a great quantity of blue sky, and several large hills, and a good number of trees, and some fields of grass, and some of corn; and now and then the odour of a bean-field, or a bed of wild violets, takes their olfactory nerves by surprise, and they snuff it up pleasantly enough, and pass on with their hands in their pockets. Birds, too, curious little specks, far up in the sun-light, or unseen in the woods, pour forth the countless songs of their merry hearts, as if they enjoyed a polite happiness in seeing such respectable members of society

sauntering through the green lanes ; and the respectable members of society, hearing the birds, are rather pleased as otherwise ; and, after saying nothing, walk home to dinner, and take an additional tumbler, and play backgammon, and go to bed, and sleep very soundly beside the amiable and rather corpulent mother of their large and promising family. Next morning, their wife makes excellent tea, and gives them plenty of rolls and buttered toast, and then they go into the garden and eat gooseberries, and pluck a full-blown rose, and look at the bee-hives, and wonder if the apples are as sour as they were yesterday, and sit down in the arbour and become gradually somnolent, and are greatly tormented by a persevering blue-bottle that buzzes close about their ear, and occasionally settles upon the tip of their nose ; till they at length become indignant, and start up, and depart, they know not whither.

This is the common mode of enjoying the country ; and no doubt a very excellent one ; yet does it hardly suit our taste. It is a sort of twenty-guineas-a-month enjoyment, procured through the medium of a stage-coach. To us it seems clear that no one can be happy in the country, as a christian and a gentleman ought to be, who fixes his head-quarters any where within twelve miles of a place where there is an established concourse of summer visitors ; a watering-

place, for instance, or any such hideous abomination. A mineral well, with its sulphureous rottenness of taste, and crowd of scrofulous decrepitudes assembled in the pump-room, is a sight sufficient to throw Flora and Pomona into hysterics, and change Hygeia herself into a valetudinarian. A true lover of nature ought to have no head-quarters. He ought to ramble up and down like the birds of passage,—now breathing inspiration on the mountain's peak, and now following in his skiff “the golden path of rays” that glance and flicker on the bosom of the lake: at one time, alone and far away in the blood-stained solitudes of Glencoe—at another, tracking the red-deer through the forest of Martindale down to the wooded banks of Ullswater.

Let no man go to the country expressly to fish or shoot; let him fish when he comes to a splendid stream or living loch, and shoot when the moor lies in his way, and the birds rise gloriously on the wing, as if they deserved to be shot. But never let him pretend to be a votary of nature in all her moods and aspects, and yet go forth into her presence with a mind intent only upon a pocket-book of fly-hooks, gut, and casting-lines, or an imagination filled with detonating caps, hair-triggers, percussion locks, pointers, and double barrels. No one loves angling more than we do,—no one can carry a gun or follow a dog

more unweariedly ; but it will not do to maintain that there is much poetry in either pursuit, or, at least, that poetical associations and reveries can ever be indulged in during the hour of excitement, when a fish of three pounds weight seems worth a king's ransom, and a black-cock more valuable than a dozen birds of paradise, or a score of the golden kinhis of China. We cannot serve two masters. We cannot adore the mountains, and at the same time allow the line to flow easily from our reel ; we cannot venerate the clouds, casting their majestic shadows over valley and town, and at the same time pop away with No. 6. to the satisfaction of our game-keeper, and the approbation of our own conscience. Having once established this rule, we may then talk of scenery in any cursory, hop-step-and-leap manner we please, and there is a chance that we may now and then say something worth listening to, for when the mood is on us, we shall *feel* the beauty of the subject.

In the merry months of May, and the four which follow, external nature is an unbought book, opened at its brightest and most illuminated page, which they who run may read, and which none can read without imbibing deep draughts of health and happiness. The summer of the visible world communicates, by some invisible process, its sunshine to the soul of man ; and earnestly

does he begin to long for a “ beaker full of the warm south ”—

“ Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth ! ”

In more homely phrase, the town becomes too hot to hold us, and away we dash into the breezy fields in old family chariots, in stage-coaches, on the tops of mails, in gigs, in curricles, in stan-hopes, in dennets, in waggons, and in carts. All congregations of houses are left silent and deserted, — nuts without their kernels, — cages without their birds, — shells without their fish. From the time the sun enters Cancer, until he leaves Scorpio, it is in vain to look for human beings in cities. You may find them on the tops of hills, — you may find them in the depths of woods, — you may find them up to the middle in running streams, — you may find them buried among clover, — you may catch them floating upon lakes, — you may start them amidst the Righi solitudes, or see them passing in shoals through the Trosachs; but hope not to encounter them in their accustomed walk “ on the Rialto.” There is a principle in human nature which loathes the dust and the heat, the fever and the fret, of a metropolis, whilst the merry birds are abroad in the blue or dappled sky, — whilst the mountain bee is wending his devious way with an unceasing hum of



joy over the heath and heather,—whilst “the mower whets his scythe, and the milk-maid singeth blythe,” and visions for ever haunt our sleep of

---

“some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless.”

In short, it is beyond all matter of dispute that at the season alluded to one *must* be off to the country, and business be left to shift for itself, and the affairs of the world to proceed as best they may, for who cares about the civil or political state of Europe in summer. The only remaining question is—where is one to go? If you are a married man, with a large small family, and limited income, *c'en est fait*—there need be no hesitation. You must take a cottage of three rooms and a kitchen in some sea-bathing village, into which, upon some high-pressure principle, you must squeeze your whole community, together with several cart-loads of furniture; and for six weeks or so you must duly plunge the small fry into that part of the ocean which breaks into muddy foam upon the shore, and contains a proper mixture of sand and seaweed, whilst you yourself may find some favourite pool among the rocks, covered with limpets, tangle, and young crabs, and dabble in it for half an hour every morning and evening, to the great refreshment of your corporeal frame. But if the

fates have allowed you twelve, instead of three hundred a year, and if they have either kept you out of the treacherous Corrievreckan of matrimony altogether, or blessed you with a fair and gentle being, who has happily not yet begun to shew any symptoms of having over-prolific tendencies, then you are a freer and a much more to be envied man; and a far wider range is within your choice.

Perhaps you may wish to visit France?—Sunny France! we know thee thoroughly; and now that Bonaparte is dead, and his flat-bottomed boats are no longer in the harbour of Boulogne, and that England is thy sister—not thy foe—we care not though we tell thee that we love thee passing well. It was in the early part of the year 1819 that we first sailed from Ramsgate to Ostend, to visit thee. We took a short peep into the Netherlands and Holland, and came back to thee by the way of Rouen. On a delightful morning in May we crossed the floating bridge at that city, and gained the heights on the left bank of the Seine. We shall be dead to every feeling of the beautiful in nature, when we forget the view which then burst upon us, a catalogue of whose leading features would convey no idea of the picture as a whole, nor enable the reader to understand how finely the majestic river, flowing through an expansive valley, whose woods and fields smiled in the luxu-

riance of early summer, contrasted with the sombre and half melancholy city, — its venerable cathedral, its long narrow streets, and its high antique houses. Then on to Paris. And from Paris, in our *voiture*, to Orleans, Nevers, and Moulins, till we joined the “arrowy Rhone” at Lyons, where it is no more “arrowy” than the Tweed is at Peebles, or the Thames at Richmond. Down the Rhone we went to Avignon, then away south by Montpellier to Toulouse, and then into the Hautes Pyrenees, where we saw, from the summit of the Pic du Midi, the far-off ocean, the shining and winding Garonne, and that noble amphitheatrical chain of mountains which stretch away towards the frontiers of Spain. Our road homewards lay through Bourdeaux, Poitiers, Tours, Alençon, Caen, and Havre-de-Grace. This was our first continental summer, and we shall never spend such a summer again in this unsatisfactory world. It was all one gleam of sunshine, for it was at a period when our heart was easily touched, and our feelings quickly awakened. No wonder we love the ancestral woods and chateaux of the Saone and Loire, of Vaucluse and Dordogne! No wonder that the lovely scenes of Guienne, and Anjou, and pastoral Normandy, still come back to us through the vista of years!

Perhaps you may wish to visit Switzerland? Your soul may long with a deep longing for the

Alps, the Simplon, and the Glaciers, — for one intense gaze on the Rhine, Geneva, and Lucerne, — one glorious ramble through Clarens and Lausanne. Then take with you Wall's new edition of Ebel's Guide through Switzerland, and you may safely plunge away into the abysses of the Julian, Noric, Carnic, Rhetian, and Helvetic Alps. If you are lost in the Canton of Zug, or frozen to death, on the 22nd of July, on St. Gothard, or get yourself jammed in, as we once did for three hours, in the entrance to the Grotto of Balme, or slip through a cleft of the Glaciers, or tumble over the Devil's Bridge, — it must be your own fault. Besides, your death will be a picturesque one, and ten to one that you will ever be missed. The number of tourists who are swallowed up by avalanches, or who fall over icy precipices every year in Switzerland, is immense; and, on the whole, it is an easy and desirable mode of death. Look at that pic-nic party, for example, consisting of one or two chatty elderly ladies, with their well-fed, good-natured-looking husbands — old baronets, perhaps, and shareholders in a respectable banking establishment in London, fat and comfortable, — their daughters, and their daughters' friends, — their sons, and their sons' friends, — the young ladies all very gay in white satin bonnets, pelerins, and parasols; and the young gentlemen exceedingly smart, each in a fashionable summer

costume ;—well, this pic-nic party having selected a delightful spot to spread their table-cloth in the valley of Grindelwald, and having produced their cold fowls and their Johannisberg, are quite enraptured with the surrounding scenery, and prodigiously hungry, and all very witty ; and Master Augustus Fitzbubble is in the very act of pulling a merry-thought with Miss Celestina Amelia Nibbs, when a queer sort of noise is heard above on the Shreckhorn. Every body looks up ; but, just as they look up, down comes an avalanche or a bit of a glacier ! and in one moment the chatty elderly ladies are no more ; and the worthy baronets, rather inclining to be round-bellied, are as flat as pancakes, and not a whit liker baronets than they are like beer barrels : and the young ladies in the white satin bonnets, and the young gentlemen, each in a fashionable summer costume, are all as completely dead, and as unlike humanity as if they had lain in the earth a hundred years,—and Master Augustus Fitzbubble and Miss Celestina Amelia Nibbs, are, in every human probability, still grasping the chicken's merry-thought, twenty fathoms down under the mountainous mass of ice ; and of all the pic-nic party, nothing now is visible but a single blue plate, containing a small slice of cold tongue, which, by some unaccountable mystery, has escaped untouched ! Yet there are the Shreckhorn,

and the Wetterhorn, and the Mettenberg, still lifting calmly their sunny peaks far into the blue sky, and looking perfectly innocent and unconscious of the catastrophe which has taken place. And why should they not? Is it not as well that our pic-nic party has died in the valley of the Grindelwald as of a set of painful and lingering diseases in their respective beds? On the whole, we envy the fate of Master Augustus Fitzbubble. It was, at all events, preferable to that of a young and ambitious poet, who had already distinguished himself in many a lady's album, and who, as he walked along the Jungfrau, was in the very act of composing something delightful, when he stepped over a precipice, and had just time to wonder what he had done with himself, before he was dashed into fragments, like the wave of a descending cataract. The consequence was, that he never wrote another line in a lady's album.

Perhaps you may wish to visit Italy? By all means! Off with you instantly! But for Heaven's sake do not go to Italy simply to see sights — to yawn through all the hackneyed routine of wonder and admiration, and, like the Sybarite who was smothered in roses, to kill yourself with the fatigue of pleasurable emotions,—afterwards to be dragged, an inanimate corpse, at the tail of a parrot-tongued cicerone. Enter Italy with your own well-stored mind — your own free thoughts.



The most glorious land in all the world lies before you, bending, like a fruit-tree in autumn, under a load of golden associations which you may shake at will into your lap, and of which you can never diminish the number, for *uno avolso non deficit alter*. Neither tie yourself down to any slavish system, nor make it a rule to be delighted because others are delighted. The great mob of persons who visit Italy have about as much soul as their portmanteaus. Their impudence in going thither, where they have no more right to be than in the garden of the Hesperides, is rank and glaring. There are scenes which lose some of their hallowing influence, when we know that stock-brokers and common-council-men have cast their evil eyes upon them. To travel worthily through Italy is no slight task, and implies a mind of no mean intellectual powers and attainments. All animals who affix an aspirate to words beginning with a vowel, should be whipped out of it, and hung in chains on the frontiers *in terrorem*. All animals who affect to admire what they do not understand, who know nothing of the ancient Roman tongue, who take no interest in the fine arts, to whom poetry is a dead letter, and music an annoyance, who think all rivers very much alike, and the Appian Way greatly inferior to Fleet Street, should be treated after a similar fashion, with this difference, that their bodies should be given for dissec-

tion, to prevent the anatomical lecturers from complaining of a dearth of subjects.

Perhaps, being a Scotchman, you may wish to visit England? It is a highly proper wish, and cannot be too speedily gratified. With regard to your route, if you ask our private and confidential opinion as a friend, we seriously advise you to limit yourself this season to Westmoreland. There you will find yourself in the midst of enchantment, and variety enough to last you for months. If you start from Edinburgh, one day takes you to either Penrith or Kendal, and from either of these places the lakes and all their beautiful scenery are at your command. Suppose you set out from Penrith — you cross the country (and a rich and fertile country it is) to Ullswater; you sail up Ullswater (about nine miles), and when you come in sight of Patterdale, and the mountains at the head, with the long glens running up between them,—in several instances wild and profound, and in others soft and green, and full of trees and cottages,—if you are not smitten with deep delight, not unsanctified with a touch of awe, you may as well come back to Edinburgh with all expedition, drink seven bottles of port at a sitting, and be found dead in your bed next morning. Hark! there is thunder among the mountains; how splendidly the echoes prolong the peal! Is it not noble thus to stand on the summit of Dun-



mallet, among the ruins of what was once a Roman station, and see the storm sailing by? From Patterdale you proceed by Brotherswater, and passing through the fine mountainous pass of Kirkstone, you descend on Windermere—the glory of the English lakes! Fix your headquarters at one of its three villages, Ambleside, Lowood, or Bowness—for our own part we should prefer Bowness,—and thence make excursions to Rydal and Grassmere, where Wordsworth lives or lived, up Troutbeck, away south to Furness Abbey—one of the most interesting old abbeys in England—away north by Eastwaite and Hawkeshead (the village with the white church-tower) to Coniston Water, thence through Yewdale into Tilberthwaite and Little Langdale, where we beseech you not to forget to look at Colwith Waterfall, and thence to High Skelwith, where you may gaze from a hill over Elter Water into Great Langdale, and bless your stars that ever you were born,—and so back to Windermere. Then, after a sojourn of many days, and after all the islands, and headlands, and bays, of that delightful lake are familiar to you, you may proceed to Keswick, and feast your not yet satiated eyes with Derwent-water, Skiddaw, the Borrowdale Rocks, Lowdore, and so on to Bassenthwaite-water and Buttermere. From such scenery as this you will carry away with you thoughts and recollections that will enrich your

future life ; but never dream of describing it. It has cast its shadow into the mirror of your soul ; but hope not with the breath of words to produce an effect similar to that which the great handywork of nature can alone accomplish.

Perhaps you may wish to visit, not having visited before, or, having often visited before, to visit again the beauties and wonders of your native Scotland ? There cannot be a more virtuous desire ; and, turn thee where thou wilt, Scotland is ready for thee ! She is ready for thee from her Tweed to her Spey ; she is ready for thee with all her lochs, her mountains, and her glens ; her cities, her islands, and her lonely cottages ; her rocks, her friths, and her forests ; she is ready for thee with her warm hearts, her bright eyes, and her noble deeds ; she is ready for thee with her flood of ancient song, her stately castles, and her grey time-honoured tombs !

Scotland is rich in fine rivers, but she is not particularly happy in her waterfalls. Indeed we never saw a waterfall that in the slightest degree came up to our idea of what a waterfall ought to be. The falls of Clyde, the fall of Foyers, the falls of the Devon, the Highland falls, innumerable as they are, we have looked at with comparatively little emotion. If you go very near, the noise is rather deafening, though not in the least stunning ; and there is a

considerable quantity of foam — a good deal more than you have ever seen in a washing-tub — but on the whole the effect is paltry. The cascade, or whatever it may be termed, is probably a very good feature in the landscape; but it is only a *feature*. Yet never did we confess that we were disappointed to any benevolent individual who took us to see a waterfall: we admired because he admired; and if he lived in the neighbourhood, he always gave us a bottle of wine extra after dinner for having admired so well. There are scarcely any good falls in the old world: the falls of which we dream are the falls of Niagara, that fling their whole soul over the abyss, and send the thunder of their voice up to the stars, — falls, which even the dull ear of man can recognise for fifty miles, and under whose arched cataract an army might stand and gaze. If there were falls in the Clyde *below* Glasgow instead of twenty miles above it, they might be respectable. A mighty fall of the Forth, any where between Edinburgh and Queensferry, would be imposing. But we have no such sights in Europe: they are all on a reduced, minor-theatre, half-pay sort of scale. All the Scottish rivers put together would hardly form a decent tributary to the Mississippi; and all the Scottish cascades made into one, would but resemble the little dog who barked at the moon, if set down beside Niagara.

Our lakes and mountains are better than our waterfalls. Have you ever ridden up the Pass of Leney, winding round the foot of Ben Ledi, and suddenly emerging on Loch Lubnaig? Have you ever crossed Bochastle Heath? Have you ever rambled through Glenfinlas? Have you been to the top of Benvenue and Benan? Have you sailed on Loch Ard, or visited the island that sheltered the childhood of Queen Mary in the beautiful lake of Menteith? Have you ever walked on your own legs through the Tro-sachs? If you had friends with you, we trust you hastened on before them. They would expect you, at every step, to be full of exclamations and small bits of praise, which are nothing less than blasphemy when uttered in the visible presence of the sublimities of nature. A solitude, wild and glorious like this, is the audience-chamber of Omnipotence, — shall the creature man dare to enter it irreverently? If, among your party, there be one young and lovely being, with, perchance, the accents of the south upon her silver tongue, but a heart tremblingly alive to the beautiful and the grand, fragile and delicate of form, but vigorous in the inspiration of the mountain breezes, and full of the romance of the land, with a smile, not of gaiety, but of deep enjoyment on her rosy lip, and a flush of thought upon her cheek, and a crowd of feelings in her eye, — if

such a being has aided and abetted in supplying you with a dozen cups of coffee, and a similar amount of cups of tea at breakfast, take *her* with you. The Trosachs will look their loveliest when her arm is linked in thine, and when your very breath is held that you may catch the soft murmurings of her voice. But not a word of love. Make love to a lady in her drawing room, or in her bower,—by the banks of a canal, or in the gravel-walk that bisects her garden,—make love to her at the theatre, at the concert, at the ball, on a wet day, or in a long evening,—make love to her at a pic-nic party, or in a steam-boat,—when she is sea-sick and sentimental, or when she is in excellent spirits and exceedingly hungry,—make love to her at all rational times and places, but do not sail under false colours with her, nor distract her with the words, when she is gazing on the works of love.

Callander is not exactly in the Highlands, nor exactly in the Lowlands : it stands on the confines of both. It is the pleasantest village in Stirlingshire. Walk for half an hour towards the south, and you come down on a rich champain country, extending with gentle undulations even to the Clyde ; walk for half an hour to the north, and you are buried amongst Highland mountains, and wild heathery glens, where not a moving thing is to be seen, except perchance, here and

there, a small black cow or solitary sheep. Go to the west, and a walk or ride of ten miles, brings you to the Trosachs and Loch Ketturin; turn your steps towards the east, and Doune, with its old baronial castle, or Stirling, full of the memories of elder days, will meet you smilingly. Then, if you wish for fishing, there are no trouts in Scotland like the trouts of Loch Lubnaig. All you have to do is to walk up the pass of Leney (it is the walk of an hour), and then you come to as fair a loch as ever reflected the shadow of a rod, or curled under the grey wing of a golden-bodied fly. Behold! already has the respected father of a family risen to the bob, and, at the same moment, his wife dangles gently on the tail-fly; give them line, though they run to the opposite shore; then gently remind them of their captivity, and bring them back in their aldermanic rotundity of form to the groaning basket, which they nearly fill. Or, know you not the Bracklin Bridge, with its pools and eddies, where the bearded aristocracy of the water lie under the over-hanging rocks, munching minnows as they swim past, or swallowing all sorts of heckle with indiscriminate epicurism? Perhaps you prefer the broader and the gentler Teith, as it winds by the shooting-seat of Lord Gwydyr, down by Cambusmore, and the dark green woods of Sir Evan M'Gregor Murray. Are you fond of perch and pike? Then cross the



bridge, and over the hill, and down upon Loch Rhuiskay (heaven only knows whether we have spelt the word right), and if your float does not sink a thousand times oftener than it floats, drown yourself incontinently, for the gods never intended you for an angler. It may be that your spirit longs for a day upon the moors; and where will you see moors like these, alive with grouse and populous with game? They would make a tailor a sportsman, and convert the veriest mongrel of a turnspit into a setter. Pistols with rusty locks would here do more execution than Somerville's guns elsewhere; and the mammas, sisters, and grandmammas, of young consumptive gentlemen, would be wrapt into pleasing awe and admiration at the altogether unexpected receipt of several brace of blackcock.

Are you a poet, addicted to sensibility and fine emotions, considerably in love, a great admirer of Maturin's "Women, or Pour et Contre," a reader of "Childe Harold" and "The Improvisatrice," — then climb to the top of Ben Ledi, fling yourself down on the summit, look at the scenery, and — take a large dram of smuggled whisky. Or wilt thou wander to Loch Venachar? We pray thee go alone, or, as we have said before, with only *one* fair spirit for thy minister. That summer day, dedicated in its quiet tranquillity to nature and the heart's affections, will mind thee of thy boyhood. The

passing butterfly or humming bee, heard though not seen, may touch a chord, whose every vibration will be a recollection of the past — pleasant, but sad. There is no loss of time in giving a day to dreams like these which, like light clouds across a blue sky, pass over the soul, and cast a mellowing shade as they pass. But it is not good to be long melancholy, especially when a jigot of such mutton as is rarely seen in these degenerate days, has been carefully roasted for thee by thy best of landladies, Mrs. M'Intyre, and the hour is already past when you told her you would return to dinner.

It may be that summer smiling on a thousand hills, — it may be that the garniture of wood and vale, the glittering of the stream, the balm of the breeze, the rejoicing voices that trill their merry melodies at night and morn, — have lost their power to charm. It may be that *life* has seated itself like an incubus upon the buoyant heart of youth, and that one by one the gems have dropped from the mantle we wore in childhood ; — it may be that poetry is dead within us, and that the nobler impulses of soul and sense have fallen into a lethargy, from which they are ne'er again to be roused ; — it may be that the sunny bay is behind, and only the dark and troublous ocean before ; — it may be, in short, that we are unhappy, snarling, professional gentlemen, with wives and families, stomach complaints, particularly bad tempers, too



small incomes, and all the other devilries that flesh is heir to. And if such be the case, hie thee to some such place as Callander, and cultivate rural enjoyment. The beauties of the surrounding scenery will remind you of the summers of long-lost years ; will enable you to add one more to the list of your unpublished sonnets ; will keep you in tolerable temper with your wife ; will make you less an object of detestation to your children ; will detach you for a time from the muddy river of ordinary existence ; and, in one of your brightest moods, may enable you to give birth to some such lucubration as that which you have doubtless now perused with the most intense delight.

## THE STRANGER.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

*" In nobil sangue vita umile e queta,  
Ed in alto intelletto un puro core ;  
Frutto senile in sul giovenil fiore,  
Ed in aspetto pensoso anima lieta."*

PETRARCH.

HODNET is a village in Shropshire. Like all other villages in Shropshire, or any where else, it consists principally of one long street, with a good number of detached houses scattered here and there in its vicinity. The street is on a slight declivity on the sunny side of what in England they call a hill. It contains the shops of three butchers, five grocers, two bakers and one apothecary. On the right hand, as you go south, is that very excellent Inn, the Blue Boar; and on the left, nearly opposite, is the public hall, in which all sorts of meetings are held, and which is alternately converted into a dancing-school, a theatre, a methodist chapel, a ball-room, an auction-room,

an exhibition-room, or any other sort of room that may be wanted. The church is a little farther off, and the parsonage is, as usual, a white house surrounded with trees, at one end of the village. Hodnet is, moreover, the market town of the shire, and stands in rather a populous district; so that, though of small dimensions itself, it is the rallying place, on any extraordinary occasion, of a pretty numerous population.

One evening in February the mail from London stopped at the Blue Boar, and a gentleman, wrapped in a travelling cloak, came out. The guard handed him a small portmanteau, and the mail drove on. The stranger entered the inn, was shown into a parlour, and desired that the landlord and a bottle of wine should be sent to him. The order was speedily obeyed; the wine was set upon the table, and Gilbert Cherryripe himself was the person who set it there. Gilbert next proceeded to rouse the slumbering fire, remarking, with a sort of comfortable look and tone, that it was a cold raw night. His guest assented with a nod.

"You call this village Hodnet, do you not?" said he enquiringly.

"Yes, sir, this is the *town* of Hodnet (Mr. Cherryripe did not like the term *village*); and a prettier little place is not to be found in England."

"So I have heard; and as you are not upon

any of the great roads, I believe you have the reputation of being a primitive and unsophisticated race."

"Primitive and sophisticated, did you say, sir? Why as to that, I cannot exactly speak; but if there is no harm in it, I dare say we are. But you see, sir, I am a vintner, and don't trouble my head much about these matters."

"So much the better," said the stranger, smiling. "You and I shall become better friends; I may stay with you for some weeks, perhaps months. In the mean time get me something comfortable for supper, and desire your wife to look after my bed-room."

Mr. Cherryripe made one of his profoundest bows, and descended to the kitchen, inspired with the deepest respect for his unexpected guest.

Next day was Sunday. The bells of the village church had just finished ringing, when the stranger walked up the aisle, and entered, as if at random, a pew which happened to be vacant. Instantly every eye was turned towards him; for a new face was too important an object in Hodnet to be left unnoticed.—"Who is he?" "When did he come?" "With whom does he stay?" "How long will he be here?" "How old may he be?" "Do you think he is handsome?"—These and a thousand other questions flew about in whispers from tongue to tongue, whilst the un-

conscious object of all this interest, cast his eyes calmly and yet penetratingly over the congregation. Nor was it altogether to be wondered, that his appearance had caused a sensation among the good people of Hodnet, for he was not the kind of person whom one meets with every day. There was something in his face and figure that distinguished him from the crowd. You could not look upon him once, and then turn away with indifference. His features arrested your attention, and commanded your admiration. His high Roman nose, his noble brow, his almost feminine lips, and beautifully regular teeth, his pale but not delicate cheek, his profusion of dark and curling hair, his black, bright eyes, whose glance, without being keen, was intense, — all, taken together, produced an effect which might have excited attention on a wider stage than that of Hodnet. In stature he was considerably above the middle height; and there was a something in his air which they who were not accustomed to it did not understand, some calling it grace, others dignity, and others *hauteur*. When the service was over, our hero walked out alone, and shut himself up for the rest of the day in his parlour at the Blue Boar. But speculation was busily at work; and at more than one tea-table that evening in Hodnet, conjectures were poured out with the tea, and swallowed with the toast.

A few days elapsed, and the stranger was almost forgotten ; for there was to be a subscription assembly in Hodnet, which engrossed entirely the minds of men. It was one of the most important events that had happened for at least a century. Such doings had never been known before. There was never such a demand for milliners since the days of Ariadne, the first milliner of whom history speaks. Needles worked unremittingly from morning to night, and from night to morning. Fiddles were scraped on in private, and steps danced before looking-glasses. All the preparations which Captain Parry made for going to the North Pole, were a mere joke to the preparations made by those who intended to go to the Hodnet assembly. At length the great, the important night arrived, "big with the fate" of many a rustic belle. The three professional fiddlers of the village were elevated on a table at one end of the hall, and every body pronounced it the very model of an orchestra. The candles (neither the oil nor the coal gas company had as yet penetrated so far as Hodnet) were tastefully arranged and regularly snuffed. The floor was admirably chalked by a travelling sign-painter, engaged for the purpose ; and the refreshments in an adjoining room, consisting of negus, apples, oranges, cold roast beef, porter and biscuits, were under the immediate superintendence of our very excellent friend, Mr. Gilbert Cherryripe. At

nine o'clock, which was considered a fashionable hour, the hall was nearly full, and the first country dance (quadrilles had not as yet poisoned the peace and stirred up all the bad passions of Hod-net) was commenced by the eldest son and presumptive heir of old Squire Thoroughbred, who conducted gracefully through its mazes the chosen divinity of his heart, Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer, only daughter of Tobias Bouncer, Esq., justice of peace in the county of Shropshire.

Enjoyment was at its height, and the three professional fiddlers had put a spirit of life into all things, when suddenly one might perceive that the merriment was for a moment checked, whilst a more than usual bustle pervaded the room. The stranger had entered it; and there was something so different in his looks and manner from those of any of the other male creatures, that every body surveyed him with renewed curiosity, which was at first slightly tinged with awe. "Who *can* he be?" was the question that instantly started up like a crocus in many a throbbing bosom;—"He knows nobody, and nobody knows him; surely he will never think of asking any body to dance?" "Dance!" said Miss Coffin, the apothecary's daughter, "I wonder who would dance with him?—a being we know no more about than we do of the man in the moon. Papa says he looks for all the world like a quack doctor." "I

rather suspect," said Miss Bluebite, a starch spinster of fifty, who was considered the Madame de Stael of the village, "I rather suspect that he is an Irish fortune-hunter, come for the express purpose of running away with some of us. We ought to be upon our guard, I assure you." Miss Bluebite was said to have property to the amount of 70*l.* per annum, and, no doubt, concluded that she was herself the leading object of the adventurer's machinations. Had it been so, he must have been a bold adventurer indeed.

For a long time the stranger stood aloof from the dancers, in a corner by himself, and people were almost beginning to forget his presence. But he was not idle; he was observing attentively every group, and every individual that passed before him. Judging by the varying play of expression upon his countenance, one would have thought that he could read character at a single glance — that his perceptions were similar to intuitions. Truth obliges me to confess, that it was not with a very favourable eye he regarded the greater majority of the inhabitants of Hodnet and its neighbourhood. Probably they did not exactly come up to his expectations; what these expectations were we cannot pretend to decide.

At length, however, something like a change seemed to come over the spirit of his dreams. His eye fell on Emily Sommers, and appeared to rest



where it fell with no inconsiderable degree of pleasure. No wonder ; Emily was not what is generally styled beautiful, but there was an unaffectedness, a modesty, a gentleness about her, that charmed the more the longer it was observed. She was the only child of a widowed mother. Her father had died many a year ago in battle : and the pension of an officer's widow was all the fortune he had left them. But nature had bestowed riches of a more valuable kind than those which fortune had denied. I wish I could describe Emily Sommers ; but I shall not attempt it. She was one of those whose virtues are hid from the blaze of the world, only to be the more appreciated by the few who have an opportunity of deserving them. She was one of those who are seldom missed in the hour of festive gaiety, who pass unobserved in the midst of glare and bustle, and whose names are but rarely heard beyond the limits of their own immediate circle. But mingle with that circle ; leave the busy world behind you, and enter within its circumscribed and domestic sphere, and then you will discover the value of a being like to her of whom I speak. Without *her*, the winter fire-side, or the summer evening walk, is destitute of pleasure. Her winning smiles, her unclouded temper, her affectionate gentleness, must throw their hallowed influence over the scenes where her spirit presides unconscious of its power, else they become uninteresting and desolate. I have said

that she is not missed in the hour of festive gaiety; but when she is at length removed from among us, when the house that knew her, knows her no more, she leaves —

“ A void and silent place in some sweet home ”—

and a “ long-remembered grief ” throws its shadowy gloom over a few fond hearts.

It was to Emily Sommers that the stranger first spoke. He walked right across the room, and asked her to dance with him. Emily had never seen him before ; but concluding he had come there with some of her friends, she immediately, with a frank artlessness, smiled an acceptance of his request. Just at that moment young Squire Thoroughbred came bustling towards her ; but observing her hand already in that of the stranger, he looked somewhat wrathfully at the unknown, and said, with much dignity — “ *I, Sir, intended to have been Miss Sommers’ partner,*” The stranger fixed his dark eye upon the squire, a slight smile curled on his lip, and without answering, he passed on with his partner, and took his place in the dance. The squire stood stock still for a moment, feeling as if he had just experienced a smart shock of electricity. When he recovered, he walked quietly away in search of Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer.

It was the custom in Hodnet for the gentlemen

to employ the morning of the succeeding day in paying their respects to the ladies with whom they had danced on the previous evening. At these visits all the remarkable events of the night were of course talked over. Criticisms were made upon the different dresses ; commentaries were offered upon the various modes of dancing ; doubts were suggested regarding the beauty of Miss A—— ; suspicions were hinted, as to the *gentility* of Miss B—— ; Mr. C—— was severely blamed for dancing thrice with Miss D—— ; mutual enquiries were made concerning the odd-looking man, who introduced himself so boldly to Mrs. and Miss Sommers, and who was reported even to have seen them home, or at least to have left the assembly along with them. We make no doubt that all this chit-chat was very interesting to the parties engaged in it ; but as we have not the talents either of a Richardson or a Boswell, we shall not attempt to enter into its details, especially as our attention is more particularly devoted to the “ odd-looking man ” already spoken of.

It is most true that he *did* leave the public hall of Hodnet with Mrs. and Miss Sommers, and true that he escorted them home. Nay, it is also true that he won so much upon their favour, that, on his requesting permission to wait upon them next day, it was without difficulty obtained. This was surely very imprudent in Mrs. Sommers, and

everybody said it was very imprudent : — “ What ! admit as a visitor in her family a person whom she had never seen in her life before, and who, for any thing she knew, might be a swindler or a Jew ! There was never any thing so preposterous ; — a woman, too, of Mrs. Sommers’s judgment and propriety ! It was very — very strange.” But whether it was very strange or not, the fact is, that the stranger soon spent most of his time at Violet Cottage ; and what is perhaps no less wonderful, notwithstanding his apparent intimacy, he remained nearly as much a stranger to its inmates as ever. His name, they had ascertained, was Burleigh — Frederick Burleigh, — that he was probably upwards of eight and twenty, — and that, if he had ever belonged to any profession, it must have been that of arms ; — but farther, they knew not. Mrs. Sommers, however, who to a well-cultivated mind, added a considerable experience of the world, did not take long to discover that their new friend was, in every sense of the word, a man whose habits and manners entitled him to the name and rank of a gentleman ; and she thought, too, that she saw in him, after a short intercourse, many of those nobler qualities which raise the individual to a high and well-merited rank among his species. As for Emily, she loved his society, she scarcely knew why ; yet when she endeavoured to discover the cause, she found it no difficult

matter to convince herself, that there was something about him so infinitely superior to all the men she had ever seen, that she was only obeying the dictates of *reason* in admiring and esteeming him.

Her admiration and esteem continued to increase in proportion as she became better acquainted with him ; and the sentiments seemed to be mutual. He now spent his time almost continually in her society, and it never hung heavy on their hands. The stranger was fond of music ; and Emily, besides being mistress of her instrument, possessed naturally a fine voice. Neither did she sing and play unrewarded ; Burleigh taught her that most enchanting of all modern languages — the language of Petrarch and Tasso ; and being well versed in the use of the pencil, showed her how to give to her landscapes a richer finish and a bolder effect. Then they read together ; and as they looked with a smile into each other's countenances, the fascinating pages of fiction seemed to acquire a tenfold interest. It was a picture for Rubens to have painted, that little domestic circle beside the parlour fire ; — Mrs. Sommers with her work-table beside her, and a benevolent smile and matron grace upon her still pleasing countenance, — her guest, with the glow of animation lighting up his noble features, reading aloud the impassioned effusions of ge-

nus,—and Emily, in all the breathlessness of fixed attention, smiling and weeping by turns, as the powerful master touched the different chords of sensibility. These were evenings of calm but deep happiness — long, long to be remembered.

Spring flew rapidly on. March, with her winds and her clouds, passed away; April, with her showers and her sunshine, lingered no longer; and May came smiling up the blue sky, scattering her roses over the green surface of creation. The stranger entered one evening, before sunset, the little garden that surrounded Violet Cottage. Emily saw him from the window, and came out to meet him. She held in her hand an open letter: “It is from my cousin Henry,” said she. “His regiment is returned from France, and he is to be with us to-morrow or next day. We shall be so glad to see him! You have often heard us talk of Henry? — he and I were playmates when we were children, and though it is a long while since we parted, I am sure I should know him again among a hundred.” — “Indeed!” said the stranger, almost starting; “You must have loved him very much, and very *constantly* too.” — “O yes! I have loved him as a brother.” Burleigh breathed more easily. “I am sure *you* will love him too,” Emily added. “Every body whom you love, and who loves you, I also must love, Miss Sommers. But your cousin I shall not at present



see. I must leave Hodnet to-morrow." "To-morrow! leave Hodnet to-morrow!" Emily grew very pale, and leant for support upon a sun-dial, near which they were standing. "Good heavens! that emotion — can it be possible? — Miss Sommers — Emily — is it for me you are thus grieved?" — "It is so sudden," said Emily, "so unexpected: are you never to return again? — are we never to see you more?" — "Do you wish me to return, do you wish to see me again?" — "Oh! how can you ask it?" — "Emily, I have been known to you only under a cloud of mystery, — a solitary being, without a friend or acquaintance in the world, — an outcast apparently from society, — either sinned against, or sinning, — without fortune, without pretensions; — and with all these disadvantages to contend with, how can I suppose that I am indebted to any thing but your pity for the kindness which you have shewn to me?" — "Pity! — pity *you*! O Frederick! do not wrong yourself thus. No! though you were a thousand times less worthy than I know you are, I should not pity, I should —." She stopped confused, a deep blush spread over her face, she burst into tears, and would have sunk to the ground had not her lover caught her in his arms. "Think of me thus," he whispered, "till we meet again, and we may both be happy." — "O! I will think of thee thus for ever!" They had reached the door of the cottage.

"God bless you, Emily," said the stranger; — "I dare not see Mrs. Sommers; tell her of my departure, but tell her, that ere autumn has faded into winter, I shall again be here. Farewell! — dearest! farewell!" She felt upon her cheek a hot and hurried kiss, and, when she ventured to look round, he was gone.

Henry arrived next day, but there was a gloom upon the spirits of both mother and daughter, which it took some time to dispel. Mrs. Sommers felt for Emily more than for herself. She now perceived that her child's future happiness depended more upon the honour of the stranger than she had hitherto been aware, and she trembled to think of the probability that, in the busy world, he might soon forget the very existence of such a place as Hodnet, or any of its inhabitants. Emily entertained better hopes; but they were the result probably of the sanguine and unsuspecting temperament of youth. Her cousin, meanwhile, exerted himself to the utmost to render himself agreeable. He was a young, frank, handsome soldier, who had leapt into the middle of many a lady's heart, — red coat, sword, epaulette, belt, cocked hat, feathers, and all. But he was not destined to leap into Emily's. She had enclosed it within too strong a line of circumvallation. After a three month's siege, it was pronounced impregnable. So Henry, who really loved his



cousin next to his king and country, thinking it folly to endanger his peace and waste his time any longer, called for his horse one morning, shook Emily warmly by the hand, then mounted "and rode away."

Autumn came; the leaves grew red, brown, and purple; then dropped from the high branches, and lay nestling in heaps upon the path below. The last roses withered. The last lingering wain conveyed from the fields their golden treasure. The days were bright, clear, calm, and chill; the nights were full of stars and dew, and the dew, ere morning, was changed into silver hoar frost. The robin hopped across the garden walks; and candles were set upon the table before the tea-urn. But the stranger came not. Darker days, and longer nights succeeded. Winter burst upon the earth. Storms went careering through the firmament; the forests were stripped of their foliage, and the fields had lost their verdure. But still the stranger came not. Then the lustre of Emily's eye grew dim; but yet she smiled, and looked as if she would have made herself believe that there was hope.

And so there was; for the mail once more stopped at the Blue Boar; a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak once more came out of it; and Mr. Gilbert Cherryripe once more poked the fire for him in his best parlour. Burleigh *did* come back.

I shall not describe their meeting ; nor enquire whether Emily's eye was long without its lustre. But there was still another trial : would she marry him ? " My family," said he, " is respectable, and as it is not wealth we seek, I have an independence at least equal I should hope to our wishes ; but any thing else which you may think mysterious about me, I cannot unravel until you are indissolubly mine." It was a point of no slight difficulty ; Emily intrusted its decision entirely to her mother. Her mother saw that the stranger was inflexible in his purpose ; and she saw also that her child's happiness was inextricably linked with him. What could she do ? It would have been better perhaps had she never known him ; but knowing him, and thinking of him as she did, there was but one alternative, — the risk must be run.

It was run. They were married in Hodnet, and immediately after the ceremony they stepped into a carriage and drove away nobody knew whither. We must not infringe upon the sacred happiness of such a ride upon such an occasion, by allowing our profane thoughts to dwell upon it. It is enough for us to mention that towards twilight they came in sight of a magnificent Gothic mansion, situated in the midst of extensive and noble parks. Emily expressed her admiration of its appearance, and her young husband, gazing

upon her, with impassioned delight, exclaimed—  
“Emily, it is thine! My mind was embued with erroneous impressions of women. I had been courted and deceived by them. I believed that their affections were to be won only by flattering their vanity, or dazzling their ambition. I was resolved that unless I were loved for myself, I should never be loved at all. I travelled through the country *incognito*. I came to Hodnet, and saw you. I have tried you in every way, and found you true. It was I and not my fortune that you married; but both are thine. We are now stopping at Burleigh House; your husband is Frederick Augustus Burleigh, Earl of Exeter, and you, my Emily, are his Countess!”

It was a moment of ecstasy, for the securing of which it was worth while creating the world, and all its other inhabitants.

## MONSTERS NOT MENTIONED BY LINNÆUS.

“ Now, by two-headed Janus !  
Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time.”

SHAKESPEARE.

FOR a succession of ages, naturalists have endeavoured to inculcate the opinion, that wild beasts are to be found only among the brute creation ; but in spite of their arguments, the melancholy fact has been clearly established, that many monsters, besides those which usually haunt dens and caves, go loose in society under false pretences, deluding that public upon whom they prey into a belief of their humanity and harmlessness. We propose stirring a few of these up with the long pole of our ingenuity ; and, on the old principle of *place aux dames*, we shall begin with a monster of the feminine gender, or of what is commonly called the softer sex : —

THE FASHIONABLE-MATRON-MONSTER,—is a very formidable and imposing animal. Her

drawing-room is the most splendid that was ever protected from the vulgar glare of day by glowingly painted window-blinds. The foot sinks into the softness of her rich and velvety carpet as into a bed of moss. Her tables, of dark mahogany, or burnished rose or elmwood, reflect the carved ceiling in their massy mirrors. She sits upon the splendour of her crimson ottoman, and bestows the indubitableness of her opinions upon those who venture within fifteen yards of her magnificence. Her carriage has the deepest colouring, the largest armorial bearings, and the costliest mountings. Her horses are of unequalled size and sleekness; and her lacqueys move their empurpled limbs under a canopy of powdered and pomatumed hair. When she rides, she sees that there is a pedestrian world, but looks out upon it only with a calm sense of incalculable superiority, apparent upon the majestic ugliness of her countenance. Her obeisance is imperial, — colder and statelier than the obnutation of an iceberg. Her routs are splendid and exclusive. "Family dinners," compromising and economical "hops," she probably never heard of; and if she did, it was with the contempt they deserved, as tending to lower the grand scale of her social operations. The date and style of her cards of invitation settle the fashion for the winter. The male creatures, who receive the honour of invitations, are

those only who are known to attire themselves with the most aristocratical precision, and conscious air of superiority. An erroneous knot upon a neckcloth ; a waistcoat buttoned one button too high, or one button too low ; a vulgar arrangement of hair, — not to talk of the horrible profanity of a coat cut two months out of date, or silk stockings of a pattern whose reign had ceased a whole fortnight before, — inevitably strike the bearer off the privileged list. Her name is found high among the lady patronesses and lady-directresses ; and when she goes to a public place, she is followed by a select suite of young ladies, sent by their happy mammas to luxuriate in the exclusiveness of her presence. Her door is unprofaned by aught so vulgar as a number or a name ; but you may know it by the lazy footmen, and overgrown poodles, who commonly congregate in its vicinity. Every sentiment is up in arms against this proud, unfeeling automaton ; it is some comfort, therefore, to know that every body hates her, and that she is not happy.

THE CONSEQUENTIAL-WISE-MAN-MONSTER.  
— Self-conceit, pomposity, and the profound admiration of old women, have been an overmatch for the originally weak intellect of Doctor Owlstare. He imagines himself a walking Encyclopædia, and the final court of appeal in all cases where a literary, political, moral, or religious dispute

arises. Ask him to meet with the most eminent men of the day, and he never for a moment supposes that the compliment is paid to him, but to them. Tell him one of your best stories, and it will fail to produce any visible effect upon him, unless, indeed, he should condescend to hint that he has heard it better told before. Make one of your profoundest observations in philosophy or political economy, and he will only hem, and look half sage, half contemptuous. Try him upon the fine arts, and he gives you to understand that unless you have been to the Vatican, you have no right to open your lips before him, and that if you *have* been there, you were incapable of turning your opportunities to any good account. Venture into the arcana of science, and you are silenced, by hearing him pronounce Sir Humphrey Davy a mere school-boy. In short, the only use he makes of such information as he possesses is to exalt himself; and when his ignorance by chance stares him in the face, he gets out of the dilemma by flinging it back on the first person he encounters. In general company this manner is successful. He is not much liked, but he is immensely respected. Hospitable country gentlemen, middle-rate lawyers, wealthy merchants, with all their wives and all their daughters, hardly know how to treat him with sufficient deference. Every body begs for the honour of drinking wine

with Doctor Owlstare ; every body is anxious to know what Doctor Owlstare thinks upon the subject ; every body sends the nicest cut in the whole salmon, and the wing and breast of the chicken to Doctor Owlstare. He goes into the drawing-room, and the lady of the house carries him his coffee with her own hands, whilst her eldest girl “ who was seventeen the fifth of September last,” brings him the cake. He eats and drinks an unconscionable quantity, but every body is continually beseeching him to eat and drink more. He goes home about nine — a kind of disagreeable caricature of Samuel Johnson ; and his absence occasions, unconsciously, so general a relief, that the young people, in the exuberance of their spirits, propose a quadrille, and the previous generation sit down to whist, enlivening the pauses of the game by the most animated encomiums on Doctor Owlstare.

THE TREACLE-TONGUED-MONSTER — is commonly a female. She is probably a would-be-young old-maid, who has wormed herself into a sort of paltry independence, principally by having had several small legacies left her as the wages of toad-eating. She visits a good number of families of respectability, on what she calls an easy and intimate footing ; that is to say, she can look in upon them very soon after breakfast, or about tea-time, and she is sure not to derange their do-



mestic economy, for they say, — “ Oh ! it is only Miss Amelia Treacle-tongue.” Her conversation is very thickly studded with tender appellatives, such as “ My dear ” — “ my love ” — “ my sweet creature ! ” She is always very particular in her enquiries on the subject of health, and is “ distressed ” — “ quite distressed,” to hear of the slightest ailment. A headache “ alarms ” her — a cough “ suggests the fear of consumption ” — a sore throat makes her pathetic, and reminds her of “ the uncertainty of human existence.” She calls to ask after the patient every day, often twice a day, until the most perfect convalescence has taken place. She professes an ardent attachment to all children. She takes every little urchin in her arms, kisses him, calls him a “ darling cherub,” and gazes on him delightedly (at least when his mamma or papa is present), although the said “ darling cherub ” be a spoiled, clumsy, dumpy, red-headed, disagreeable varlet. With all the minutiae of family histories, and little bits of neighbourly scandal, Miss Amelia Treacle-tongue is particularly well acquainted. She communicates a suspicious story in the softest and most confidential manner ; she “ hints a doubt,” or “ hesitates dislike ” with a whispery gentleness, quite irresistible. Her constitution is rather delicate, yet she goes abroad in all weathers. At table, — not in her own house, but in that of a

friend, — she is continually pressing you to eat, and animadverting on the poorness of your appetite, and this she does that she may have the better excuse to eat plentifully herself. She has no taste or ear for music, but is exceedingly useful in praising the efforts of all the young ladies of the house, and in affecting rapture, till others think it necessary to affect it too. She is rather religious, and has a temper which nothing on earth appears capable of ruffling ; yet, in truth, in her real character, she is the most peevish, hypocritical, greedy, selfish, and tyrannical being in existence. She is a concentration of stings, smeared over with an external coating of honey ; and does more mischief in her own officious, sneaking, underhand way, than a hundred bold downright murderers, who kill their men, and are hanged for it.

THE CLEVER-YOUNG-MAN-MONSTER. — The growth of this species of monster has been so rapid, that it almost calls for the interference of the legislature. Like the rats of the old Egyptian city, they threaten to eat up every thing. One can hardly turn without meeting this monster. He is about four-and-twenty ; has rather an expressive face, and an interminable volubility of tongue. He is not one of those who hides his light under a bushel. Upon all subjects, he is equally at home, — that is to say, equally super-

ficial. On the corn laws, the drama, parliamentary reform, the opera, phrenology, West Indian slavery, the last new novel, and poetry of all sorts, he is ever ready to pour forth a torrent of information, or what he considers such. He writes and speaks on every subject that comes in his way. His father is proud of him ; his mother doats on him ; his sisters admire him ; his cousins die for him. He publishes a thin quarto or royal octavo volume of very magnificently printed verses, his own portrait facing the title-page, and showing to the public at large that he wears his neck bare, and his shirt-collar turned down *à la Byron*, — while his hair is combed back over his brow, and his eye is directed upwards, no doubt to see what is to be seen. Certain critics pronounce him a coxcomb, and his book a bore ; but the “ sincere ” and “ impartial ” discover genius in every line, and milliners fall into a pining melancholy by the hundred. Then comes a shower of albums, and and he writes sonnets in every one of them ; affixing to each his own name at full length, as the most invaluable of autographs. All this, though it may make “ the unskilful laugh,” cannot but make “ the judicious grieve.” The *clever-young-man-monster*, unless roused by ridicule into common sense, and a useful pursuit, sinks into premature oblivion, and lives to wonder at his own littleness.

**THE INSIPID-YOUNG-LADY-MONSTER.**—This is a harmless but very annoying monster. She is rather pretty, lisps slightly, and, as the Ettrick shepherd says, has a quantity of “waving curls aboon the bree.” She frequently sits beside you at a large and ceremonious dinner-party. You determine to be agreeable, and almost brilliant; but to your infinite distress, you discover, before the soup is removed, that the fair automaton has, in her whole composition, only three quarters of an idea. She listens to you, but does not understand you; your most sparkling sayings she rewards with a look of gentle bewilderment, — half reproachful, and half deprecatory, — as if she fancied you were quizzing her. You at length labour to say things as full of inanity and silliness as possible, and to a certain extent she regains her composure, and thinks you have begun to talk rationally. Her mamma watches the progress of the conversation, and is quite delighted with the attention you are paying her daughter. When you return to the drawing-room, a seat is reserved for you, as an especial favour, beside the *Insipid-young-lady-monster*. Your concealed yawns almost kill you; but, to make up for your real listlessness, you affect the most animated pleasure, and next day, all your friends wish you joy, considering the marriage already fixed. The insipid young lady actually knits a purse for you,

and sends it to you with a note, in which there are only three grammatical errors, and two words wrong spelt. For a month, the very sight of a petticoat gives you the vapours; and you never go to a ceremonious dinner-party without fear and trembling.

THE DYSPEPTIC, OR STOMACH-COMPLAINT-MONSTER. — This monster is like a caterpillar in your soup, or a spider in your tea-cup. He is called Sir Pillbox Phialton, and he edifies you with details of the inefficaciousness of his digestive organs, till he almost makes you suppose you have yourself lost your appetite. There is not a medicine in the whole Pharmacopeia that he has not taken by pounds or quarts, until the only nutriment which his inner man can enjoy is something or other concocted in an apothecary's shop. His face has a saffron, ex-sanguineous hue, and smiles are strangers to its cavernous recesses. He reminds one of a raw day in February, and his conversation is like the drizzling of sleet upon a cupola. All his reading is confined to medical, and *non-medical* treatises on health and diet. The only work of a literary kind that he ever looks into, is the "Diary of an Invalid." He wonders that the horrible excesses of general society, in the matter of eating and drinking, do not throw all mankind into fevers. His children, if he has any, are little, lean, half-starved things;

and they look like small *memento moris* collected round a death's-head. Truly a very hideous monster is Sir Pillbox Phialton.

**THE STRONG-MAN-MONSTER.**—Mr. Sampson Hammerclub is six feet two in height, and proportionably broad. He is a member of all Highland and Gymnastic Clubs. Athletic exercises engross his whole time and thoughts. He is continually walking backwards, forwards, upon his hands and feet, upon his head ;—running, leaping, rowing, riding, shooting, boxing, fencing, quoiting, putting, climbing up poles, raising weights, and fifty other similar operations. In whatever society he may be, he never sits on his seat half an hour at a time, without offering to exhibit his powers, by lifting a chair in his teeth, and flinging it over his head ; or bending a poker across his arm ; or jumping over the table without breaking the decanters ; or, if Heaven hath made you of small dimensions, letting you stand upon one of his hands, and lifting you upon the sideboard. He has bushy, black whiskers, a strong voice, an immeasurable chest, and moves among delicate females like “ a bull in a china-shop.” He thinks himself the handsomest man in the country ; and, by all persons of five feet six, is looked upon as the ugliest fellow in existence.

Many other monsters are there whom we must



at present do little more than name. There is the UNIVERSALLY-RESPECTED, or EXEMPLARY-MONSTER,—one who wants the virtue to be great, or the passion to be egregiously wrong ; the OVER-REFINED-MONSTER,—who, instead of being a gentleman, is a *petit maitre*, and mistakes finical nicety for polished taste ; the WOULD-BE-GENTEEL-MONSTER,—who is the vulgarest creature under the sun, because he does not know his vulgarity, and, therefore, boldly does things which make every body else blush for one who cannot blush for himself ; the INEVITABLE-MONSTER,—who, in his idleness and prosy stupidity, is continually inflicting himself on you, meeting you at every turn, though you are never able to account for his presence at that particular time and place ; the MARRIED-MAN-MONSTER,—who, from being one of the best companions in the world, suddenly becomes uxorious, rigidly moral, and a great descanter on the comforts of domestic life ; the NO-SUPPER-EATING-MONSTER,—who sits down to that most social of all meals, and will touch nothing but a crust of bread and a glass of water, which he seasons with anecdotes of nightmare and apoplexy ; the CLEVER-WOMAN-MONSTER,—who is aged thirty-five or forty, and probably unmarried, and who builds her reputation on her power of brow-beating her female acquaintances, and

saying impertinent things to the men ; the **HAPPY MONSTER**, — who is always in the most tremendous flow of good spirits, and who has no more notion of indulging you in a sentimental mood, than he would have of scattering roses over plum-pudding ; and, lastly, the **CRITICAL MONSTER**, — who treats authors worse than negro-slaves, but of whom it may be prudent to say no more at present, except that he is “a very ancient and fish-like monster.”



## THE DEAD DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

“What may this mean ?

So horridly to shake our disposition

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soul.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE building was a solitary one, and had a cold and forbidding aspect. Its tenant, Adolphus Walstein, was a man whom few liked : not that they charged him with any crime, but he was of an unsocial temperament, and ever since he came to the neighbourhood, thinly inhabited as it was, he had contracted no friendship — formed no acquaintance. He seemed fond of wandering among the mountains, and his house stood far up in one of the wild vallies formed by the Rhætian Alps, which intersect Bohemia.

He was married, and his wife had once been beautiful. She even yet bore the traces of that

beauty, though somewhat faded. She must have been of high birth, too, for her features and gait were patrician. She spoke little, but you could not look on her, and fancy that her silence was for lack of thought.

They had only one child — a daughter — a pale but interesting girl. She was very young—not yet in her teens — but the natural mirth of childhood characterized her not. It seemed as if the gloom that had settled round her parents had affected her too; it seemed as if she had felt the full weight of their misfortunes almost before she could have known what misfortune was. She smiled sometimes, but very faintly; yet it was a lovely smile,—more lovely that it was melancholy. She was not strong; there was in her limbs none of the glowing vigour of health. She cared not for sporting in the fresh breeze on the hill side. If ever she gathered wild-flowers, it was only to bring them home, to lay them in her mother's lap, and wreathe them into withered garlands.

Much did they love that gentle child; they had nothing else in the wide world to love, save an old domestic, and a huge Hungarian dog. Yet it was evident Paulina could not live; at least her life was a thing of uncertainty — of breathless hope and fear. She was tall beyond her years; but she was fragile as the stalk of the white-crowned lily. She was very like her mother, though there was at

times a shade upon her brow that reminded you strongly of the darker countenance of her father. It was said, that when he took his gun and went out all day in search of the red deer, far up among the rocky heights, he would forget his purpose for hours; and seating himself upon some Alpine promontory, would gaze upon his lonely house in the valley below, till the sun went down in the stormy west; and as evening drew on, and a single light faintly glimmered from one of the windows of his mansion, he has brushed a hot tear from his eye, and started into recollection.

One night it was dark ere he came home, and the winds howled drearily. In their sitting-room—a room but barely furnished—he found his wife plying her needle beside the lamp, and at a little distance the dying flame of the wood fire threw its ghastly flickerings on the pale face of his daughter. He stood at the door, and leant upon his gun in silence. They knew his mood, and were silent also. His eye was fixed upon his daughter; she would have fascinated your's too. *It was no common countenance.* Not that any individual feature could have been singled out as peculiar, but the general expression was such as, once seen, haunted the memory for ever. Perhaps it was the black eye—blacker than the ebon hair—contrasted with the deadly paleness of her white-rose cheek. It was deep sunk,

too, under her brow. But it is needless to form conjectures: none knew in what that expression originated—there was a mystery in it. She had a long thin arm and tapering fingers, and a hand crossed by many a blue vein. Its touch was, in general, thrillingly cold, yet at times it was feverishly hot. Her mother had borne many a child, but they had all died in infancy. The father's fondest wish was to see a son rising by his side into manhood, nor did he yet despair of having the wish gratified. It was said, his dying commands would have given that son much to do.

Paulina was now thirteen; but the canker was busy within, and even her mother saw at last that she, too, was to be taken from her. It was a stern dispensation; the only child of her heart,—the only one whom her sleepless care had been able to fence in from the grasp of the spoiler,—her meditation and her dream for thirteen years,—the one only sad sunbeam whose watery and uncertain ray lighted up their solitude. But evil had followed them as a doom, nor was that doom yet completed.

She died upon an autumn evening. She had been growing weaker for many a day, and they saw it, but spoke not of it. Nor did she; it seemed almost a pain for her to speak; and when she did, it was in a low, soft tone, inaudible almost to all but the ear of affection. Yet was

the mind within her busy with all the restless activity of feverish reverie. She had strange day-dreams ; life and the distant world often flashed upon her in far more than the brightness of reality. Often, too, all faded away ; and though her eyes were still open, darkness fell around her, and she dwelt among the mysteries and immaterial shapes of some shadowy realm. It would be fearful to know all that passed in the depth of that lonely girl's spirit.—It was an autumn evening—sunny, but not beautiful—silent, but not serene. She had walked to the brook that came down the mountains, and formed a pool and babbling cascade not a stone's cast from the door. Perhaps she grew suddenly faint, for her mother, who stood at the window, saw her coming more hastily than usual across the field. She went to meet her ; she was within arms-length, when her daughter gave a faint moan, and, falling forward, twined her cold arms round her mother's neck, and looked up into her face with a look of agony. It was only for a moment ; her dark eye became fixed—it grew white with the whiteness of death, and the mother carried her child's body into its desolate home.

If her father wept—it was at night when there was no eye to see. The Hungarian dog howled over the dead body of his young mistress, and the old domestic sat by the unkindled hearth, and

grieved as for her own first-born ; but the father loaded his gun as was his wont, and went away among the mountains.

The priests came, and the coffin, and a few of the simple peasants. She was carried forth from her chamber, and her father followed. The procession winded down the valley. The tinkling of the holy bell mingled sadly with the funeral chaunt. At last the little train disappeared ; for the churchyard was among the hills, some miles distant. The mother was left alone : she fell upon her knees, and lifted up her eyes and her clasped hands to her God, and prayed — fervently prayed from the depths of her soul—that He might never curse her with another child. The prayer was almost impious ; but she was frantic in her deep despair, and we dare not judge her.

A year has passed away, and that lonely house is still in the Bohemian valley, and its friendless inmates haunt it still. Walstein's wife bears him another child, and hope almost beats again in his bosom, as he asks, with somewhat of a father's pride, if he has now a son ? But the child was a daughter, and his hopes were left unfulfilled. They christened the infant Paulina ; and many a long day and dreary night did its mother hang over its cradle and shed tears of bitterness, as she thought of her who lay unconscious in the churchyard among the hills. The babe grew, but not in

the rosiness of health. Yet it seldom suffered from acute pain ; and when it wept, it was with a kind of suppressed grief, that seemed almost unnatural in one so young. It was long ere it could walk ; when at last it did, it was without any previous effort.

Time passed on without change, and without incident. Paulina was ten years old. Often had Philippa, with maternal fondness, pointed out to her husband the resemblance which she alleged existed between their surviving child and her whom they had laid in the grave. Walstein, as he listened to his wife, fixed his dark penetrating eye upon his daughter, and spoke not. The resemblance was, indeed, a striking one, — it was almost supernatural. She was the same tall, pale girl, with black, deep-sunk eyes, and long, dark, ebon hair. Her arms and hands were precisely of the same mould, and they had the same thrilling coldness in their touch. Her manners, too, her disposition, the sound of her voice, her motions, her habits, and above all, her expression of countenance — that characteristic and indescribable expression — were the very same. Her mother loved to dwell upon this resemblance ; but her father, though he gazed and gazed upon her, yet ever and anon started, and walked with hasty strides across the room, and sometimes, even at night, rushed out

into the darkness, as one oppressed with wild and fearful fancies.

They had few of the comforts, and none of the luxuries of life, in that Bohemian valley. Philippa had carefully laid aside all the clothes that belonged to her dead daughter ; and now that the last child of her age was growing up, and was so like her that was gone, she loved to dress her sometimes in her sister's dress, and the pale child wore the clothes, and would talk to her of the lost Paulina, almost as if to one who had known her.

One night her mother plied her needle beside her lamp, and at a little distance her daughter, in a simple white dress which had once been her dead sister's, sat musing over the red embers of a dying fire. A thunder storm was gathering, and the rain was already falling heavily. Walstein entered ; his eye rested on his daughter, and at the same moment he uttered an exclamation of horror : but he recovered himself, and with a quivering lip sat down in a distant corner of the room. His Hungarian dog was with him ; it seemed to have caught the direction of his master's eye, and as its own rested keenly on Paulina, the animal gave vent to a low growl. It was strange that the dog never seemed to love the child. On the present occasion she was probably not aware of her father's entrance, for she appeared absorbed in her own thoughts ; and as the



blue and flickering flame fell upon her face, she smiled faintly.

“ O God ! it is ! it is ! ” cried Walstein, and fell senseless on the floor.

His wife and daughter hurried to his assistance, and he recovered ; but he pointed to Paulina, and said falteringly, “ Philippa ! — send *her* to bed.” With a quiet step his daughter moved across the room ; at the door, she was about to kiss her mother, but Walstein thundered out, “ Forbear ! ” and rising closed the door with trembling violence. Philippa had often seen her husband in his wilder moods, but seldom thus strangely agitated. Had she known the conviction that had arisen in his mind, she would have ceased to wonder.

He had watched long and narrowly, and now he was unable to conceal longer from himself the fearful truth. It was not in her wan beauty alone that she resembled her sister — it was not merely in the external development of her form, — he knew, he felt, that the second Paulina, born after her sister’s death, was *the same Paulina as she whom he had laid in the grave*. There was horror in the idea, yet it could not be resisted. But even now he breathed it not to his wife, and silently they passed to their chamber. The secret of his soul, however, which he would never have told her by day and awake, the wretched Philippa gathered from him in his unconscious mutterings in the

dead watches of the night. When the suspicion flashed upon her, it fell upon her heart like a weight of lead. Her maternal affection struggled with it, and with the thousand proofs that came crowding, of themselves, into her memory, to strengthen and to rivet it, and the struggle almost overturned her reason.

The Paulina, in whom her heart was wrapped up twelve years ago, had frequently dreams of a mysterious meaning, which she used to repeat to her mother when no one else was by. A few days after the occurrences of the evening to which we have alluded, the living child, who had come in the place of the dead, told Philippa she had dreamt a dream. She recited it, and Philippa shuddered to hear an exact repetition of one she well remembered listening to long ago, and which she had ever since locked up in her own bosom. Even in sleep, it seemed that, by some awful mystery, Paulina was living over again.

Time still passed on, and the pale child shot up into a girl. She was thirteen ; and a stranger would have thought her some years older. It was manifest that she, too, was dying. (There was a dismal doubt haunted her father's mind whether she had ever lived.) She never spoke of her deceased sister—indeed she seldom spoke at all ; but when they asked if she were well, she shook her head, and stretched her arm towards the churchyard.

To that churchyard her father went one moonlight night. It was a wild fancy ; yet he resolved to open his daughter's grave, and look once more upon her mouldering remains. He had a reason for his curiosity which he scarcely dared own even to himself. He told the sexton of his purpose, and, though the old man guessed not his object, he took his spade and his pick-axe, and speedily commenced his task. It was an uncertain night ; the wind came in gusts, and sometimes died away into strange silence. The dim moonlight fell upon the white tombstones, and the shadows of the passing clouds glided over them like spirits. The sexton pursued his work, and had already dug deep. Walstein stood by his side.

" I have not come to the coffin yet," said the old man, in a tone bordering upon wonder ; " yet I could tell the very spot blind-fold in which I put it with these hands thirteen years ago."

" Dig on, for the love of heaven !" said Walstein, and his heart began to beat audibly. There was a short pause.

" My digging is of no use," said the sexton, " I am past the place where I laid the coffin ; and may the Holy Virgin protect me, for there is not a vestige either of it or the body left."

Walstein groaned convulsively, and leapt into the grave, but in vain ; — the sexton had reported truly. He had just stepped up again into the

moonlight when a cold hand was laid upon his shoulder. He started, and turning round, saw that his daughter stood beside him.

“Paulina ! just heaven ! what can have brought you so far from home ?— at night, too, and weak as you are ; it will be your destruction.”

She took no notice of the question ; but fixing her quiet look upon the grave, she said—“ Father, I shall soon lie there.”

It was the thirteenth anniversary of Paulina’s death, and the swollen brook was brawling hoarsely down the mountains,—for a tempestuous autumn had already anticipated winter. The shutters of the upper chamber were closed, and Philippa sat by the sick bed of her last child. The sufferer raised her pale and languid head, and whilst her dark eye appeared to wander in the delirium of fever, she said, with a struggle, “ Mother, is it not a mysterious imagination, but I feel as if I had lived before, and that my thoughts were happier and better than they are now ?” Philippa shuddered, and gazed almost with terror upon her child. “ It is a dream, Paulina ; one of the waking dreams of over-watchfulness. Be still, sweet girl ; an hour’s sleep will refresh you.” As she spoke, Paulina *did* sleep, but there was little to refresh in such slumber. Her whole frame was agitated convulsively ; her bosom heaved with un-

natural beating ; her hands alternately grasped the coverlid, as if to tear it into shreds, and were ever and anon lifted up to her head, where her fingers twined themselves among the tresses of her ebon hair ; her lips moved incessantly ; her teeth chattered ; her breath came short and thick as if it would have made itself palpable to the senses ; terrible gibberings succeeded, and her poor mother knew that the moment of dissolution was at hand. In an instant all was still,—the grasp of the hand was relaxed,—the heaving and the beating ceased,—the lips were open, but the breath of life that had ebbed and flowed between them had finished its task and was gone : a damp distillation stood upon the brow,—it was the last sign of agony which expiring nature gave.

That night Walstein dreamed a dream. Paulina, wrapped in her winding sheet, stood opposite his couch. Her face was pale and beautiful as in life, but under the folds of her shroud he discovered the hideous form of a skeleton. The vision became double : a grave opened as if spontaneously, and another Paulina burst the cerements asunder, and looked with her dead eye full upon her father. Walstein trembled and awoke. A strange light glanced under his chamber door. Who was there stirring at the dead hour of night ? He threw the curtains aside. The moon was still up ;

an indescribable impulse urged him to rush towards the room in which the body of his daughter lay. He passed along the lobby; — the door of the chamber was open; the Hungarian dog lay dead at the threshold; *the corpse was gone.*



## PROPOSALS FOR AN ENTIRE CHANGE IN THE NATURE OF THINGS.

"Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!"

"And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,

"Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new."

COWPER.

THE Assyrians say they are the most ancient people on the face of the earth. But the Moguls laugh at the Assyrians, whom they consider extremely modern upstarts. The Chinese, on their part, turn up their noses at both the Assyrians and the Moguls, believing their own celestial ancestors to have had possession of the world several millions of years before any other nation was heard of. It is a difficult point; — I shall not attempt to settle it. But whichever be the most ancient people in existence, no one will deny that the world taken as a whole is far past the meridian of life; or, to speak plainly, that it has fallen long since into its dotage. The natural consequence is, that of all creations under the sun, it has be-

come the most insufferably tiresome, monotonous, and disagreeable. It is continually assuming, nevertheless, the airs of a coquette of threescore and ten, and seems anxious to impress us with the idea, that, phoenix-like, it can renew its youth when it pleases ; but its efforts are, to the last degree, feeble and futile. It is liable, no doubt, to the influence, of certain laws, which it is pleased to term laws of change, but which, from the undeviating regularity of their operation, might quite as well be called laws of uniformity. Is not the rotation of the seasons, for example, just as certain as the succession through different generations of the same vegetable and animal productions ? Was not every natural phenomenon which we now see, seen by men and women who lived before Agamemnon ? and all that we now fear, hope, suffer, or delight in, was it not by them acknowledged to possess a similar power ? Things have stood in the same relation to each other, and produced exactly the same effects, from the day on which Jeroboam was defeated at Jezreel, down to the very hour of my present writing, which is between the hours of twelve and one of Friday the 14th of August, eighteen hundred and thirty.

The only relief from this monotony consists in meeting now and then, not with a new existence, but simply a new combination. If we go into a far country, we may see mountains grouped as we



never saw them before ; but they are still mountains. If we possess what has been denominated genius, we may arrange thoughts and feelings somewhat differently from those who have preceded us, but the individual thoughts and feelings are as old as the moon and stars. Compare Homer's battles with those of Virgil or Ariosto, or Camoens, or Milton, or Voltaire, — and how is it that you are able to distinguish them ?—only by the words in which they are described, not by the deeds that are done, or the emotions which those deeds inspire. The soldier who fell at Waterloo died exactly as the soldier who fell at Troy. He may not have been apparelled after the same fashion ; his language may have been less ancient, and a bullet instead of a javelin may have gone through his heart, — but he had the same appetites, passions, propensities, and the same connections with life. Drawing from the same originals, how can the artist avoid painting the same portraits ?

Nor has mankind been condemned to fare upon the *crambe repetita* only once or twice, or a hundred times. The same perpetually recurring banquet has been *invariably* re-cooked for the children, which their fathers had feasted before. Other covers may have been put upon the dishes ; a philanthropic Ude may have discovered a new sauce ; an ingenious Mrs. Glass may have sug-

gested a fresh garnish, — but as soon as the food itself reached the palate, the awful certainty of its personal indentity was ascertained, and hope sank into despair. *Originality*, in the strict sense of the word, is like “holy Alchemy;” he who seeks it will only be goaded into madness by his unprofitable labours. Not a single remnant has been left throughout all the moral and intellectual world. As for the sentiments and passions, they have been harped on to such a degree, that one is almost tempted to think it would have been better if there had never been any such things at all. What, for instance, in the whole of space has been more utterly exhausted than *love*? Who does not shudder to think of the unwearying cruelty with which poets and novelists, and people of that sort, have persecuted the firmament of heaven to represent blue eyes? What an interminable consumption has there been of the raw material — the west wind — to be manufactured into sighs! What a tremendous run upon every green bank for roses, to be changed into the favourite currency of blushes! How many myriads of heads of hair have been made out of sunbeams! What a waste of pearl, to secure a sufficient supply of that staple commodity, teeth! Beauty itself, even though it had not been thus bedaubed and painted by weak minds, must have ceased to please, or almost to

be considered beautiful, seeing that for so many ages its constituent features have remained the same. How can I be expected to fall sufficiently desperately in love with Anna Matilda Elizabeth Fitzoriel, decidedly the prettiest girl in the town of —, if I find, by referring to my circulating library, that her eye is not one tint bluer, her blush not one shade deeper, her hair not one gleam brighter, than the eyes, blushes, and hair of all females, in all corners of the globe, and in all periods, have always been ?

Is it not melancholy to reflect that the laws of gravitation, and the atmosphere by which we are surrounded, exercise their deadening influence alike over animate and inanimate creation ? The children of Galgacus made snow-balls, and so do ours ; the first Druids sang sonnets to the moon, and so do we. Helen eloped with Paris, and we have still our Doctors' Commons ; people died under King Pelops, and their friends lamented their loss ; tears are shed, and cambric handkerchiefs are seen at funerals even now. The respectable burgesses of Memphis gave exceedingly pleasant evening parties a few years after the flood ; and the inhabitants of London still consider eating and drinking, dancing and fiddling, fashionable amusements. There were races at the Olympic games equal to those for the great St. Leger ; there were lectures delivered in Plato's

academy, not much inferior to any which may be heard at Oxford or Aberdeen. Bonaparte was only a second edition of Cæsar; and Cæsar was only a copy of Alexander; and Alexander was a mere imitator of Cyrus; and Cyrus borrowed all his best notions from Nimrod. Do we weep? Who has not wept before us, inspired by the very same grief? Do we laugh? The joke is as old as the hills; it set the table in a roar in the time of Osiris. Are we ambitious? So were all the great men whose names nobody ever heard, who lived in Palmyra. Do we fall in love? The object of our admiration is the very fac-simile of ten thousand young ladies, who married ten thousand young men, and became the mothers of ten thousand families, before the downfall of Babylon. Are we anxious to make ourselves wise, and to be the instructors of mankind? The acquisitions of ninety years will form but the smallest conceivable portion of that knowledge with which our ancestors were familiar ninety centuries ago.

After much serious reflection on this subject, two ways have occurred to me by which I conceive we might be saved from the morbid listlessness—the dead swampy apathy—which a conviction of the monotony of all things necessarily produces. It is worth while considering them for a moment.

*First.* If the external universe were to undergo

a revision and alteration, the ground of our present complaint might be removed or weakened. But were this plan adopted it would need to be borne in mind that no partial change would do,—nothing could be listened to but a sweeping and radical reform,—a total destruction of the old constitution, and the establishment of an order of things so new, that, to our ancient prejudices, it might at first sight appear strange and almost ludicrous. That my meaning may be more clearly understood, I would make the following suggestions among others:—Let all the stars be knocked out, and most especially the evening and morning stars. Let the moon be stowed away in any part of space where there is commodious cellarage, and let not another line be written even to her memory. Let the sun be first carefully extinguished, and then converted into a great steam-coach, that would carry a million of passengers round the world before breakfast. If so vulgar a thing as light was required at all, the gas company could easily manufacture rainbows of variegated lamps, and hang them in festoons through the firmament. There should be men and women of all shapes and sizes, some round as oranges, with the power of rolling themselves along like great bowls, with or without a bias; some, like squares or parallelograms, as full of sharp corners as an old-fashioned house, and supporting life, not by breathing, but

by apertures, resembling chimneys, from which smoke should issue ; some no larger than drumsticks, and others so high, that their heads would be far beyond the range of ordinary vision, unless when they went into the depths of the ocean to bathe, when the waves would rise almost to their shoulders, and the whales would pass in shoals between their legs. The sea should be of boiling water ; all the fish should be ready for eating ; and raw oysters be a thing to dream of, not to sell. There should be several cast-iron, stone, and wooden bridges across the Atlantic ; Mr. Owen's establishment at New Harmony should be the capital of the world ; and there should be a chain of mountains, called the mountains of Phrenology, higher than the Andes, consisting wholly of human skulls. Thunder, and lightning, and wind should be laid on the shelf ; storms should have new features, and might be manufactured out of the bursting of mountains, the crashing of red-hot icebergs, the bellowing of monsters that passed through the air like great balloons, and the pelting of church-steeple, old castles, tombstones, coffins, dead birds, monks of the inquisition, washing-tubs, and skeletons. Forests should be all cut down, and green meadows all ploughed up ; if people wanted to hunt, they should hunt through the air, or under the sea. As for evening or morning walks, or tours to the continent, or



poetical musings on the beauties of nature, such things might exist, but "with a difference" as Ophelia says; for the walks, and the tours, and the musings, would not present the same eternal round of objects and ideas. There would be no such thing as an odious glaring sun-rise, or a great unmeaning cream-faced moon; there would be no distressing classical associations about Italy or Greece; and dabblers in sentiment would not be constantly harping on the same theme, at least until the new state of things became again old. It is not impossible, however, that these changes may be considered impracticable; and if so, the other plan I have hinted at is still at hand.

*Second.* My second mode of securing the attainment of that greatest of all blessings, *originality*, is simply, to change the nature of the human mind, to alter the standard of taste, and thus to abrogate the old, and to introduce a set of fresh canons by which to regulate our notions, both of material combinations and of moral and intellectual beauty, worth, and fitness. This might be done with less trouble, and would be quite as efficient as the scheme already proposed. Would there not, for example, be a delightful novelty in having all our ancient ideas concerning virtue and vices swept away at once? People have been praising courage, and justice, and honour, and benevolence, and *all that sort of thing*, so incessantly, that

every one now knows the furniture of a good character as exactly as an upholsterer knows the furniture of a gentleman's drawing-room. This is melancholy; and it is not less melancholy that the reverse of the proposition holds equally true;—that no great villain possesses an idiosyncrasy of his own; but that they are, without an exception, cunning, ungrateful, selfish, ferocious, impious, and *all that sort of thing*. This should be altered. What we have been too long accustomed to call villany, should be held up to admiration in every work that aspired to immortality. How infinitely more spirit-stirring would such a production be than those maudlin and hackneyed compositions in which the bravery of an Achilles, the piety of an Æneas, or the constancy of a Rinaldo, are so stupidly lauded!

Every moment of existence — every thought — every feeling would now be new, and, consequently, worth living for. We should no longer hear of murmuring streams, or shady groves, or warbling birds, or blue skies, or gentle zephyrs, or any other set of epithets equally loathsome, because all equally trite. In describing a fine landscape, the traveller or novelist might write thus; and, in thus writing, would address himself to the sympathies of every reader:—“It was a day of dark and cloudy beauty in that enchanting month December; an agreeable and heavy shower



was falling; the air was in that most delicious of all states, when, though not cold enough to condense rain into hail, it is too cold to admit of its remaining purely liquid, and converts it therefore into sleet. There was not an ugly green leaf on any of the trees; the birds were, fortunately, all silent, with the exception of a jackdaw and a peacock, whose mingled melody came full upon the ear. The insignificant sea was visible in the distance, but its sickening water was forgotten, for the eye rested upon a majestic steam-boat with seven funnels, out of which came a glorious canopy of smoke, suggesting, even on the barren ocean, some of those snug and cheerful feelings the stranger experiences on coming, for the first time, within sight of beautiful Leeds or romantic Manchester. In the foreground there was an Irish village, with a row of pig-styes at one end, and a churchyard at the other, all in a state of fine decay, and exciting emotions so sublime, that the enraptured and awe-struck spectator, after laughing for half an hour, could not help dancing an Indian war-dance, and at last, overpowered by his feelings, walking a dozen paces backward on his hands and feet, and then bursting into a sneeze!"

Upon the same principles might be written a description of a lady, "made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes:"—"The heroine of my tale—

the lovely Sniffterina Gogglegrumph — had all the constituents of perfect beauty. Her eyes, though in their expression they differed considerably from each other, were both of a delicate green ; but nature, as if unwilling that any one object should ever be honoured with the united gaze of two such orbs at once, gave to Sniffterina the power of looking east and west, or north and south, at the same moment, and thus of killing, as sportsmen technically term it, right and left. She had a nose angelically flattened upon her face towards the centre, but rising at the lower end into a nob of exquisite rotundity. Her mouth had that slight twist which all sculptors and painters love to imitate ; and the blueish whiteness of her lips contrasted finely with the blackening grandeur of her teeth. Her classical chin was sharp and long, throwing into the shade her thin neck, which rose gracefully, almost like a continuation of her slender body. Miss Gogglegrumph's head having been skilfully shaved, only one little tuft remained as a love-lock upon the very top ; and many a noble youth looked at that love-lock and sighed. But it was not Sniffterina's ineffable smile, or the squeaking clearness of her irresistible voice, nor all the charms of her matchless person, that delighted most ; — it was her mind, entirely unhurt as that mind had been, by any attempt at education. Yet was she not des-

titute of accomplishments. She could sing the comic songs of all languages; she was alike at home in the sciences of farriery and rat-catching; and few could surpass her in the healthful and elegant exercise of eating and drinking; she was so prudent, that the only thing she did not keep, was her temper; and she was never known to lose any thing except her judgment. A report was at one time industriously circulated that she had been observed to blush; but we can positively contradict the uncharitable calumny. Such was the fascinating Sniffterina;—amiably pert, fashionably insolent, naturally affected, rationally conceited, independently masculine, and, in short, lost in a blaze of all those virtues which adorn a woman.”

For authors and publishers, these will indeed be happy times, when originality will thus be born anew. The reviews may probably speak somewhat in the following style of a new work:—“This is an able production. It does not contain a single sentiment we ever met with in any known author. Most of the words indeed are new; and the style is as diametrically opposed to all the rules of Aristotle, Longinus, Quintilian, Blair, and Campbell, as the most fastidious critic could desire. We observe several parentheses of twenty pages; and we think there are only three separate sentences in all the

four volumes. This is as it should be. The reader's attention is thus rivetted, and the majestic flow of the English language is preserved. No one should venture to begin this book with an empty stomach ; for, as the end of the first sentence is somewhere about the middle of the second volume, and as it is impossible to leave off till this point be gained, the consequences, upon a weak constitution, might be dangerous. The subject which the author principally insists upon is the interesting one of damp sheets — a theme more intimately connected with all the sublimest doctrines of philosophy than, perhaps, any other. The chapter upon warming-pans, is, in our estimation, the finest ; but there are, besides, several admirable digressions (if they can be called so) upon the high intellectual character of idiots, upon the notorious honesty of that most useful class of the community, somewhat oddly termed pick-pockets, and upon mouse-traps, silk stockings, the female sex, hatters, patriots, landed proprietors, and bellows-menders. On the whole, we can safely recommend this book, as excellently adapted for the use of schools, members of parliament, and medical gentlemen."

I have thus thrown out a few crude hints, which will, nevertheless, serve to evince my earnest desire that an entire change should immediately take place in the nature of things, both for

the sake of that most exhausted portion of human beings called authors, and those other respectable persons no less to be pitied, called readers. The prosecution of the design I must leave in the hands of the legislature, and the country at large. That a connection with all that is stale, flat, and commonplace has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, no sensible man can doubt. But that a crusade will soon commence, which will put an end to this stagnant condition of the world and its inhabitants, there is good reason to hope. All existing popular authors will pass away with a great noise ; and all the libraries of the earth, stuffed with the monotonous love of worn-out brains, will be burned to the dust. A new epoch will commence. The Nile, having been traced from its mountain spring to its ocean mouths, will be deserted ; and fame will float down the more devious wanderings of the unknown and incomprehensible Niger.

## THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF MYN- HEER VON WODENBLOCK.

“ Τὸν δε ἰδὼν ῥιγῆσε βόην ἀγαθὸς Διομηδης.”

“ There was not a Dutchman who did not tremble at the sight.”

*Knickerbocker's Free Translation.*

HE who has been at Rotterdam, will remember a house of two stories which stands in the suburbs just adjoining the basin of the canal running between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced, to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within hearing of the croaking of a frog.

It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present any thing to do; it is with the old gentleman, her father.

His profession was that of a surgical-instrument maker ; but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary an appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds, and, however desperate their case might be, were very soon (as the saying is) set upon their legs again. Many a cripple, who had looked upon his deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional hit at Providence for having entrusted his making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted, so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort, that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a more common-place and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And, in good truth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the understandings fashioned by the skilful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself, the more especially if in your real toes you were ever tormented with gout or corns.

One morning, just as Master Turningvort was giving the last polish to a calf and ancle, a messenger entered his *studio*, to speak classically, and requested that he would immediately ac-

company him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant of Rotterdam; so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth with his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his silver-headed stick in the other. It so happened, that Mynheer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors; but, in endeavouring to hasten the odious wretch's progress down stairs by a slight impulse *à posteriori* (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations), he had, unfortunately, lost his balance, and tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that he had lost three teeth. He at first thought of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to jail on account of some unpaid debt, leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection, that his wife and children were starving at home. A dentist soon supplied the invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head at the rate of ten stivers a-piece, but for which he prudently charged the rich merchant one hundred dollars. The doctor, upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was at that moment rather in want of a



subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him, in his carriage, to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Mynheer Wodenblock, considering that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favour of the former mode of locomotion, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give him directions about the representative, with which he wished to be supplied for his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectable as ever, but with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious and ashamed of its own littleness.

"Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion; but let that pass. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, Sir, you ever made in your life."

Turningvort bowed.

"I do not care what it costs;" Turningvort bowed still lower; "provided it out-does every thing you have yet made. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic; and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and

cannot be more specific in my directions ; but this I am determined upon, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had, and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas."

The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Mynheer Von Wodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before, and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative, as well as practical science ; there was a favourite discovery which he had long been aiming at, and he believed he had at last succeeded in accomplishing it that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection, to consist in its being apparently impossible to introduce into them any thing in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanism of the knee and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavouring to obviate this grand inconvenience ; and though he had, undoubtedly, made greater progress than

any one else, it was not till now that he thought himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution, was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artisan again made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's grey eye, which seemed to indicate, that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality of which he was at length so sure. He untied his precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve. The evening wore away in these discussions concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest both were equally satisfied with the perfection of the work; and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the night, in order that early next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Mynheer Von Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstasy, blessing the inventive powers of one who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed, indeed, to act to admiration; in the merchant's mode of walking, there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint. All the joints performed their office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was any thing uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock-work under the full well slashed pantaloons of the substantial-looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion, occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not, in all respects, as he used to be, before he lifted his right foot to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits till he came in sight of the Stadt House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that lead up to the principal door, he saw his old friend Mynheer Vanouthern waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace; and both mutually held out their hands to each other by way of congratula-

tion, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friendly embrace. At last the merchant reached the spot where Vanoutern stood; but what was that worthy man's astonishment to see him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping, even for a moment, to say "How d'ye do?" But this seeming want of politeness arose from no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power whatever to determine either when, where, or how his leg was to move. As long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his tacit compliance with its independent and self-acting powers for a command over it which he now found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop to speak with Mynheer Vanoutern, but his leg moved on, and he found himself under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses, but his leg tugged so violently, that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had

taken ; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers, which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves. Of this, however, he could as yet discover no symptoms.

He happened to be going in the direction of the Leyden Canal ; and when he arrived in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house, he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face of wonder.

"Villain !" cried Wodenblock, "come out to me this instant ! You have made me a leg with a vengeance ! It won't stand still for a moment. I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my own house, and, unless you stop me yourself, Heaven only knows how much further I may walk. Don't stand gaping there, but come out and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me."

The mechanician grew very pale ; he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament. The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick, and Turningvort, being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him.



He did so at last, nevertheless, and, catching him in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg was so great that it hurried the artist on along with his burden at the same rate as before. He set him therefore down again, and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the unhappy Mynheer Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow, calling out in the most piteous accents—"I am lost! I am lost! I am possessed by a devil in the shape of a cork leg! Stop me! for Heaven's sake, stop me! I am breathless,—I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces? Turningvort! Turningvort! you have murdered me!" The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied. Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and with strained and staring eye-balls, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal towards Leyden, and bellowing for help as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider, who were sitting at their parlour window, immediately opposite the "Golden Lion,"

drinking tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at a furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but, without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried by at the same rapid rate, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Mynheer Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were all going to church, in their best attire, to say their prayers, and hear their organ, when a figure rushed across the market-place, like an animated corpse, — white, blue, cold, and speechless, its eyes fixed, its lips livid, its teeth set, and its hands clenched. Every one cleared a way for it in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem who did not believe it a dead body endowed with the power of motion.

On it went through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years, elapsed, but at intervals the horrid shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, indeed, which he who was once Mynheer Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh, too, has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton, — a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still, in its original rotundity



and size, continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wearied bones for ever and for ever over the earth !

May all good saints protect us from broken legs ! and may there never again appear a mechanician like Turningvort, to supply us with cork substitutes of so awful and mysterious a power !

## THE TWO SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

“ It is to me a treasure of the mind,  
A picture in the chamber of the brain  
Hung up and framed.”

AT that happy period in which a difficult line in Virgil, a long sentence in Livy, or an elliptical expression in Tacitus, constitute the only miseries of life, we attach a very different meaning to the words “ joy” and “ grief,” from that which an intercourse with the world is soon destined to give us. In those days of rarely obscured sunshine, we know of only one spot where any thing like sorrow is to be found,— where the thoughtless but delightful gaiety of childhood is frowned, or scolded, or whipt out of us,— where some little foretaste of the miseries of mortality is forced upon our reluctant palates, — and where we are taught, that, even in this fair world, there may be such things as “ weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.” Where is the boy, who, as he looked on his unintelligible grammar, or greasy Ovid, has not, with all the sincerity of his nature, wished

a thousand and a thousand times, that every one of the ancient philosophers, cramped historians, and most unprofitable poets, had been in the bottom of the Red Sea, when they sat down to write, with so much *nonchalance*, books which were to cost all the future generations of children so many tears and groans? What does he know, and, if he did, what would his opinion be, of that most melancholy Johnsonian maxim,—“let the future predominate over the present?” Does he not look up into the blue sky, and hear the invisible birds singing in multitudes above him? Does he not look round upon the green fields, and the dark woods, and the majestic mountains, and the glittering streams,—and does he not instinctively become a juvenile epicurean, anxious to seize the passing hour, and spend it merrily, content to let the next provide for itself.

There is nothing I recollect better than the loitering, reluctant pace in which I used to move to school. How gladly did I avail myself of every excuse for lengthening the way, and delaying the inevitable hour of confinement! There was not a dog—black, white, or brown—smooth, rough, or shaggy—cowardly, tame, or fierce—to whom I did not speak; there was not a sign above a butcher’s, baker’s, grocer’s, or haberdasher’s door, that I did not stop to read; there was not a blind ballad-singer, or wooden-legged fiddler, or one-

armed flute-player, to whose melody I did not lend most willing ears. But there was one amusement, which, in my morning pilgrimage to school, afforded me more delight than all the rest put together. This was the examination and internal criticism of half a dozen paintings, which, ignorant of change or even of locomotion, occupied, without alteration, for at least two years, the window of what to me appeared a magnificent print shop. This window, in my commonly uninteresting walk through several long streets, was the very cynosure of attraction, the fountain of the wilderness, the oasis of the desert. Morning after morning, I gazed upon the enchanting pictures; and not a day elapsed in which I did not discover in them new beauties unremarked before. Had any of them been taken away, I should have felt as if I had lost an humble but faithful friend.

There was one among them, however, that rose in my opinion far above the rest. I entertained for it a sort of romantic attachment; and this attachment was founded, I believe, upon good grounds. There is something in the work of a master that comes home to the heart even of a child; and though unable, perhaps, to tell what it is that pleases him, he, nevertheless, feels that he is looking upon the production of no common genius. I remember, perfectly, that I did not

prefer it because it was set in a more splendid frame, or painted in more gaudy colours; but because the expression of the scenery and figures it contained had something heavenly. It represented a simple burial-ground, where a group of village girls were scattering flowers upon a new made grave. Among them was one whose face I shall never forget. The sun had set behind some distant hills, but the purple clouds, still in the sky, threw upon her figure a rich and mellowed light, that accorded finely with the settled melancholy stamped upon her features:—it was not melancholy alone; there was a holy resignation and an innocent purity in her looks still more attractive. She had lost, perhaps, her mother, the dear guardian of her childhood, or a sister whom she had loved as the friend of her youth, or him on whom her dark eye delighted to gaze—the worshipped star of her heart. She was a being on whom I could have looked for ever. I was only a child; but the light of that celestial countenance kindled in my bosom somewhat of the feelings of maturer years. Many an indistinct and dream-like vision of future days floated across my fancy; and, in them all, my fate, my happiness, were intertwined with a creature of similar loveliness. But there are none such in existence. She was the fairy creation of some fond enthusiast. I have looked in vain for her prototype among

the inhabitants of a world of dissimulation and sorrow.

I had an uncle who resided at some distance in the country, and was seldom in my father's house, but who, it was confidently expected, was to make me his heir. He dined with us regularly every Christmas. There was always a family-party assembled on the occasion ; but my uncle commonly made his appearance an hour or two earlier than the rest, and employed himself, till dinner-time, in distributing sweetmeats among my younger brothers and sisters, of whom there was a pretty numerous and annually increasing tribe, while to the eldest girl, Sarah, and myself, his present was more substantial. It was a bright golden guinea, clear and unsullied as when it issued from the mint. To us it seemed as valuable as the talisman of Oromanes. There was nothing which science had discovered, or art adorned, or luxury improved, which it did not seem to place within our reach ; the lamp of Aladdin was a spell of insignificant power, compared with that little piece of burnished metal.

On the occasion to which I now allude, I had fixed, at least a couple of months before, how part of my Christmas gift was to be expended. I had resolved upon purchasing my favourite picture,—I had driven a nail into the wall of my bed-room, immediately opposite my bed, on which it was to

be hung;—it was to be the first thing on which I should open my eyes in the morning, and the last I should see at night. The face it contained was that by which I was to regulate the standard of beauty, and the soul beaming in that face was to be the model to which I should constantly refer in judging of intellectual loveliness.

Christmas at length arrived, and brought with it my uncle and his guinea. I had an hour to spare before dinner, and with a bounding step, the natural motion of a merry heart, I took my way to the print shop. The old man to whom it belonged sat behind the counter in a little brown wig, studying demurely, with his spectacles properly adjusted on his nose, the important news of the day. “I am going to buy the picture,” said I, laying my guinea triumphantly before him. His eye glanced first at the money, and then at me. “What picture are you going to buy, young gentleman?” said he, pushing his spectacles over his brow, and laying down the newspaper. “Oh! *that* picture, to be sure,” cried I, pointing to the one in question; “there is no other in the window for which I care half so much.” “Well, I believe you are right,” said the shopkeeper; “this is, *indeed*, a picture. Reubens himself never did any thing finer.” How my eyes sparkled, and how impatient I was till the purchase should be completed! “Give it me! give it me!” I exclaimed,

“and keep the whole guinea, if you please.” “The whole guinea !” cried the old virtuoso, drawing back, as he spoke, with an offended dignity ; “ why, sir, this is not a picture to be sold for a guinea — no, nor for two guineas either. Look here, sir, here is the very lowest price at which you can have it.” So saying, he turned up the back of it, and showed me, written in very legible characters, the awful words, “ *Four pounds ten !*”

I was never in my life so shocked, either before or since. Belshazzar looked at the mysterious hieroglyphics on the wall with far less horror than I at the simple but blasting sentence. Four pounds ten ! it was a sum which would exhaust the richest mines of Peru. I might live to the age of Methuselah, and never be able to amass so great a hoard. It was beyond the compass of my most extravagant hopes. The days of Cræsus were past, and Pactolus rolled no longer over golden sands. I know not how I found my way home, but I recollect pulling the nail out of my bed-room wall with as much of anger as of sorrow. I was inclined to believe I had been used ill. The guinea had misled me, and I cast it down upon the table with contempt.

My disappointment was not long concealed from my uncle. My looks and manners betrayed at once that all was not right, and the history of



my sorrow was soon told. To my astonishment, every body seemed more inclined to laugh than to weep. My father was the first to assume an air of gravity. "My dear Henry," said he, "this little incident, if properly considered, affords a useful moral lesson. In your future journey through life, when you have gone abroad into the world, and cast your eyes upon the various scenes around you, always recollect *that there are two sides to the picture*, — one fair and inviting, the other dark and repulsive. Be not too much dazzled by the former, nor too much depressed by the latter. Let not the mere resemblance of virtue lull you into the dangerous security of thoughtless philanthropy ; nor the momentary prosperity of vice harden your heart into callous indifference. *Never forget to examine both sides of the picture.*"

When I grew up, I endeavoured to profit by this advice. It has been of use to me, I trust, in preventing me from judging too hastily, either of apparent good or apparent evil, apparent happiness or apparent grief.

When I looked, for example, on the statesman, on him who could "read his history in a nation's eyes," who found himself at the helm of a great and powerful kingdom, directing, according to his will, its fleets, its armies, and its inexhaustible revenues ; and when I saw him the

boast and darling of the country, the being to whom all turned in admiration, whose word was law, and whose smile was sunshine—I might have believed him the happiest of his race ; but I watched this idol of the people a little longer, and saw him struggling with difficulties beyond the reach of human power to overcome. Rivals thronged around him,—jealousy and dissension rendered his councils abortive — unforeseen accidents blasted many of his best-concerted schemes, every domestic comfort was resigned,— he lived not for himself, but others,— his influence began to diminish,—white hairs gathered on his brow,— the sun of his glory set,— he retired into solitude, and died forgotten. “ Alas !” said I to myself, “ here are *two sides to the picture*.”

Again, when I met with one, young and beautiful, glittering in the crowded drawing-room, or fixing the gaze of the enraptured theatre, or moving in the light of her loveliness through the graceful dance, with the festive wreath of health blooming upon her brow — with the perpetual halo of good humour playing round her lips, and with nought but melody issuing from them ; was it not hard to have the discovery forced upon you, that in all this there was something unreal ? that there were solitary hours of fatigue, and vexation and pain,— that the lips could relinquish those smiles for the bitter sneer of contempt and hatred,— that

the music of gentleness could be exchanged for the harsh accents of reproach and anger, — that, under the heavenly exterior which bounteous Nature had bestowed, lurked many of the evil passions of the human heart, — that though vice yielded to virtue its customary homage of hypocrisy, the mask might be removed, and leave too palpably disclosed to view the *two sides of the picture!*

When, turning to different scenes, I contemplated the holy servant of religion, guiding a multitude to heaven by the force of his precepts and instructions, comforting the afflicted, re-assuring the wretched, encouraging the humble, rebuking the presumptuous, assisting the contrite, and raising, like a ministering angel, the standard of human excellence, — how could I help saying within myself, “Who shall stand a comparison with a man like this?” A little farther investigation not unfrequently dissolved the charm. I discovered that religion was too often assumed as the cloak of knavery; that it was easy to talk of heaven and the joys of eternity, when the heart was all the time devoted to the enjoyments of sense, and every hope was connected with the present existence; that it was no difficult task to preach to others, in pompous and indignant terms, of the necessity of subduing the passions, and keeping the heart with all diligence, whilst he who thus

declaimed, laughed his own doctrine to scorn by the daily practice of his life,—for, in the words of the Italian poet,

“ Sotto un velo sagrosanto ognora,  
Religion chiamato, parvi tal gente  
Che réi disegni amanta ; indi, con arte  
Alla celeste la privàta causa  
Frammischiando, si attenta anco ministra  
Farla d’inganni orribili, e di sangue.”

It is indeed melancholy, but not the less true, that even there here are *two sides to the picture*.

Often and ardently have I longed for fame,—the fame by which the efforts of genius, in unravelling the mysteries of mind, or extending the boundaries of science, or opening the fountains of imagination, are ever sure to be hallowed. I followed with my eye the triumphant career of the poet. I saw him at first contending with difficulties under which spirits of a meaner order would have sunk ; but, conscious of his innate strength, despising the cold world’s sneer, or turning its own weapons against it. Proceeding resolutely in the course he had himself chalked out, the effulgence of his mind burst at length upon the astonished nations, and shining far off, in its unclouded beauty, among the highest stars of the galaxy, was worshipped from the distance by thousands of admiring votaries. Is there nothing enviable in a fate like this ?—Let the undy-

ing voice of Byron answer you the question. That voice has sounded over the earth, and its echo is still heard in the most distant regions. Yet who asks if Byron was fortunate? Who knows not his unhappy story? Crossed and disappointed in his domestic affections,—neglected by those to whom the ties of blood ought to have endeared him,—an exiled wanderer over the earth,—the object, against whom were unsparingly directed the poisoned arrows of scandal, and malice, and envy;—and now that he has died—died in his youth, and in a foreign land, and in the cause of liberty—his glorious memory is polluted by the scribbling of newspaper hirelings; and they who have barely sufficient talent to write an intelligible sentence on the petty politics of the day, presume to offer criticisms on the productions of a mind which they never understood, and to damn, with their faint praise, the efforts of a genius whose powers have shed additional lustre over human nature, and added another argument in favour of the immortality of the human soul! Look, then, to the poet, and, as you look, confess that there are *two sides to the picture*.

The same truth extends to every condition and rank of life; nor is it confined in its application merely to the insulated circumstances of an individual; it will be found to apply, with equal certainty, to the moral and political state of nations.

Nay, philosophers who have contemplated the universe, and investigated the laws of nature, have sufficiently proved, by the widely different results to which their discoveries have led, that, even in considering the universe, they have seen different sides of the picture.

Happiest he, whose well-regulated mind, or natural cheerfulness of disposition, induces him to look with a lenient eye on the errors, and with a placid composure on the misfortunes, which, as long as he inhabits the earth, he will be sure to encounter at every turn. His glance loves to rest on that which is fair and pleasant; and whatever he does not find in unison with his own benevolence and good humour, he softens down into a shade less sombre. To him it is of little consequence what side of the picture presents itself. He can look at either with complacency, and find beauty in both.

HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS  
OF A SMALL VOLUME OF POEMS,  
WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THEIR DECLINE AND FALL.

“ —— Ha ! who art thou ? What art thou ?  
—— The sun of phantasy,  
Whose world's o' the air, to mortal vision else  
Impalpable.”

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE history of a small volume of miscellaneous poems, from its first conception to its final completion, from its cradle to its grave, may afford materials for a curious chapter, illustrative of the phenomena of mind. “ Many a time and oft” have we wondered within ourselves what on earth could ever tempt a young or middle-aged man gravely to print one hundred and fifty or two hundred pages, consisting of detached pieces of Rhyme. We have said to ourselves, What possible advantages does the author of this publication expect to arise out of it ? In these days, when the power of versifying is almost

as common as that of eating or walking, can he anticipate, that a little book in blue, yellow, red, or green boards, with a neat title-page, and a modest preface, and a very tolerable collection of pretty thoughts, under the heads of "Lines," "Stanzas," "Sonnets," "Canzonets," "Serenades," "Songs," "Impromptus," or "Fragments," — can he, by any chance, anticipate that such a little book will fill his coffers with money, or crown his brow with laurels? Upon what principle is it that he voluntarily undergoes all the "whips and scorns" of Authorship, — "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely," — the suppressed smile of his friends as often as his three-and-sixpenny volume comes across their memory, — the open ridicule of his foes, who, as soon as they discover that their enemy "hath written a book," proceed to make him aware of what Hamlet meant when he spoke of

" The spurns  
Which patient merit of the unworthy takes ?"

Why and wherefore has he brought down upon his own head so great a load of misery? We have revolved this question a thousand times, and after keeping it long — *alta mente reposta* — we can answer it satisfactorily only on the supposition, that most of these miscellaneous-poem-publishing authors go on step by step, from little to little,



until, upon awaking some morning, they see a book upon the breakfast-table, and blush to find it their own. Let us for a moment look a little deeper into the heart of this mystery, and if possible, trace the rise and progress of the phenomenon.

A stripling about the age of sixteen, who has been hitherto rather short and dumpy, suddenly finds himself shoot out like an asparagus, and all at once become portentously long and thin. His mother and sisters, with every possible expedition, proceed to let out reefs from the cuffs of his coat, and the legs of his trowsers; but to little purpose, for the sleeves of the one arrive only a short way below the elbows, and the trowsers, as if their legs had been cut away instead of lengthened, terminate in a very ludicrous and Highland fashion somewhere about the knees. There is at length no alternative; recourse must be had to a skilful artist by mortals called a tailor, and in his new suit of clothes, behold! our hero is instantaneously and to his own considerable surprise, *a young man!* Adieu at once to marbles and paper kites; the king's birth-day fades into obscurity, and blind-man's-buff becomes undignified! At dancing parties he is considered a very eligible partner, and ladies quiz him upon the subject of his being in love. No wonder; for being naturally susceptible, and having read a considerable number of novels, and not a few ro-

mances, he seldom falls asleep before he has vowed eternal fidelity to some Adelaide, Clara, or Matilda. Then, in a most unaccountable manner, he suddenly conceives the idea of taking a solitary walk — a walk away into the country where there are some green trees, a good way off the dust of the high road ; and a stream tolerably clear, only that there is a large dyeing establishment on its banks ; and a hill or two in the back ground, trying to look as picturesque as they can ; and fields from which he can hear what he knows to be the voice of birds, without enquiring too curiously whether it be only the chirping of the sparrow, or the warbling of the nightingale.

Under the influence of sights and sounds so harmonious, he puts his hand first into his breeches' pocket, and takes out a silver pencil, and then into his coat pocket, and takes out a memorandum-book, in which there are several blank leaves. To one of those leaves the youthful poet entrusts his maiden effusion — a sonnet perhaps, or " Lines to —," and then with a trembling thrill restores the memorandum-book to its accustomed place, and, with a more than ordinary flush upon his countenance, returns home to dinner. For weeks — it may be for months — he is like the little girl described by Montgomery, who " had a secret of her own," because she had discovered a bird's nest. He knows that he has written *poetry*, but

he breathes not the fact to mortal man ; he is ashamed to confess the weakness. But he takes some more solitary walks ; and at length all the blank leaves of his memorandum-book are filled, and he finds himself under the necessity of purchasing a second. Still, like Von Dunder in the farce, he “ sticks to his incognito,” till the fatal hour at length arrives when the lady of his heart determines on keeping an album. He is asked for a contribution, and he dare not refuse. The snowy whiteness of its exquisite gilt leaves and spotless Bristol-board is entrusted to his keeping ; and fully impressed with the weight of the responsibility, he mends half a dozen pens in a manner calculated to secure the fineness of their hair-strokes, and, with much agitation, commits some of his own verses to the sacred book, modestly affixing to them his initials only. But now his fate is sealed. The intelligence flies like wild-fire ; he is a poet ; his verses are the sweetest things ever written. Albums pour in from all quarters, accompanied with most irresistible three-cornered pink-coloured notes : “ Will he do Miss A. the honour ? ” — “ Will he so far oblige Miss B. ? ” — “ Might Miss C. venture to request ? ” At the same time all the young ladies assure him, that several “ real judges ” have pronounced his poetry “ most beautiful.” The Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* said his ‘ Lines to — ’ were full of

genius. The Editor of *La Belle Assemblée*, said his 'Stanzas to a Lady' were equal to any thing Moore had ever written. "Surely he intended publishing." "At all events he should write for the periodicals." No being claiming kindred with humanity could resist such an attack as this. Without saying a word to any body, he makes up his mind to write to the editor of the nearest newspaper, a letter couched in these terms : — "Sir, should the following lines be deemed worthy of a place in your invaluable paper, their insertion will confer a lasting obligation upon, Sir, your obedient servant, X. Y. Z." With a beating heart he waits the awful fiat of the editor, and scarcely dares to glance over his columns on the succeeding day of publication. But how does his eye brighten when the identical lines by "X. Y. Z." meet his gaze ! A new world opens upon him ; he is now before the public ; his thoughts are esteemed worthy of being submitted to the consideration of his fellow men ; the outer gate is passed, how far may he not penetrate into the inner glories of the temple ?

Time rolls on, and he has become a regular contributor to the "Poet's corner" of the newspapers ; and occasionally one or two of his happiest efforts have found their way into magazines. But "increase of appetite grows with what it feeds on." He begins to think, that to be an anony-

mous writer in periodicals is, at best, but a mongrel species of reputation ; — his genius is hid under a bushel, and the brilliancy of his effusions may be overlooked amidst the mass of dulness with which they are too often surrounded. He wonders what the expense of publishing a small volume would be. At first he almost starts at his own wonder, and shrinks from the vastness of the idea ; but after the query has once occurred to his mind, he is uneasy until it be answered. He calls upon a bookseller, and in a round-about, and what appears to him a particularly ingenious manner, endeavours to worm the information out of him. The bookseller sees at once that he has to deal with a young aspirant for the honours of the muses, and informs him that he will be happy to publish a work of the nature described, provided the author takes all the risk, and allows him (the bookseller) the usual charge of twenty-five per cent. Then come the discovery that the risk will vary from 80*l.* to 100*l.*, the reflections upon the existing state of his finances, and the consultations with friends ; the assurances he receives from them — that is to say from about ten or fifteen people — that they will *all* purchase copies of the work ; his increased confidence ; his belief that the editor of the — newspaper will give him a favourable review ; his palpitations — his hesitations — his determinations. The die is cast — he

*will* print: — Byron would never have been heard of unless he had printed.

Now comes the tug of war; — the revising of manuscripts, and arranging it for the printer, the sending it to that functionary, the proof sheets, with all their errors on their head — errors enough to drive a poet mad, — the loss of time at press, the fixing of the day of publication, then its postponement, the curiosity of friends, the flurry of the author's spirits, the dawning of the important day, the advertisement in all the papers — “ This day is published ;” the astonishing quietness with which this day, and the next, and the next passes over, the luke-warmness of all common acquaintances, the total apathy of the public at large, the strange inattention of the really candid critics, and the spiteful cavillings of those whose opinions show that they have a personal dislike to the author. All this, and much more, must the writer of “ the small volume of miscellaneous poems ” endure ; and the only question that remains is — are there no counterbalancing advantages that make people willing to undergo these evils ?

We believe the most that can be said on this side of the question is, that pleasure always accompanies the gratification of vanity ; and the vanity of seeing oneself in print is of a prevalent, and, in general, a very absorbing kind. One may easily flatter oneself, that to be in print implies an



immense deal. It may imply that you are read, and that you are admired, — that you convey instruction, and open up new trains of thought. It may imply that you are now much superior to the common herd, who never were in print, and that you will be treated accordingly in all society. Moreover, it has afforded you an opportunity of putting your sentiments and feelings upon record ; and it has accordingly widely extended the sphere of your sympathies, and recommended you to all those, many of whom you have never seen, whose sentiments and feelings are similar to your own.

In all this flattering belief, there may be much delusion ; but, nevertheless, you may say with Cicero —

“ Si erro, libenter erro.”

To be well deceived, constitutes one-half the happiness of most men, and almost *all* the happiness of a poet. Besides, there is pleasure, independent of all exterior things, in the indulgence of a poetical temperament, however far that temperament may be distant from the high imaginative and intellectual vigour in which the Delphic god rejoices.

In the poetical interregnum which has followed Byron's decease, no one need despair. The prince is dead, and his successor has not yet been appointed. It is a popular election, the competition is open to all, and the candidates can hardly fail

to be numerous. It is not impossible but that the government may be vested not in one, but in a body of men. In the meantime, public curiosity is awakened, — the bugle is hung up, as in the fairy tale, at the dead king's gate, and whoever can blow it shall reign in his stead ; — if the achievement can be performed by none, then must the office go into commission.

It is idle to tell us that the world will ever grow tired of poetry, or that we have had so much of it of late that there is no occasion for any more for a long while to come. Because the hills and the plains were covered last summer with a thousand flowers, shall we welcome less joyfully the return of the sunny spring "with her kirtle of lilies around her glancing?" — shall we hold in less estimation the unbought treasures of green and gold she scatters over the glorious earth? The affections of the heart, the delights of the senses, the perception of the beautiful, must cease, — human nature must be changed — the soul must be taken out, and the body left to walk on without it, before that species of composition which appeals to the feelings and the fancy, to the intellect and the judgment, will become uninteresting, and of little value. True, prose is the great staple commodity of life. True, also, the mind may be wearied out with poetry, and, for a time, may turn away from it, like the bee from the blossom, satiated



with sweets. But not on these accounts will one of the purest pleasures left to fallen humanity be resigned — the pleasure which the poet experiences at the gates of paradise, catching glimpses of a brighter state of existence, and with the aid of imagination gradually inducing forgetfulness of personal exclusion.

Never while you live breathe with harshness a poet's name. If he has awakened one deeper feeling, one finer emotion, one nobler aspiration, — he has not written in vain. Far distant he may shine, on the very verge of the horizon ; but so did the sun itself when it first broke on the gloom of night. Let the pseudo-pretender to the name of minstrel be whipt back into his original obscurity ; but if in his bosom there lurk one spark of the diviner essence, cherish it as the fire of an altar, which may yet kindle into a broad and purifying flame.

## THE DILEMMA.

### A TALE.

“ My native vale ! my native vale !  
How many a checquer'd year hath fled,  
How many a vision bright and frail  
My youth's aspiring hopes have fed  
Since last thy beauties met mine eye,  
Upon as sweet an eve as this,  
And each soft breeze that wandered by,  
Whispered of love, repose and bliss ;  
I deemed not then a ruder gale  
Would sweep me soon from Malhamdale.”

ALABIC WATTS.

“ By St. Agatha ! I believe there is something in the shape of a tear in those dark eyes of mine, about which the women rave so unmercifully,” said the young Fitzclarence, as, after an absence of two years, he came once more in sight of his native village of Malhamdale. Standing upon the neighbouring heights, he watched the curling smoke coming up from the cottage chimneys in the clear blue sky of evening, whilst, a little farther off, the last beams of the setting sun were playing upon the western walls of his father's old baronial

be true to my engagement. Yes! though I myself become a martyr, I must obey the dictates of honor. Forgive me, Rosalind, heavenliest object of my adoration! Let not thy Fitzclarence" —

Here his voice became again inarticulate; and as he winded down the hill, nothing was heard but the echoes of the multitudinous kisses he continued to lavish on the little brilliantly set portrait he held in his hands.

Next morning, Sir Meredith Appleby was in the midst of a very sumptuous breakfast (for, notwithstanding his gout, the baronet contrived to preserve his appetite), and the pretty Julia was presiding over the tea and coffee at the other end of the table, with the large long-eared spaniel sitting beside her, and ever and anon looking wistfully into her face, when a servant brought in, on a little silver tray, a letter for Sir Meredith. The old gentleman read it aloud; it was from the elder Fitzclarence: —

"My dear friend, Alfred arrived last night. He and I will dine with you to day. Your's, Fitzclarence."

Julia's cheeks grew first as white as her brow, and then as red as her lips. As soon as breakfast was over, she retired to her own apartment, and thither we must, for once, take the liberty of following her.

She sat herself down before her mirror, and de-

liberately took from her hair a very tasteful little knot of fictitious flowers, which she had fastened in it when she rose. One naturally expected that she was about to replace this ornament with something more splendid—a few jewels, perhaps; but she was not going to do any thing of the sort. She rang the bell: her confidential attendant, Alice, answered the summons.

“La! Ma’am,” said she, “what is the matter? You look as ill as my aunt Bridget.”

“You have heard me talk of Alfred Fitzclarence, Alice, have you not?” said the lady, languidly, and at the same time slightly blushing.

“O! yes, Ma’am, I think I have. He was to have been married to you before he went to the wars.”

“He has returned, Alice, and he will break his heart if he finds I no longer love him. But he has been so long away; and Harry Dalton has been so constantly with me; and his tastes and mine are so congenial;—I am sure you know, Alice, I am not fickle, but how could I avoid it? Harry Dalton is so handsome, and so amiable!”

“To be sure, Ma’am, you had the best right to choose for yourself; and so Mr. Fitzclarence must just break his heart if he pleases, or else fight a desperate duel with Mr. Dalton with his swords and guns.”

“O! Alice, you frighten me to death. There

shall be no duels fought for me. Though my bridal bed should be my grave, I shall be true to my word. The bare suspicion of my inconstancy would turn poor Alfred mad. I know how he doats upon me. I must go to the altar, Alice, like a lamb to the slaughter. Were I to refuse him, you may depend upon it he would put an end to his existence with five loaded pistols. Only think of that, Alice; what could I say for myself, were his remains found in his bed some morning?"

History does not report what Alice said her mistress might, under such circumstances, say for herself, but it is certain that they remained talking together till the third dinner bell rang.

The Fitzclarences were both true to their engagement. Notwithstanding every exertion, however, on the part of the two old gentlemen, they could not exactly bring about that "flow of soul" which they had hoped to see animating the young people. At length, after the cloth was removed, and a few bumpers of claret had warmed Sir Meredith's heart, he said boldly, —

"Julia, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine-bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the gardens and hot-houses, whilst we sexagenarians remain where we are, to drink to the health of both, and talk over a few family matters."

Alfred, thus called upon, could not avoid

rising from his seat, and offering Julia his arm. She took it with a blush, and they walked off together in silence.

"How devotedly he loves me!" thought Julia, with a sigh. "No, no, I cannot break his heart."

"Poor girl!" thought Alfred, bringing one of the curls of his whiskers more killingly over his cheek; "her affections are irrevocably fixed upon me; the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon."

They proceeded down a long gravel walk, bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs; but, except that the pebbles rubbed against each other as they passed over them, not a sound was to be heard. Julia, however, was at length observed to hem twice, and we understand that Fitzclarence politely coughed an acknowledgement of the said hems. The lady stopped, and plucked a rose. Fitzclarence stopped also, and plucked a jonquil. Julia smiled; so did Alfred. Julia's smile was chased away by a sigh, Alfred immediately sighed too. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing a conversation.

"Miss Appleby!" said he at last.

"Sir?"

"It is two years, I think, since we parted."

"Yes, two years on the fifteenth of this month."

Alfred was silent.

"How she adores me!" thought he; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."

There was a pause.

"You have seen, no doubt, a great deal since you left Malhamdale?" said Julia.

"O! a *very* great deal!" replied her lover. Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and drew in a vast mouthful of courage.

"I am told the ladies of England and Ireland are much more attractive than those of Wales."

"Generally speaking, I believe they are."

"Sir?"

"That is — I mean — I beg your pardon — the truth is — I should have said — that — that — you have dropped your rose."

Fitzclarence stooped to pick it up; but in so doing, the little miniature which he wore round his neck escaped from under his waistcoat, and, though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuously on his breast, like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia.

"Good heavens! Alfred, that is my cousin Rosalind!"

"Your cousin Rosalind! where? how? the miniature! It is all over with me! The murder is out! Lord bless me! Julia, how pale you have grown; yet hear me! be comforted. I am a very wretch; but I shall be faithful; do not turn away, love; do not weep; Julia! Julia! what



is the matter with you? By Jove! she is in hysterics; she will go distracted! Julia! I will marry you! I swear to you by——”

“Do not swear by any thing at all,” cried Julia, unable any longer to conceal her rapture, “lest you be transported for perjury. You are my own—my very best Alfred!”

“Mad, quite mad,” thought Alfred.

“I wear a miniature, too,” proceeded the lady; and she pulled from the loveliest bosom in the world the likeness, set in brilliants, of a youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarence.

“Julia!”

“Alfred!”

“We have *both* been faithless!”

“And now we are both happy.”

“By St. Agatha! we are—only I cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia; that stripling has actually no whiskers!”

“Neither has my cousin Rosalind; yet you found her irresistible.”

“Well, I believe you are right, and besides, *de gustibus*——I beg your pardon, I was going to quote Latin.”

**“ FRUITS IN THEIR SEASONS” —  
“ STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.”**

“ Those golden summer fruits,  
How beautiful they are !  
Than all that went before  
Than all spring's flowery store,  
Ah ! lovelier far.  
Oh precious, precious moments ! ”

AWAY with thee, blithe April ! away with thee into the green churchyard of the past ! Thou art of those whom we love, yet can part from with scarce a sigh ! Thou art the young Aurora of the year hastening to tell of brighter hours, and even as thy soft voice whispers of their coming, they steal upon us, and thou art forgotten in their effulgence.

Away with thee, bright May ! I am an angler, and I love thy glancing streams winding down the hills, where not a lingering snow-wreath dares to tempt the brightness of thy skies ! I am an angler, and I owe thee, sweet May ! many an hour's

forgetfulness of all the world — many a waking dream and glorious vision wherein hope was truth, and life eternity! Away with thee, deceiver!

June, unequalled June, is blazing full in the meridian. See, how the old ancestral woods extend in gladness their umbrageous arms! See, how the golden flowers in countless millions spring up with a sudden impulse of life and joy on every green bank, and in each quiet sequestered glade! Hark! the music of universal nature rings through the air! There is a voice in every fleecy cloud — an unseen spirit of melody in every passing zephyr. The lakes, the rivers, and the seas, lo! they are liquid light! Saw you that unforgotten sunset—those purple gleams upon the mountain—those blessed vistas opening into the far west! Then the soft soothing of the twilight hour — when the bee is asleep in his honied cell, and the imperial butterfly rests on the bosom of the dew-besprinkled rose — when not a sound steals on the rapt ear but the beating of the sleepless heart, exquisitely awake to a consciousness of its own felicity! Hail to thee, loveliest June! Thy smile awaited me at my birth; may it rest upon me at the hour of death—may it cast its sunshine into my grave as my coffin descends into the earth, and the few who loved me look upon it for the last time!

The fruits—juicy, rubescent, and luscious — are

swelling into ripeness. I think not of the fruits of more tropical climates, I speak only of those of my own country. I take no heed of Italy with its grapes!—I care not for Spain with its oranges!—I am most profoundly indifferent towards Turkey and Asia with their olives and citrons!—I write only for the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland; and if they, or merely some millions of the select few will read me with attention, I shall consider myself sufficiently rewarded.

I was a child once;—reader! so were you. Do you recollect the day and the hour when the soul-exciting influence of strawberries and cream first flashed on your awakened mind, and you felt that life had not been given you in vain? I was just seven years old—my previous existence is a blank in memory—when I first spent a June in the country. It was then that I started into life. In the blind ignorance of infancy, I may at some earlier period have swallowed a few red pulpy balls, presented to me on a blue plate by my aunt or grandmother, and by them denominated “strawberries,”—but never, never till my seventh year was I aware how large a proportion of human happiness may be comprised in the melting luxuriance of one mouthful! Sugar, cream, and strawberries! Epicurean compound of unimaginable extasy! Trinity of excellence! producing the only harmonious whole known to me in all the annals of

taste! The fresh vigour of my youthful palate may have yielded somewhat to the deadening effect of time, but the glorious remembrance of those profound emotions, excited by my first intoxicating feast on strawberries and cream, is worth every other enjoyment that now floats down "life's dull stream."

Look for a moment at yonder rosy group of smiling prattlers. I love the rogues for the enlarged and animated countenances with which they gaze upon the red spoils before them. Never speak to me of gluttony. It is a natural and a noble appetite, redolent of health and happiness, and I honour it. There is genius in the breathing expression of those parted lips which, now that the good dame is about to commence her impartial division, seem to anticipate, in a delightful agony of expectation, the fulness of the coming joy. Observe with how much vigour that youthful Homer grasps his silver spoon! Did you suppose those rose-bud lips could have admitted so vast a mouthful? Yet down they go—the innocent strawberries—down that juvenile *æsophagus*, and as Shakespeare well expresses it, "leave not a wreck behind!" Turn your gaze on that Sappho—What unknown quantities of cream and sugar the little cherub consumes! "Cold on the stomach!" Phoo! The idea is worthy of a female septuagenarian, doomed to the horrors of per-

petual celibacy. If she speak from experience, in heaven's name give her a glass of brandy, and let her work out her miserable existence in fear and trembling.

If there be a merrier party of bon-vivants at this moment in Christendom, may I never enter a garden again! True it is, and of verity, that at this very moment, there are prime ministers sitting down to cabinet dinners, and seeing in every guest another step up the ladder of ambition; — at this very moment the professional epicure is hanging over a board covered with all that is *recherché* in the annals of gastronomy; — at this very moment the bride of yesternight takes her place of honour, for the first time, at the table of her rich and titled husband. But there are traitors at the statesman's banquet; — there is poison and disease within the silver dishes of the epicure; — there are silent but sad memories of days past away for ever strewed like withered flowers round the heart of the young bride! In short, there is misery every where save in the immediate presence of that living garland of happy children.

Yet the dark arrow is on the wing — the barb hath already singled out its victim, and I see it advancing through the dimness of futurity. In a few months the golden tresses of that bright-eyed boy will fall in lank and matted strings over a

cold damp brow. He is one of many ; but he is not loved the less by his own fond parents. Long nights will they watch by his feverish couch, and clasp his little burning hand in theirs ; and gaze with full hearts — too full for speech — upon the fading lustre of his face. Yet will his young manly spirit still struggle against the grasp of pain. With the pure and confiding affection of childhood, he will throw himself into his father's arms, and look up into his face, and smile, and prattle cheerfully of his innocent hopes and pleasures. One morning, the sun will shine through his curtains, but his eyelids will remain unclosed ; — the bird, whose glad carols waked him to life and merriment, will sing unheeded. His pale cheek moves not on his pillow, — his feeble hand is stretched unconscious by his side. Not a sound is in the darkened room but the frequent sobbing of his almost broken-hearted mother, and the soft steps of his little rosy-faced brothers and sisters, who, with fingers pressed on their lips, steal to his bed, and gaze for the first time on death, and wonder why Willy, who was the favourite of them all, should thus be taken away from them. A few days more, and they lay him in the earth, and the unseen power of decomposition seizes greedily on his prey. Few knew the happy boy, and none loved him but his parents ; the temporary blank in their affections is soon filled up by the sur-



vivors, and ere a year elapses, his merry smile and voice of gladness live but faintly in the memory. By the busy world his existence was unknown, and his absence is unfelt; the wonder rather is, —not that he is now no more, but that he should have ever been.—And where art thou, young spirit of delight? Hast thou past away like a foam-bell on the waters? —or shall we meet with thee again wandering in the brightness of yonder golden planet?

On the whole, I am not sure that strawberries ought to be eaten when any one is with you. Although your companion be the dearest friend you have on earth, his presence is apt to generate a feeling of restraint, a consciousness that your attention is divided, a diffidence about betraying the unfathomable depth of your love for the fruit before you, a lurking uneasiness lest he should eat faster than yourself, or appropriate an undue share of the delicious cream;—and this state of mind is invariably the prelude to a strong, though undivulged desire that the best friend you have in the world were at any distant part of the globe he might happen to have a liking for—Kamtschatka or the South Sea Islands.

But oh! the bliss of solitary fruition, when there is none to interrupt you — none to compete with you — none to express stupid amazement at the extent of your god-like appetite, or to bring

back your thoughts, by some silly and obtrusive remark, to the vulgar affairs of an unsubstantial world. Behold! the milky nectar is crimsoned by the roseate fruit! Heavens! what a flavour! and there is not another human being near to intrude upon the sacred intensity of your joy! Painter—poet—philosopher—is not the *το καλον* concentrated there? Happiness divided into equal portions by that silver spoon, glides gloriously down the throat!

“ O, mortal man, who liveth here by toil,”

eat strawberries and cream! Eat, for June cometh but once a year! eat, for there is yet misery in store for thee! eat, for thy days are numbered! eat, as if thou wert eating immortal life! eat, eat, though thy next mouthful terminate in apoplexy!

\* \* \*

My dream of strawberries hath passed away! The little red rotundities have been gathered from the surface of the globe, and man's insatiate maw has devoured them all! New hopes may arise, and new sources of pleasure may, perhaps, be discovered; — the yellow gooseberry may glitter like an amber bead upon the bending branches, — the ruby cherry may be plucked from the living bough, and its sunny side bruised into nectar by the willing teeth, — the apple, tinted with the vermillion bloom of maiden beauty, may woo the eye,

and tempt the silver knife,—the golden pear, melting into lusciousness, soft as the lip, and sweet as the breath of her thou lovest most, may win for a time thy heart's idolatry,—the velvet peach or downy apricot, may lull thee into brief forgetfulness of all terrestrial woe,—the purple plum, or sunbeam coloured *magnum bonum*, may waft thy soul to heaven,—or, last of all, thy hot-house grapes, glowing in their bursting richness, may carry thee back to the world's prime, to the faun and dryad-haunted groves of Arcady, and lap thee in an elysium of poetry and music,—but still the remembrance of thy first love will be strong in thy heart. Pamper thy noble nature as thou wilt, with all the luxuries that summer yields, never, O ! never will the innermost recesses of thy soul cease to be inhabited by an immortal reminiscence of " Strawberries and Cream !"

## A TALE OF THE SEA.

“ Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea !  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony !”

COLERIDGE.

I SAILED from the Thames in a merchant brig for Jamaica. I was the only passenger ; and before I had been many days on board, it struck me that there was something odd both about the captain and crew. They had all bad expressions of countenance ; and when I happened to be upon deck, I frequently observed that they collected in groups, and seemed to carry on in whispers a mysterious kind of conversation, with which I could not help thinking that I was myself in some way connected. The captain, in particular, was a dark-looking man, with a very ugly meaning in his

large bright eyes. He seldom spoke, except in monosyllables, and then the tones of his voice almost startled me. He and I had beds in the same cabin ; but I soon discovered that he never slept. Whenever I happened to look across from my own berth towards his, I could see, by the dim light of a lamp that hung from the roof and burned all night, his large eyes glaring full upon me, with a most unnatural kind of intelligence in them. Though not of a timid disposition, I confess I did not feel altogether comfortable. We had favourable winds, however, and ran across the Atlantic without any thing remarkable occurring.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth day, I was told that the land which we saw about fifteen miles to leeward, was that of the island of St. Domingo, and that, the breeze continuing, we might expect to reach Kingston in little more than eight-and-forty hours. I retired to rest between ten and eleven, with a lighter heart than I had felt for some time before ; and with the prospect of so soon meeting several of my oldest and best friends, I speedily found myself locked in the embraces of slumber, and busily occupied in the ideal world of dreams.

Hour after hour past unnoticed by, and daylight was shining full into my cabin before I again opened my eyes. The sun had been long up, but was not visible. It was one of those calm grey

days which, in this climate, commonly predict some change of weather. There was that stillness on board the ship which almost always accompanies a calm ; for when sailors have nothing to do, they are the last people in the world who will do any thing. I did not hear a step overhead, and even the steward and cabin boys I supposed had fallen asleep ; for though I called pretty lustily for breakfast, not a soul came near me. I rose at length, and having performed my toilet with all convenient speed, I got upon deck. I was somewhat surprised at not seeing a single hand either fore or aft. The very helm was deserted. I went forward, and looked into the steerage, but it was empty, and so was every hammock it contained ! My pulse began to beat more quickly ; I became alarmed and uneasy. I called aloud, but no one answered me. I looked into the hold, but no living thing was to be seen ; nay, what struck me as peculiarly odd, there was nothing in the hold at all, except a cask or two of fresh water, though I had been given to understand that the vessel had a full and valuable cargo on board. I went back to the cabin ; neither captain nor mate was there. I opened the door of every cupboard and closet, but it was in vain. Conviction of the truth, though at first its very conception almost bewildered me, inevitably forced itself on my mind ;—I was the only human

being in the ship. During the night she had been purposely abandoned by her crew, by whom she had been, no doubt, insured at a high rate, and I was left alone to the mercy of the waves. On the previous evening land had been visible at the distance of five or six leagues; but now, having drifted out of my course, it was no where to be discovered.

My feelings can neither be imagined nor described. I was entirely ignorant of nautical affairs, and consequently had not the most distant idea of what ought to be done. But this was, perhaps, hardly to be regretted; for however great my skill had been, what could a single person have done in the guidance and management of so large a vessel? Had a boat been left, I should instantly have entrusted myself to it, and, though at a venture, have endeavoured to lie upon a course; but we had only two boats originally, and they had both been taken away. I could find no loose timber, of which to make a raft, for even on a raft I should have considered myself safer than where I was. There is something that the human mind cannot bear to dwell upon, in the idea that it has lost its power over inert matter, and that all its intellectual energies must succumb to the mere blind chance which governs an inanimate mass. I was alone in a great floating castle, to which seemed to be left the power of deter-

mining whither it would carry me, and what fate it would assign me. The very bulk of my prison made me the more helpless ; besides, I soon discovered that the vessel was, in the sea phrase, water-logged, and, no doubt, abandoned under the belief that it was speedily to sink. I would have given any thing for the merest little cock-boat with a single oar, for I should have been then comparatively my own master on the wide ocean.

As long as the daylight continued, my situation, though sufficiently solitary, was not so dismal. Light is companionable, and seems to be the natural element of the human soul. But the sun had scarcely set, ere I perceived that the waters were not long to continue unruffled. The sails, almost all of which were set, and which I found it quite impossible to take in or even to reef, no longer hung motionless by the side of the masts, but, for a time, kept flapping incessantly like the wings of a mighty bird, and then becoming steadily filled, carried the ship along with them, I knew not where.

Twilight darkened into night ; the moon came out of the sea, like a spectre—wan and vapoury—surrounded by a dark assemblage of murky clouds. Stronger and stronger grew the wind. The waves, as they went careering by, left in their track a broad gleam of foam, that gave to the dark sea an unnatural whiteness.



I stood at the stern, with the useless helm in my hand, and almost believed that the whole was a horrible dream, from which, if I did not speedily awake, I might never awake with reason unimpaired. The storm increased; the vessel, from the quantity of canvass she carried, was tossed like a toy from wave to wave. At length, the foremast snapt, and, with all its sails and cordage, fell overboard; — it was lost among the billows in an instant.

Day returned, but the storm did not abate. The wind was for a while north-west, which blew me back nearly upon the course I had already sailed, but afterwards, shifting several points, it became due north, so that I conjectured it was carrying me along the coast of South America, though that coast was no where visible. For several days the hurricane continued, and every moment seemed to bring along with it the promise of destruction; but though the ship was now in the most miserable condition, its planks still held together, and I still continued to exist.

Day after day, week after week, and were I to judge by my own feelings, I should say month after month, passed on, and I still continued rolling about in my dismasted hulk, sometimes with fair, and sometimes with foul weather, either in the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean, I knew not which. There were, luckily, provisions enough on board, such as they

were, to have supported me, I should have thought for any length of time ; but existence was becoming too painful to me to admit of my being able to endure it much longer. Let no man talk of solitude as long as he can see around him fields, and trees, and mountains. All these hold communion with his spirit, and as they vary their garb according to the season, he can read in them lessons of wisdom and improvement. But on the wide and changeless ocean, where human sympathies exist not, and where the very element seems of a nature uncongenial to ours, there, where the eye can see nothing but rolling waters, and the ear catch no sound but that of the breaking wave, *there* speak of solitude, *there* feel its horrors, feel your affections stagnant within you, and your mental capabilities mouldering away into nothingness. Look at the sun, the clouds, the stars, and ask, in the frenzy of despair, why you are the only created thing cursed with the curse of speech?

One night the thunder walked through the air ; and its peals were welcome to me, for they sounded like the voice of an unseen giant. The waning moon looked dimly down through the snatches of the hurrying clouds, and the lurid lightning flashed far and wide below, as if in mockery of the pale light of the melancholy wanderer of heaven. There was alternate gloom and brightness. In

the gloom was heard the savage roaring of the thunder-laden winds; in the brightness was seen the tortured ocean heaving in convulsions, and flinging its spray in impotent wrath far up into the dark concave. Such scenes had become familiar to me, and had almost lost their terrors. My crazy ship went tumbling on, and I had lashed myself to the remnant of one of her masts, lest I should be swept from the deck as every thing else had been already. Again the moon looked down for an instant, again the lightning gushed from the clouds:—Good God! a vessel with all her sails set, bounded past me, and I heard the cries of human beings.—Another gleam of moonshine,—she was still there! Another blaze of lightning,—she was gone,—down—down into the gulf for ever!

The storm passed away, and I was still safe. The wind was in the north, and the ship sailed on. One morning I came upon deck; it was clear, though cold, and the sea at some little distance seemed peopled with islands. How my heart bounded! I was approaching them! Shipwreck—death was all I desired, provided I met it in an attempt to make the land. I came nearer the islands.—Heaven and earth! they were islands of ice! Where was I? I had been sailing south;—Had I got within the antarctic circle? Ice—nothing but ice—huge mountains of dreary ice.

“ I was the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea !”

I know not how it was, but I sailed far in among those frozen fields. The wind at length shifted, and my course was altered. I retraced part of my way, and went more to the east. One night I was in bed, and my vessel was drifting as usual, where it pleased ; suddenly it struck against something with a violent shock and crash. I rushed upon deck ; the ship was going to pieces. It seemed to have come upon a reef of rocks. It was calm, and I was a good swimmer : I threw myself into the sea, and reaching some of the most prominent heights, I scrambled up and waited till daylight should discover to me my situation. It came soon enough ; I was on the highest peak of two or three insulated rocks, not a hundred yards in circumference altogether, which rose up from the fathomless depths of the Southern Ocean. Water — nothing but water could be seen around.

Here, then, on this unknown rock, which no human eye but mine had ever seen before, it was to be my lot to die. I wonder I did not go mad at once. I recollect that I lost all belief in my personal identity : I could not conceive it possible that I was the same being who had once so keenly enjoyed all the pleasures of social and civilised life — who had loved and hated, who had laughed

and wept, who had feared and hoped. On a solitary peak of the ocean, what was man? — more useless than the sea-weed, more helpless than the bubbles that floated past with the waves.

The ship had disappeared; but some fragments still floated about the rock. I took possession of one of them, and drifted away, as I believed, to certain death. Now, talk of solitude! on a single plank in the untraversed South Pacific! I floated away and away; but nature was at length exhausted. I stretched myself out at full length; I closed my eyes; and became insensible.

When animation returned, I was on board a French discovery-ship, in a comfortable bed, and enjoying every luxury; — and, oh! that luxury above all other luxuries — the music of the human voice, when its tones are softened by human affections! I did nothing but weep like a child for a whole week. In two months I was again in England.

JOURNAL OF TWO DAYS,  
WITH AN INTERVAL OF FORTY YEARS.

Ridentem dicere verum  
Quid vetat ?

HOR.

*April 20, 1790.*

*Six o'clock, A. M.*—Sprung nimbly from my bed, and threw open my shutters. It was a beautiful morning ; sun up—birds singing—flowers blooming—dew glistening. Hurried on my clothes. Took my rod in my hand ;—threw my fishing basket over my shoulder, and sallied forth to the banks of the neighbouring stream. Recollected it was my twentieth birth-day—laughed to think I was so old ;—determined to correct all former faults, and begin a new life ; walked home with a basketful of fish, and the conviction that I should one day be the greatest man in Christendom.

*Nine o'clock.* — Made dreadful havoc at the breakfast-table ; — rolls, eggs, ham, jelly, tea, coffee, ran Great St. Legers down my throat ; — dad said he was glad to see me so hungry ; and granny whispered something to my mother about white teeth, blue eyes, and fine complexion ; — talked of Ellen Tracey ; — dad looked glum — mother frowned ; and granny said she was a sly gypsey — not worth a farthing ; — thought granny an old bore.

*Eleven o'clock.* — Called on Dick Oliver ; — rode out together ; — never saw Dick so merry ; — met Ellen Tracey ; — both bowed — our eyes met ; — never saw her look more beautiful ; — told Dick I was determined to marry her, whether dad consented or not ; — Dick said I was right — thought Dick a sensible fellow ; knew him to be my staunch friend.

*Two o'clock.* — Returned home ; — found the Honourable Miss Aubrey in the drawing-room ; — mother and granny in a great fuss — was sorry I had come in — wished to retreat — stumbled over Miss Aubrey's lap-dog ; dog yelped — Miss Aubrey screamed — mother shrieked — granny scolded ; — wished either myself or them at the devil ; — tried to turn it off with a joke — failed, for nobody laughed ; — never felt so foolish, or looked so sheepish ; — Miss Aubrey rose to go ; carried her lap-dog down stairs, and handed both

into the carriage. (*Mem.* Never to call any dog of mine Pompey.)

*Three o'clock.* — Lectured by pa, ma, and granny, — Miss Aubrey's charms, personal, moveable, and heritable, drummed into my ears ; — protested that I could see nothing agreeable about her ; — was told by the whole trio in grand chorus, that she was worth six thousand a year ; — thought six thousand a-year more than any married man could have occasion for.

*Five o'clock.* — Dined with my uncle in town ; — a large party — mostly old people, all upwards of forty ; — not a single topic broached in which I took the slightest interest ; — sat at the bottom of the table, beside my uncle, and carved for him — never saw people eat so voraciously ; had not a moment to swallow a morsel myself ; — cut too thick a slice of mutton for an elderly gentleman who sat above me ; he sent away his plate, and requested me to give him a thinner ; — blushed from shame and vexation, but sent him his mutton, and abundance of gravy ; was asked by my uncle to drink wine ; — in filling my glass, gave the elderly gentleman's plate a touch with my elbow ; — plate fell, and deposited its contents — mutton, potatoes, and gravy — in the elderly gentleman's lap ; — thought I should have died, but put on a methodist face, and begged a thousand pardons ; — after dinner, drank a dozen bumpers of my



uncle's claret ; and then left him and his old cronies to make the best they could of the remainder of the evening.

*Eight o'clock.*—Went to the theatre ; knew that Ellen Tracey was there with her aunt — got into their box — Ellen made room for me to sit beside her ; — felt myself in the third heavens ; — would not have exchanged places with the king, had he been in the house ; — saw Miss Aubrey in an opposite box ; — thought she looked angry — did not care — Ellen looked pleased. The play was “ Venice Preserved ; ” saw tears in Ellen's eyes ; — thought what rapture I should have felt had I been allowed to kiss them away ; — led Ellen and her aunt to the carriage ; — was asked to go home and sup with them ; — scarcely took time to answer, but leapt after them into the carriage like a flying Mercury ; — never was in such spirits — was afraid lest they should think me tipsey ; — Ellen's hair was more tastefully dressed than I had ever seen it ; — how beautifully her chesnut ringlets danced over her soft hazel eyes ! — sat with them till her aunt gave me a pretty broad hint that it was time to be gone.

*Twelve o'clock.* — An enchanting night ; the moon travelling through a cloudless sky ; — composed half a sonnet as I walked homewards ; — passed Dick Oliver's — saw a light in his parlour ; — thought I should call, and tell him of the plea-

sure I had been enjoying ; — knew that Dick was my best friend ; — found him sitting over a tumbler of negus ; — was prevailed upon to take some also ; — repeated my half sonnet ; Dick laughed, but I knew that he was no judge of poetry ; — left him at two in the morning ; — went home — got into bed — fell asleep, and dreamed of Ellen Tracey.

\* \* \* \*

Eheu ! fugaces, Posthume ! Posthume ! labuntur anni.—Hor.

*April 20, 1830.*

*Eight o'clock, A. M.* — Was awakened from a comfortable nap, by the horrid rumbling of a detested dust-cart ; heard at the same time, the horse neigh immediately under my window, and the dustman ring his bell with the most consummate violence and cold-blooded impertinence ; — felt inclined to load a pair of pistols, and shoot both the man and his horse through the heart ; was convinced that I should not get the better of the shock for a week.

*Ten o'clock.* — Sat down to breakfast — eat nothing ; the bread was sour, the eggs rotten, the tea too weak, coffee too strong ; — started when I recollected that it was my sixtieth birth-day ; — went to the mirror ; there must have been something wrong about it, for most of my hair appeared

grey, and innumerable wrinkles were visible on my face and forehead.

*Eleven o'clock*. — Laid my hand on some old manuscripts; — found among them a part of my journal, written many years ago; — read that which was dated April 20, 1790; — wondered how I could ever have given way to so much levity and frivolity as it convicted me of; thought of my father, and mother, and grandmother, whom I had long since laid in the dust. Placing my elbow on the table, leaning my head upon my hand, and involuntarily closing my eyes, my past life presented itself to me as a long and troubled dream. A melancholy sensation of loneliness stole over me. I felt that the heyday of youth and youthful enjoyment was gone for ever, when

“ Simply but to be  
To live, to breathe, is purest ecstasy.”

*One o'clock*. — Ordered the gig to the door; — wrapped myself up in my great coat, and went out on my morning ride — horse rather fiery; — determined to sell him, and get another; — met Mr. and Mrs. Oliver; took no notice of either, but felt my heart beat irregularly for some minutes; — found myself in an excellent mood for misanthropy. It is surely hard to be deceived by him whom you considered your best friend, and to be jilted by her upon whom all your affections had

been irrevocably placed. Thought of my grandmother; recollected that I had often treated her advice with too little deference; — wished that she were still alive, that I might have told her how exactly we agreed in our opinion of Ellen Tracey — I mean Mrs. Oliver.

*Three o'clock.* — Visited the family burying-ground; — stood beside the tombs of my father, my mother, my grandmother, and my only sister; — did not shed any tears, but earnestly prayed that I might soon be beside them; — felt as if all my previous existence had been a blank, destitute of thought and action; — reflected that the only sincere and disinterested friends I had ever known, had gone down into the grave, and that I was left a solitary wanderer, without a tie to bind me to the world; — ruminated on the deceitfulness of youthful love, and youthful hope, and youthful friendship; — a tear or two at length trickled down my cheek.

*Five o'clock.* — Dined with a newly-married couple — there was a large, merry party, but the bride and her young husband seemed to be more than merry — they looked perfectly happy — they had known and loved each other from childhood; — almost envied them; — could not help recollecting, just for a moment, what Ellen Tracey once was; — thought the young people very boisterous in their mirth; — could not bear their loud peals of

laughter ; — sought for refuge among several old ladies ; — found that they were all watching, with delight, the merriment of their children or grandchildren ; — sighed deeply, and contrived to get away unobserved ; need not say *contrived*, for few knew that I was in the room, and none missed me when I departed.

*Eight o'clock.* — Went by myself to the theatre, which has always been with me a favourite place of amusement ; — Lady Howard (formerly the Honourable Miss Aubrey) happened to be in the box into which I went ; — was received politely, I may even say cordially, by herself and her husband. Lady Howard must, at one time, have been a decided beauty — she is, even now, a fine, graceful-looking woman. Saw Dick Oliver and Ellen — Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, I mean — in an opposite box ; — did not think they looked happy ; — felt half angry at myself, but could not help pitying Ellen ; — did not like the play — it was “ Venice Preserved ; ” — observed that the ladies never think of shedding tears in a theatre now-a-days. Did not stay to see the after-piece.

*Ten o'clock.* — Felt no inclination to eat supper ; — read a few pages of Young’s “ Night Thoughts ; ” — went to bed, and dreamed that I was wandering alone, at midnight, among the ruins of Rome.

## THE WRECK OF A WORLD.

### A DAY-DREAM.

“ Some say, that gleams of a remoter world  
Visit the soul in sleep — that death is slumber,  
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber  
Of those who wake and live.—I look on high ;  
Has some unknown Omnipotence unfurl'd  
The veil of life and death? or do I lie  
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep  
Spread far around, and inaccessibly,  
Its circles ?”

SHELLEY.

THE impression it left upon my mind will never be effaced, yet I cannot describe it. It was a vision of fearful, but glorious sublimity. I know not whether it was a waking or a sleeping dream ; it came upon me for the moment, with all the overwhelming force of reality. There are mysteries in the unfathomable soul of man, over which, either in the calm of noon, or the solitude of night, we may well brood with awe, starting even from ourselves, as if we carried within us a spirit, to

whose omnipotence we are forced to bow, and over whose wild and wayward will we in vain attempt to assert an influence.

It was Sunday, and I was up by myself among the mountains. Not a human habitation was in sight, not a human sound was floating on the hushed atmosphere. But, through the deep stillness, a low thrilling voice appeared to fill all space, a voice that seemed an inherent part of the creation, for ever ringing on the finer nerves of sense, like the distant and dying hum of bees, or the far-off murmur of the summer ocean. The more you listened to convince yourself of the profound quiet of animated nature, the more you were aware of a certain rushing noise — the whirl, perhaps, of a revolving world, or the audible breathing of every living blade of grass, and humble flower, and majestic tree, and primeval forest. Or might it not be the invisible passing of ten thousand souls, eternally moving on and on, in two uninterrupted currents — the one towards the heaven they have gained, and the other to lighten up for a while, the pure shrine of infantile bosoms? It matters not; it is a sound to be felt; not reasoned on.

I threw myself down at random, upon a spot unshadowed by a tree — green and bright, under the immediate eye of Heaven. I lay like a swimmer afloat upon his back, in the blue solitude of

his favourite bay. The mighty skies seemed rolling on above me, with their gorgeous cavalcades of clouds, tier after tier, in every great and fantastic shape that imagination coins — palaces with domes of diamond and gold, immeasurable pyramids, thrones radiant with chrysolite, leviathans of the deep, monsters of the air, glorious and colossal forms of bards, and silver-haired prophets, and monarchs on their majestic steeds, careering across the sun.

Suddenly a change came over the face of the firmament. Its rainbow lights faded away. Its blue fields seemed to wither in the poisoned air. They grew pale, and yet paler; a filmy veil appeared to have been cast before them; and when I looked again, they had died away into a wan and sickly white. The whole firmament was in rapid and tumultuous motion. The winds were still speechless; the same dead repose pervaded nature; but far above me, the stormy rack was wheeling round and round in its inextricable confusion. The brightness of the sun-lit empyrean had passed away for ever. Darker and darker; — every thing was quickly lapsing into gloom. Along the whole horizon my eye rested on the melancholy edge of a rising canopy of black. It spread upwards with a slow, regular, ominous motion; — upwards, still upwards, across the whole arch of heaven. The light fled before it, but it pursued,



and buried it up in its sullen folds. Not a ray, not a single ray was left; not one luminous particle floated through infinite space. But a change had been wrought upon my sense of sight; I could now distinguish objects in the darkness, as well as I could before in the light.

I turned towards the earth, and looked around. I scarcely knew it to be the same as that on which I had lived. I could see for miles,—for leagues,—away through the deep obscurity that overshadowed it; but it was only one vast, unbroken, barren, lifeless waste. Its mountains, its woods, its streams, its cities, its moving and breathing things were gone—gone like a cloud from the surface of a lake. Of all the human race, I only survived. The desolation had been complete—too complete, too terrible for tears. I felt that a curse was upon me—the curse of loneliness. And the silence—that dreadful silence—worse, a thousand times worse, than the roar of earthquakes still continued. There was nothing to break it; the air had lost the attribute of motion; the instinct of life had perished; and there was not even the stirring of a growing flower to relieve the ear, though but with the mockery of sound.

Whither was I now to flee?—Was I doomed to a wretched immortality, wandering over a shipwrecked and deserted world? All at once a disembodied shape passed by me. For the first time

fear fell upon my soul. The curtain of immateriality was withdrawn, and I stood in the visible presence of the mysterious dead, whose nature was not as my nature, and in whose feelings I had no sympathy. Perhaps they were the evil spirits of the former world, who, now that it had been changed into a charnel-house, were condemned still to flit along with it as it rolled its spectral and rejected form through the remotest regions of chaos. I was left in doubt, in ignorance, and I trembled. Shadow after shadow appeared in the distance, came rapidly through the dim air, and glided by me. All were of gigantic magnitude, and frequently a wild unnatural expression was on their unsubstantial countenances. Their numbers, too, seemed perpetually increasing, and the speed at which they went was becoming greater. It was a tremendous but magnificent pageant. Some were mounted upon visionary steeds, black as ebony; others moved on in chariots and triumphal cars, like Roman generals at a triumph; unreal ships came sailing through the abyss above me, with all their white sails set, and apparently full in the wind. Noiselessly they came, and noiselessly they again vanished afar off. They were followed by prodigious birds, larger a thousand times than the South American Condor, who soared in solitary pomp away into the darkness.

I wandered over the illimitable desert, and these

shapes and sights of awe grew familiar to me. Unexpectedly, like flakes in a snow-storm when its fury is well-nigh spent, they became less frequent and less confused. At length, I saw no more of them. A faint red light, as if diffused from a few glimmering lamps that hung far up in the black concave, spread a dim sepulchral glare around me. I looked, and found that I was on a boundless plain of ruins, stumbling over huge fragments hid among the rank and withered grass. Heaped together in strange overthrow, I recognized the fallen towers of Athens, of Tyre, of Balbec, the crumbling fanes of Jerusalem and of Babylon, the eternal pyramids, the sculptured obelisks, the mutilated sphinxes, and the jasper tombs of Palmyra, of Memphis, and of Thebes. They were all cast from their once immoveable bases, and like the statues and images of a sacked city they lay prostrate along the earth disfigured, broken, dishonoured, and neglected. It was a world's churchyard, and these were the monuments that were piled upon the grave of men. I could see them all in the dim lurid light.

Suddenly, a meteor broke forth, far away in the east, with a fierce and fiery glare. The solid earth heaved in convulsive throes. The pyramids were rent asunder, and the buried dead walked out. They were still dead, but their glazed eyes rolled horribly in mysterious meaning. Their cerements

fell spontaneously from them, and their livid carcases looked yet more horrible in the gloomy and dismal light. Their features were those of every nation and tribe that the sun had ever shone upon—the brown Arabian, the black African, the red Indian, and the white Frank. They formed themselves into a long, an interminable procession, and in the middle I could distinguish a bier covered with black. Upon it lay the body of one who had been alive for four thousand years—the wizard Time. He had witnessed the world's birth, and he had ceased to exist on that very hour in which it had been destroyed. They were carrying him to his tomb in eternity. They passed me, but I heard not the tread of their many feet; their lips moved, but the funeral chaunt came not to my ears. Perhaps it was the imperfection of my senses which cabined the powers of my soul. The meteor in the east moved on as if to meet them, flinging down at intervals a shower of dying stars. They journeyed away beyond the limits of sight, and all around me became again dim and uncertain.

I saw no more. It was evening;—a thunder-storm was gathering on the mountains, and I hastened homewards.

These wild fancies, they say, are often the prognostics of coming madness. If so—the decrees of destiny must be fulfilled.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY  
PEMBERTON.

" *Exigua pars est vitæ quam nos vivimus.*"

" Hopes that are angels in their birth  
But perish young like things of earth."

THE last ten years have made a strange alteration in me. Could some of my early friends rise from the grave, and find me seated, *a la* Cowper, in my morning-gown, slippers, and night-cap, they would as soon take me for St. Augustine as for Harry Pemberton. But a metamorphosis as great as that which has happened to me has been occasioned by less efficient causes. "They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! Lord! we know what we are, but we know not what we may be." Sophocles was never more in the right than when he wrote

— μηδεν ολβιζειν, πριν αν  
Τερμα του βιου περαση.

The sketch I am about to give of my past life will illustrate this ; and as for my egotism—it is the fault of the times, and I make no apology for it.

I was born rich—richer than I can tell. Bonfires, feastings, and every species of noisy mirth, intimated to all whom it might concern, that I had commenced my existence. I was washed in silver basons, and fed out of golden dishes ; my coral gumsticks were ornamented with precious stones, and my little unruly limbs were wrapped up in lace, silk, and all manner of fine textures. My father was an old Nabob recently returned from India, and my mother, was a young and handsome woman, who had it not in her nature to offer any decided resistance to the double inducements of twenty thousand a-year, and a liver complaint, which the doctors assured her could not outlive another lustrum. So she married, good soul, in the well-grounded expectation of securing a second husband before many of her beauties had been effaced by the rude hand of time. My father, however, took the full benefit of his lustrum ; and people were beginning to think that his liver was not half so bad as it should have been, when, suddenly changing from yellow to brown, and then from brown to black, he expired in the arms of his disconsolate wife, who, upon examining his will next day, found that he had left me, his only child, sole heir to all his property, burdened with a jointure of

eight hundred a-year to my much disappointed mother. He had decreed, too, trusting, no doubt, to the precosity of my acquirements, that at eighteen my fortune should be at my own disposal. His widow, anxious, of course, to comply with the commands of scripture, soon took unto herself another master ; and I, having in the interval been much neglected, was sent, at the age of fourteen, to a seminary on the banks of Geneva, which happened at the time to be fashionable, and with much better reason, as I afterwards found, than is often to be had for fashionable partialities.

Dr. Stanwitz was a man whom I shall ever remember with respect. Although naturally of a retired and somewhat melancholy disposition, habit had so far conquered the original bent of his mind, that his pupils looked up to him, not only as their preceptor and guardian, but as their most useful and agreeable play-fellow. By thus mingling amusement with instruction, he acquired a degree of influence over them, unparalleled, perhaps, in the annals of teaching. He had upwards of twenty boarders, all of whom, without a single exception, would have done anything to serve him. His house—I could almost imagine I had seen it yesterday, with its white walls, its trellissed balcony, and green virandas—was scarcely a quarter of a mile from the banks of the lake. Many a delightful hour have I spent upon that lake. I was fonder

of it, I think, than any of the rest. On the calm bright summer evenings I used to row out alone, till I could hear no longer the noisy merriment of my companions, who were scattered along the shore. Then, having watched the last gleams of the setting sun fade from the crystal waters round me, and having breathed upon the flute my vesper song, I returned in the cloudless twilight to light slumber and pleasant dreams. At sixteen my friends in England wished me to come home, that I might attend a university for a couple of years, before I became my own master. But I felt so perfectly satisfied that the society and lessons of Dr. Stanwitz were more useful to me than all the Universities in the world, I resolved to remain where I was, and as soon as my wishes were understood, nobody made any opposition to them.

It is needless to dwell upon these quiet and peaceful days. Though much was done in them towards the formation of character, they were sufficiently barren of incident. It was only three months before I left Switzerland that I met with anything like an adventure. One evening that I had gone farther out upon the lake than usual, I was overtaken by one of those sudden storms, so peculiar to all mountainous countries. The sky grew black, the thunder rolled among the hills, the lightning darted across the lake, and the wind, which had formerly been still as death, began to rise in long



lengthened sweeps. In short, I was in a good deal of danger, and not feeling disposed to die so soon, I did all I could to get out of it. My attempts, however, to return to that part of the shore from which I had set off were useless. I might as well have tried to steer my boat up the falls of Niagara. Yet, though driven out of my course, I still made for the shore, and was within a gunshot of it, when a sudden squall upset my pinnace, and tossed me into the water. Here, being a good swimmer, I felt pretty much at home. Nevertheless, there was something not very comfortable in the thought that I was now swimming for my life. I had hard work for nearly twenty minutes, but with the fear of immediate dissolution before his eyes, it is astonishing what a man will do. When I at length found myself on *terra firma*, all the strength, which I had screwed up to the utmost, gave way at once like the strings of a fiddle, and I fainted through mere exhaustion.

On recovering the use of my senses, which was in a shorter period than novel-writers generally allow their heroes, I perceived that a couple of good Samaritans were carrying me between them to some more agreeable quarters for a gentleman to faint in, after a fresh-water voyage; and, on opening my eyes a little wider, I could also perceive that a fair Swiss maiden was walking by my side, evidently much interested in my fate. I was

taken to her father's house and put to bed. Dr. Stanwitz was apprised of my safety; and, just before falling asleep I recollect something of a beautiful vision that flitted across my chamber, bent gently over me, and then vanished into thin air, till my imagination again brought it before me in my dreams.

Next morning I was as brisk and active as ever. I was the first in the breakfast-parlour, and my fair Bertha was the second. In five minutes we were the best friends in the world; in ten we were over head and ears in love; and in fifteen we could have died in each other's arms without a sigh. Bertha was an only child, and her father, a man considerably advanced in life, was her only surviving parent. He was a small landed proprietor, or rather a kind of gentleman farmer, and, by good management and economy, had been always able to live respectably, and to give his daughter a suitable education. Bertha, indeed, appeared on all occasions to be the first (I might even say the sole) object of his solicitude, the *primum mobile* of all his terrestrial happiness, and she deserved to be so. There was never a gentler, a purer, or more affectionate being inhaled the blessed air of Heaven. — Though Dr. Stanwitz's was only three miles distant, I had never happened to see her before; but if it had been three hundred, we should not have met now for the last time.

Careless of all the world besides, we henceforth spent three evenings of every week with each other. Not a mortal was acquainted with the secret of our interviews. Our rendezvous was a small clump of trees, half-way between our respective homes. Every Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, we met here at seven, and staid together as long as we could, without incurring suspicion. There were never evenings of more unsophisticated delight than ours. A new world was opened up to each of us, equally ignorant as we both were of that through which we had yet to pass. We had reached that age when we felt that something more was necessary for our happiness than the mere solitary enjoyment of our own thoughts ; but in our imperfect knowledge of that most mysterious piece of mechanism the human heart, we never dreamt of any other enjoyment, save that which resulted from the consciousness of our mutual attachment. We were a pair of the most innocent lovers you ever knew. We used to sit together on the banks of the lake and read poetry ; or sometimes Bertha sung, whilst I accompanied her on the flute. She had a clear rich voice, and her favorite Swiss or German airs were full of a plaintive sweetness which would, in ancient days, have lured to her feet all the fish that peopled the Lemman waves. I recollect the first kiss I ever stole from her was after listening to one of these songs. It had told

of the fickleness of man, and had left a tear in the gentle girl's eye. "Never sing me that song again, Bertha. It is a libel upon human nature. Yonder primeval mountains will dwindle into mole-hills before he who has once loved can ever change." Bertha looked up through her tears with a smile of joy. The temptation was irresistible; I flung my arm about her neck, and pressed her lips to mine. A deep blush crimsoned her cheeks, but it was not the blush of anger. The truth is, I was blushing deeply myself; I almost felt as if I had done something wrong; and yet, when I got home, when I laid my head on my pillow, when every thing round was still, I lay ruminating upon that kiss through the long soft hours of a summer night.

The dreaded and melancholy day of my return to England arrived at last. My fortune was waiting for me, and nobody seemed to think it expedient that I should let it wait for me in vain. I am not going to indulge in any rueful description of that most hackneyed of all events, the parting of lovers. Bertha, of course, wept herself blind; and I swore by all the saints in the Catholic calendar, that if truth and fidelity had ever been known to exist in a violet coloured coat and Wellington boots, they existed in mine. We exchanged rings and ringlets; she gave me a book of poetry, and I presented her with a favourite canary and a little black lap-dog. We were to write to each other re-

gularly, and my friend Percival, to whom we entrusted our secret, and who was to continue with Dr. Stanwitz for a year longer, undertook to give our correspondence every facility we could desire. I was to return as soon as possible to make Bertha my wife, and all our future existence was to be one unbroken scene of love and bliss.

You are smiling ;— I myself am writing in bitter irony at the childish absurdity of feelings and notions such as these. And yet there was a light and purity in our bosoms then which, now that we stand alone in the boasted strength of our intellect, are lost for ever ! We were ignorant, but we were happy. The fairy palaces of hope glittered before us in endless perspective. The distant world was a blooming Eden o'er-canopied with rainbows, and carpeted with flowers. We moved on in light of our own making ; youth and health stood beside us, and we knew not we were mortal. But now—how has the withering breath of reality strewed in the dust the fairy frost-work of imagination ! Now we are wise ;— and what has our wisdom made us ?— cold, selfish, discontented, and miserable !

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“ And 'tis thus  
Youth fades from off our spirits ; and the robes  
Of beauty and of majesty, wherewith  
We clothed our idols drop !— O ! bitter day,  
When, at the crushing of our glorious world  
We start, and find men thus !”

I was once more in England, and every thing that money could purchase was at my disposal. But I had brought with me from Switzerland, one or two odd notions regarding the proper use of wealth. This had been a favourite topic with Dr. Stanwitz, for most of his pupils were born to fortunes; and, both by his own observations and the books he had put into my hands, he had contrived to instil into me, the old fashioned opinion that the greatest advantage derived from riches is the power they give you of alleviating distress and diffusing happiness. I was ready upon all occasions, and upon any grounds, to give gold away in handfulls. Had I been blessed with any experienced friend or guardian, who could have assisted and directed me in my endeavours to do good to my fellow-creatures, all would have been well. But I was too rich to have any sincere friends; and as for those whom nature intended to have felt an interest in my welfare, they were either dead, or busied with cares of their own. My mother had married one of the most consummate fox-hunters in England, and seemed to have every desire to perpetuate the breed, for she was already surrounded with Heaven knows how many young Freischutzes.

Thus, for the first time, I began to perceive that theory and practice are two different things, and was frequently not a little chagrined to find

that, by attempting to carry into effect the generous and noble plans which my preceptor had pointed out, I did a great deal more harm than good. I was soon talked of by the more sober part of the community as a foolish crack-brained spend-thrift, profusely liberal, without either aim or judgment ; whilst the profligate, the designing, and the destitute, crowded round my doors with a jealous and greedy rapacity, which, if gratified, would have exhausted almost as speedily the coffers of a nation as of a private individual.

Disgusted and disappointed, I retired to one of my estates in the north of England, where my highest enjoyment consisted in reading and answering Bertha's letters. I had found, since my return, that the daughter of many a noble family would willingly have accepted my hand, well content to have bartered her empty titles for a few of my more solid acres. But I was not yet worldling enough to place rank and birth in competition with love. My dream of romance was not yet so entirely broken as to induce me to prefer the pomp and circumstance of heraldic honors—its escutcheons, bearings, mantlings, supporters, wreaths, helmets, and coronets—to the less gaudy delights of honourable affection and domestic happiness. I know that I was young, and more of a fool than I ought to have been, but let it pass.

A new trial was awaiting me. Bertha's letters

became less frequent, and less warm. I complained of the change, but instead of offering me any explanation, she suddenly ceased writing to me at all. It was not long before the mystery was unravelled. My friend Percival arrived in England, and brought with him the distracting intelligence that Bertha — my own beloved and betrothed Bertha — was married to a German officer; and that at her husband's desire both she and her father had already left Switzerland, he believed, for ever!

“Married!” — “For ever!” these words rang in my ears like the knell that tolls for the dead. I fled out into the fields, I penetrated into the woods, I laughed at the flight of time, I disregarded the season's beauty, and mocked its inclemency; I held no intercourse with man, I threw me down on the damp ground, and prayed that I might die, but my heart still beat on, and my blood gushed through my veins with the fiery rapidity of fever, and “for ever!” “for ever!” still rang in my ears as if echoed from a thousand hills.

On a stormy evening, towards the end of October, I found myself again on the banks of Geneva. I knew not how I had wandered thither, I only felt that I was *there*, and that I had been travelling on unceasingly through the brightness of day and the darkness of night, till I reached that goal. The moon was careering through a troubled sky, and



casting fitful gleams on the blue waters ; the yellow leaves that still clung to the waving boughs rustled mournfully over me, and ever and anon fell upon the ground in showers ; the moaning wind came swelling from the mountains, and my distempered imagination fancied that it bore along with it, at intervals, the wild shrieks of the mountain spirits. A solitary house stood among the trees, faintly distinguished in the partial light. No lamps gleamed from its windows, no sound of mirth or music came from its chambers. All was silent and desolate. Yet I had known that house in happier days, and thought not ever to have found it thus dreary and deserted. I leapt over the low wall that surrounded the garden, and wandered through every well-remembered walk. They were all rank with a melancholy profusion of weeds. How unlike what they used to be ! I scrambled again over the wall, and pursued my way along the road which winds by the lake to Dr. Stanwitz's. How often had I traversed that road before ! I came to the clump of trees where we used to meet. I saw the very elm on which I had carved her name. Some traces of the letters were still visible. I peeled off the bark, and trampled it under my feet. The sun was up before I came in sight of my former residence. I gazed at it in silence till my eyes filled with tears, but I had not the courage to enter. I thought of the companions of my boyhood, of our mutual

sports, and mutual visions of future felicity. Alas! we knew not then how sad and stormy the wakening of manhood might be from the dreams of youth!

But even yet my spirit was not broken. It had received a shock, and that a severe one, but I was still too young either to die or to retire from all intercourse with the world. Many had survived greater calamities; and though my sensibilities were naturally acute almost to a degree of pain, time was able—if not to heal—at least to close up and conceal the wound which they had received. But my feelings underwent a strange revulsion. I who had fled in disgust from London to the retirement of my own estate, after a few months wandering on the Continent, hurried back to the English metropolis with impatient speed, and plunged at once into its giddiest vortex of dissipation and pleasure.—Let those who fancy they are acquainted with the principles of artificial society account for the change if they can, all I pretend to know, is the simple fact, that when I was formerly in London I had been looked upon as a half-crazed simpleton, upon whose easy good-nature every rogue might impose, whereas now that I lavished my money principally—if not entirely—upon my own selfish gratifications, every body pronounced me an admirable frank-hearted fellow. I indulged in every species of pleasure, cost what it might, and was universally allowed to

be a man of spirit and genius; I cared not whom I made my associate, and consequently all my associates dubbed themselves my friends. I became the humble servant, and equally sincere admirer of at least twenty different women, and consequently every fashionable mother pointed me out to her no less fashionable daughter, as a prize in all respects worthy of their endeavouring to secure. Wine, too;—I suddenly conceived an insurmountable passion for wine. I loved the glitter of the theatre, I loved the music of the opera, I loved the whirl of the dance; but above all I loved the loud wassail, and noisy laughter of the social board when the liquid ruby flowed, and no man thought either of yesterday or to-morrow.

Of all my friends Percival still continued my favourite, but I never talked with him of the past. Percival was not a person of much enthusiasm or acute feeling, but I considered him as something better, a man of strict principle and honour. His manner was in general grave and dignified, indeed peculiarly so for one of his years. He could, however, when he pleased, be gay and affable; and it was only those who did not understand him, or who were incapable of appreciating his talents, who looked upon his society as disagreeable. It was alleged too, by some of my merrier associates, that he was guilty of a little re-

ligion, inasmuch, as he not unfrequently attended the morning service. I recollect quarrelling once with St. Leger—as happy a soul as the Emerald Isle ever gave birth to—for hinting, in his cups, that there was more hypocrisy than real devotion in this apparent goodness of my friend Percival. The latter heard of my having defended him; but while he thanked me for this proof of my attachment, he, at the same time, regretted that I should have entered into the matter so warmly;—"If what my enemies say of me," he remarked, "be true, then I am deservedly the only sufferer; and if it be false then it affects me not, and the sin is upon their own heads."

It was about this period that Geraldine Percival returned from the south of France, where she had been educated by her maternal aunt, both her parents having died before she was six years old. She was now seventeen, and a nobler or lovelier being I had never beheld. I remember the first evening she appeared in public. It was at the Countess of C——'s. She was the cynosure of every eye, the subject of every tongue, the thought of every heart. There was something more than mere beauty in her appearance—a something that seemed to embody and realize all that poets have ever fancied of female perfection. You knew at once that she had come from the warm luxuriant south;

you knew it by the voluptuous light of her dark eye — by the luxuriant profusion of her ebon tresses — by the marble whiteness of her high commanding brow — by the exquisite tinting of her cheeks — by the deeper but no less exquisite hue of her ripe lips, by the somewhat more than Minervan swell of a bosom, pure as the unsunned snow; and above all, by that poetry of look, and word, and gesture, which seemed to cast a sunshine round her, and embodied instantaneously to your eye the most ideal creations of your most romantic moods.

How insipid — how worthless did every society appear after her's ! She spoke with so much eloquence, she read her favourite authors, — whether English, French, or Italian, with so much grace and animation, she sung with such a depth of sentiment, she could pass with so much versatility and genius from one subject to another, now sad, now gay, her face now radiant with smiles, and now still more radiant with tears, — she was so consummately endowed with all the finest susceptibilities, that I almost felt as if my whole previous existence had been a blank, and that, till I knew her, I had never properly understood the value of life. I spent days, weeks, months, with her, and with her alone. My mode of living was entirely changed. All my former

haunts and associates were deserted;—mere sensual gratifications lost their power over me;—I had discovered a new and infinitely higher species of enjoyment.

Yet there are strange inconsistencies in the mind of man. Before she came to England, when my love for every handsome woman was put on and off as easily as my glove; when I roamed from flower to flower, carelessly sipping the sweets of each; nay, when I had often a dozen affairs of gallantry on my hands at once,—not a thought did I ever bestow upon the faithless Bertha, except when I reflected, with a sort of triumph, that I was revenging the injury she had done me by my fickleness and heart-felt indifference towards the whole sex. But now that these days were past, now that my long smothered feelings were beginning to be concentrated again as formerly in one focus, often did the gentle girl I had once loved so fondly—the object of my young—my earliest affection—present herself to my memory, innocent and beautiful as she was when we used to meet with smiles of confiding happiness by the clear waters of her native lake. I have thought upon those golden summer evenings, and the rays of yellow light that streamed in among the boughs of the trees under which we sat, till my heart swelled within me, and tears stood in my eyes. But it was a weakness I

determined to conquer. I returned to Geraldine, and all else was forgotten.

I was at no pains to conceal from Percival my sentiments towards his sister, and these sentiments, for a considerable period, received every encouragement from him. But at length I could distinguish a change in his manner, which surprised and troubled me. He listened more coldly to my enthusiastic praises of Geraldine; he spoke more dubiously of his willingness to see me proffer her my hand, and he contrived to afford us much fewer opportunities of being together than formerly. It took me some little time to discover the cause of this unexpected revolution in his conduct towards me; but I at last learned, that my Lord B——, the eldest son of the Earl of E——, had become his sister's avowed admirer. This intelligence gave me very little uneasiness, except in so far as it tended to diminish my confidence in Percival's friendship. As for Geraldine, I felt assured that she would not become the wife of an emperor, unless she loved him,—and that she could never do, unless his mind and taste were similar to her own. I knew, at the same time, that by her father's will, her fortune depended upon her marrying with the consent of her brother; but this was to me a matter of little consequence; for, though I was not now so rich as I had been, I

had still an income sufficient for us both. Lord B——, it is true, was to succeed to one of the most magnificent estates in England, and the interest possessed by his family, which was immense, would of course, be all exerted in favour of Percival's growing ambition. But then, to console me for this superiority, and a thousand other disadvantages which might rise up against me, Geraldine *loved* me. I know not how I had won her heart—I was altogether unworthy of a gift so inestimable; yet so it was: she loved me with all the fine enthusiasm of her nature; she loved me as those only can love, whose souls are attuned to higher sympathies than the mere worldling reckes of.

Lord B—— began to press his suit with ardour, and Percival's manner towards me, became colder and colder. "Is this the conduct of a man of honour, not to say of a friend?" I enquired internally. "Who was it told me that Percival was a hypocrite?" Both my pride and my feelings were wounded, and I almost wished that I had not quarrelled with St. Leger. One evening, about this time, that I happened to be with Geraldine, her brother and his new friend came into the drawing-room, both somewhat flushed with wine; Lord B—— flung himself carelessly on a sofa, and Percival exclaimed peevishly,—



“ You are for ever playing those lugubrious German airs, Geraldine ; do give us something a little less formidable. I think, my lord, you said you were fond of Italian music ?”

“ O ! pardon me !” said his lordship, bowing superciliously, “ my taste must not, for a moment, be put in competition with Mr. Pemberton’s. Were I to hold opinions unsanctioned by so consummate a connoisseur, your fair sister would have me indicted for high treason. Am I not right, my most revered Terpsichore ?”

Geraldine blushed, but answered unhesitatingly, “ To a certain extent you are, my lord ; I have always looked upon Mr. Pemberton as a better judge of music than you.”

His lordship bit his lip, and his face grew as red as scarlet : but he checked his passion, and only replied bitterly, “ I flatter myself, madam, that there are others who think differently.” He was sullenly silent for the rest of the evening, and ordered his carriage earlier than usual.

Next morning I received from Percival the following note : — “ My dear Pemberton, — As my sister will, in all probability, become Lady B — in the course of a few weeks, I must request that you will in future desist from paying her those marked attentions which you have of late been observed to do, and which, if continued, might

occasion his lordship so just a ground of offence. Yours, as ever.—PERCIVAL.”

These seven or eight lines ran into my heart as if they had been seven or eight daggers. My dream of friendship was now breaking up, as my dream of love had done before. There was a time when I believed that Percival would have stood by my side against a hostile world ; but I had to learn a little more in the least agreeable of all schools — the school of experience. I put his letter into my pocket, and went to answer it in person. It was with some difficulty that I was admitted. I cannot tell what passed, but I know that we both grew warm. I believe I laughed at Lord B——’s pretensions, and asserted my determination to abide not by her brother’s, but by Geraldine’s own decision. It is difficult to guess how our conference might have ended, had not Geraldine herself contrived to bring it to a conclusion by that gentle interference calculated to remove all angry thoughts from the heart, as the sunshine of heaven removes the night dews from the flower.

There is nothing more painful to a generous mind, than the discovery that you have been deceived in one whom you had imagined worthy of all your confidence. I found myself, upon leaving Percival, in the very worst spirits ; and you

may imagine, therefore, that I was in no way disposed to join a promiscuous party, with whom I had engaged to pass the evening. I went, however, more for the sake of driving away thought, than for anything else. The bottle went rapidly round, and before the night was half spent, I felt that its contents had affected me. Still it pursued the same orbit, and my senses became rapidly more and more confused. A thousand vague and undefined noises rang in my ears; the candles danced before my eyes, and their lights became multiplied *ad infinitum*; my lips grew parched, and a burning heat inflamed my throat. All my faculties becoming at length entirely deranged, I remember nothing more, till I found myself stretched prostrate under a lamp in the street, gradually recovering from a swoon, which several severe blows on the head had been the means of producing. I had a confused recollection that I had been attacked, knocked down, and robbed. I attempted to rise, but found that I could not. I looked round; the streets were silent and deserted, except where the lantern of a solitary watchman glimmered in the distance.

“ Well,” said I to myself, with much wit, as I imagined at the time, “ this is what you call the dignity of human nature! Here am I lying exposed on the bare ground, like the Persian king,

‘deserted in my utmost need,’ by all, save that flickering gas-lamp. I have an estate of six thousand a-year, and yet I am enjoying a bed upon these cool stones.”

My soliloquy was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. I looked round again ; it was only one of those miserable women who infest, at all hours, the streets of the metropolis. She had heard my voice, and was approaching me. I shut my eyes in disgust. She came close to where I lay ; she looked on me ; she uttered a shriek that might have rent the neighbouring houses, and fell, all but lifeless on my bosom. There was something strange in this : there was something in that shriek that sent my blood in a torrent back upon my heart, and shook my inmost soul. I re-opened my eyes ;—I rivetted them on her pale face — Good God ! it was Bertha, whom I folded in my arms.

I regained instantaneously, as complete a command over all my faculties, both mental and physical, as I possess at this moment. Feelings long subdued, but never extinguished, rushed in upon me in floods. For one bright instant, memory presented to me every event of my past life ; and, as if in a magically illuminated mirror, my own image seemed to pass before me, such as it was in times now almost forgotten. For a moment

all was bewilderment, and oblivion of the present; but the next I turned to Bertha, fainting upon my bosom. Half frantic, I conveyed her with the speed of lightning, to the nearest place of refreshment. The people had all retired to sleep, but my knocking was not that of one whose entrance was to be disputed. We were admitted; and, by the assistance of the restoratives which the house afforded, she was at length brought back to consciousness. But the agony of the hour that followed; the horrible thoughts that chased each other through my brain, as I listened to the recital of her wrongs, her insults, her ruin, and her misery, must not be dwelt upon by me, even now.

I do not intend to trouble the reader with any lengthened explanation. The villain Percival, to whom we had entrusted the secret of our love, had played false to both of us. He had withheld our mutual letters; and at length, having fabricated an artful series of lies, had induced Bertha to believe that I was ill — that I was on my death-bed, and that my only wish was to see her once more. His diabolical machinations succeeded. The fond, confiding girl consented to set out with him immediately for England. Upon her arrival there, she was informed that I was no more. She was a stranger in a foreign land; she was weak, innocent, and unprotected. She was in the power of

a scoundrel ; he triumphed, and she was lost for ever. Her father followed her to England, left her his curse, and departed, she knew not whither. Her betrayer, too, who had carried her to a remote village on the borders of Wales, soon ceased to visit her, or even to write.

“ I knew that I was dying,” she continued, “ dying, if ever woman died, of a broken heart : but I thought that I should like, if possible, to gaze once more upon my own dear Leman Lake, before going down into the grave. I came up to London only two days ago, in the hope of finding Percival, and prevailing upon him to supply me with money sufficient to take me home—home ! alas ! I have no home ;— I mean to Switzerland, the land of my birth. Hitherto I have been unable to discover him ; and as my little funds were entirely exhausted, I think I must have died to-night, in the unsheltered street, of hunger and fatigue, had it not been for the almost miraculous accident which has brought us once more together. Now, I shall need no one’s assistance, for I feel that the recent shock which my already rapidly decaying constitution has sustained, will soon bring on the moment, which I have prayed for so long and so fervidly.”

The morning dawned ; proper attendance was procured for Bertha ; and having taken care that

every thing was done, which could in the slightest degree add to her comfort, I left her, with a promise to return before an hour had elapsed. I had never known what it was to hate till now, and consequently, had never, till now, known what it was to feel the burning agony inspired by a longing for signal and instantaneous revenge. But, at this moment, it was the only passion which my nature seemed capable of fostering. I would have flung away my chance of heaven, for the certainty of revenge.

I had first been at home, I suppose, for upon entering the garden behind Percival's house, to which a private key gave me at all times admission, I found I had a couple of loaded pistols in my hand. I laid them down on the table of a summer-house, and proceeded to seek my friend. The windows of his library looked into the garden, and reached almost to the ground. I flung one of them open, and walked into the room. He was reading, but he started when he saw me, and his face grew deadly pale ; but I question if it was so pale as my own.

"Pemberton !" he exclaimed involuntarily, "what is the matter ?"

"I have seen a strange sight," said I ; "walk with me to the other end of the garden, and you shall hear more of it."

He followed me to the summer-house : I lifted

the pistols from the table, and presented them to him, desiring him to take his choice.

“ In the name of heaven, Pemberton ! are you mad ? ”

“ Not quite — I know a monster eight paces distant ; I can tell in the face of the sun who is a hypocrite, a false friend, a seducer, and a murderer. I can point at him with my finger thus, and strike him, as I do now.”

“ Pemberton, these are the ravings of insanity ! ”

“ Villain ! Coward ! and liar ! they are not ! — Know you the name of Bertha ? Ha ! does it awaken your comprehension ? — Here, then ; I take my stand here ; — one, or both of us has looked his last on the material world — fire ! ”

When I went up to him, he was weltering in his blood. A single convulsion passed over his face, a single groan escaped his lips, and he lay a corpse at my feet. But his pistol was discharged ; I thanked Heaven I had not murdered him. The firing had alarmed the household ; the servants came running towards the spot. They found their master dead, and looked to me.

“ You are right ; it was I who killed him, but my going must not be hindered now. I will answer for what I have done elsewhere.”

There was something, I suppose, in my air and manner, which seemed too resolute to be trifled with, and no one ventured to stop me. I returned



to Bertha. She had grown worse, and the medical man gave it as his opinion, that she could not survive till midnight. He was right. Before sunset, her hand, which was clasped in mine, became suddenly clenched, her eyes grew glazed, and her lips white. She died without a murmur. At that moment, the officers of justice entered the room, and I was made their prisoner. Bertha's remains were carried to Switzerland, and were buried, by my particular direction, under the clump of trees where we had so often spent the summer evenings together.

I was tried for murder, and acquitted : I know not how or wherefore. For upwards of six months my reason was disordered ; but I recovered. I saw Geraldine once more — only once. You would not have known her again, she was so altered. She looked like a dead being, endowed with the power of speech and motion, but possessing no other attribute in common with the living. She was about to return to the south of France, with the intention of spending the rest of her life in a convent. She had hung all her hopes on me ; she had loved me with all the passion of her nature ; but she was an orphan, and I had taken away the life of her only brother. He might have had faults to all the world besides, but she had felt for him the attachment of a sister. We parted, never to meet again ; but we parted “ more in sorrow than

in anger." She gave me a ring, and a lock of hair, and her last words were, " We shall not soon forget each other."

Weeks, months, years, have rolled on, and I have continued to live only as other mortals do. The brilliant sun of my horizon is set; I am surrounded by the common glimmering twilight of the world. My dream of romance has passed away like a thing that never was. The dreary realities of existence stare me in the face at every turn. I am at times inclined to smile in bitterness of spirit, at the silly drivelling of life, the petty cares that agitate the multitude, the wild prospects of fruitless and profitless ambition that engross the few. At such moments, I could sit down with him of Abdera, and laugh at every thing. Yet not unfrequently, all this appears in a different light: the thought that my youth has passed over for ever, without having seen me realise one — even one — of my fondly cherished hopes, excites emotions of profound and abiding melancholy. Those years of romance which come so soon, and fly so fast, and can never again be recalled, have already added themselves to the invisible infinity of the past, and for me the poetry of life is at an end! There was a time when, even in my waking visions, my expanding soul has looked forward to the enjoyment of love so pure, and yet so passionate, of friendship so undying and refined, that

I have said, within myself, there cannot, even in heaven, be bliss superior to what this shall be. But that time is past, and though, amongst the theories of philosophy, or the creeds of the easily satisfied, I may seek for consolation, I know that the search is vain!—"Que sert hélas ! d'arroser le feuillage quand l'arbre est coupé par le pied ?"

## THE INCIPIENT AUTHOR.

“ My pulse beats fire, my pericranium glows,  
Like baker's oven, with poetic heat ;  
A thousand bright ideas, spurning prose,  
Are in a twinkling hatch'd in Fancy's seat ;  
Zounds ! they will fly out at my ears and nose,  
If through my mouth they find not passage fleet ;  
I hear them buzzing deep within my noddle,  
Like bees that in their hives confus'dly hum and huddle.”

TENNANT.

“ Now,” said Vivian, seating himself resolutely before his well-appointed desk, “ I shall be no longer a dallier round the brink of fame. This pen is the sceptre of my immortality ; that paper the Magna Charta of my legitimate sway over the mind of man. Let them say what they like of me, I know that I was born for glory. I know it by the throbbing of my heart, by the galloping of my pulse, by my moonlight walks, by my being in love, by my fragments of unfinished sonnets,

by my 'Extempore' in Lucy's album, by my dreams of shattered diamonds, garlands of flowers, rainbows, pearls, dew-drops, and ladies' eyes. I know, by all these signs, and a thousand more, that I am to move like a sunbeam through the world. I am not vain — nobody ever accused me of that; but if the gods are determined on making me illustrious, how can I help it? They have stuffed my cranium as full of brilliant thoughts as a casket is full of jewels. I know not which to take out first. It is a concentration of rays, and all are equally dazzling. What a head I have got! How beautifully round and protuberant are all my knobs! What a noble bump this ideality is! I feel it swelling in my hand like a golden pippin. I was born a cheese-cutter if I was not born a genius.

"What am I to write? I *must* give something to the winds of fame. I have hid my lamp too long under a bushel. What *am* I to write? Suppose an epic, in a hundred books. The idea is good; but its execution would require time. I could not finish it in less than six months; — I cannot wait so long; the perpetuity of my intellectual existence must be secured in a much shorter period.

"Shall I write a tragedy?—That might be done in a fortnight: but it would only be to prove myself a triton among the minnows. There would

be no competition. I should bear the prize as easily away as did the 'Admirable Crichton' in the ring at Bologna. I should only have to walk the course like Lord Kennedy's 'Skiff'; — I disdain a laurel so easily won. I should like to see it guarded by fiery dragons, and cunning magicians, that I may enjoy the amusement of overcoming them. The post of danger is the post of honour. Let the energies of my great soul be called into action by opposition. The delicious perfume of the cedar is discovered only when the tree is struck by the axe of the woodman — the latent fire of the flint is brought out only by violent concussion.

"I shall write a novel; there is competition there. Every body has been writing novels, from Timothy Timkins, up to Sir Walter Scott. I shall dispute with him his pre-eminence — I shall drag him from the throne, where, like the mysterious Lama of Thibet, he has so long sat supreme. There shall be a greater than the Great Unknown. I never admired those Waverley novels; nothing more easy than to surpass them — let me begin at once; I may finish a couple of chapters before dinner. I must begin with something striking; I shall burst upon the reader's attention, without a moment's warning. I shall infuse fear, wonder, and horror into his whole soul, and his eye will

travel over my pages, spell-bound. — Ha ! I have it ! I shall enter on my story thus : —

“ ‘ It was midnight — a thunder-storm was gathering in the sky. A horseman galloped across the wold, and entered the recesses of the forest : he was in black armour, and he wore his visor down. A light gleamed from one of the towers of the castle, just as the muttering thunder awoke the lightning in the purple clouds.’ (A happy expression, — ‘ purple clouds’ is fine.) ‘ The stranger knocked at the great gate ; the porter opened it, and without a word, he rode into the court. The lady sat in her banquetting-hall, but the rosy wine stood untasted before her.’ (The sudden transition here is splendid.) ‘ She thought in silence of her own true knight. A heavy tread was heard along the corridor. The warrior, still wearing his visor down, stood before her. ‘ ’Tis he ! ’tis my betrothed !’ and she raised the goblet to her lips to pledge him joyfully.’ (A graphic illustration of ancient feudal manners.) ‘ The knight unclasped his helmet, and laid it on the table ; — it was the head of a skeleton that was seen beneath ! A scream echoed through the castle : the domestics rushed to the hall. A helmet lay upon the floor, but the stranger and the lady were gone for ever !’

“ Lord bless me ! I have got to the conclusion already. Tho’ set in longprimer, with twenty-fold

space between every line, this would not make above half a dozen pages, with four lines to the page. I must think of something on a more extensive plan. Unless I can produce three volumes, I may as well go to the booksellers with a ream of manuscript sermons in my pocket. My genius seems admirably adapted for the terrible; and my style a fine essence of the beauties of Radcliffe, Maturin, and Lewis. But I have all the versatility of a Chinese puzzle: I can adapt myself to any thing. The sentimental school of writing is popular. I should like to try it:—

“ ‘ It was on one of the loveliest evenings of August, an hour before the sun had set, that Rosalie stood on the banks of the Garonne, watching the approach of a gaily-pennoned little boat, which came slowly against the stream. She knew that it contained her lover, and that it was freighted therefore, with her whole store of worldly happiness; for Rosalie was at that bewitching age, when the treasures of the heart pour themselves freely out, and bless the giver no less than the receiver.’ (A beautiful thought, which will immediately gain me the reader’s confidence.) ‘ The boat at length drew near with its tiny flags glittering in the auburn light,’ (‘the auburn light,’ fine!) ‘like so many Liliputian rainbows. It grates upon the white pebbles; it touches the green bank; the sails are furled. Like a young sea-god, the delighted Con-



rad leaps ashore. Another moment, and they are locked in each other's arms,—in a long and pure embrace.' (Here introduce a quotation either from Petrarch about '*alma gentile*,' or from Rousseau about '*paisible et douce jouissance*.') 'How can they ever forget that sunset hour upon their own Garonne? Though family feuds have disunited their fathers, their souls are made for each other. May no rude storm break upon the calm of their felicity! Suddenly, a horn rings through the neighbouring wood. 'It is my brother! He is returning with his attendants from the hunt. Fly, Conrad; unloose the moorings of your barge, and away! Hark! I hear already the tramp of their horses! See! see! they come!' The moorings were unloosed; and Conrad had impressed a wild and burning kiss upon the lip of Rosalie, when the young St. Germaine galloped to the spot, calling upon his followers to second him. He flung himself from his steed with a dark frown upon his brow, and bared his well-tried weapon. But, with a bound, Conrad leapt on board, and gave his sails to the breeze. He leapt not alone; St. Germaine, too, was in the boat. Just then the lagging servants arrived; but the wind and tide had waisted the obedient pinnace from the shore, and they were too late to stop its progress. Fierce was the struggle they witnessed as it sailed away. The two young warriors fought like two hyenas. At

length, St. Germaine's sword was seen to fly from his exhausted grasp. It gleamed for a moment above the blue Garonne, then fell with a splash into its waters. But Conrad wished not for his enemy's life; he pointed to the prow, where St. Germaine threw himself down in gloomy silence. The conqueror took his station at the helm, and steered away with his prisoner towards his paternal domains, but first turned round and waved his heron-plumed cap to the almost fainting Rosalie.'

"What an exquisite first chapter! Ransack every circulating library in the kingdom, and show me one to compete with it! I think I may say, without vanity, that I am very nearly a universal genius. Can there be anything more different than these two openings?—and yet how matchless are both! But I could begin in a thousand other ways if I chose. There is the commencement familiar, as for example:—'Do you really imagine, Sir John,' said Lady Bevil, 'have you really the vanity to suppose, that I will listen for a moment to anything *you* can say upon the subject?'—'Certainly not,' replied the meek and peaceable *Massaio*, 'I never presumed, Lady Bevil, to put my judgment upon a level with yours; but I thought that though the coachman *did* stay three minutes behind his time, you might try him once more before you dismissed him.'—'Fie! Sir John, you have no more brains than a tom-cat, and yet

you are always meddling with things you don't understand. It is a lucky thing you have got a wife to take care of you, Sir John.'—Then there is the commencement circumstantial, as thus : —  
' Our hero was the son of poor but respectable parents, who resided in the city of Bristol. His grandfather,' &c. &c. Again, there is the commencement historical ; for instance, ' At the beginning of the fourteenth century Scotland may be considered as still a barbarous nation. The feudal system,' &c. &c. Or, there is the commencement descriptive —

“ Heavens ! they are ringing the dinner-bell and I am as yet only at the threshold ! When, O when ! shall I see my *monumentum exactum*, my kingdom conquered, my crown of glory won ? ”

## THE LIVING MUMMY, AND THE LEY- DEN PROFESSOR.\*

“ Statue of flesh ! immortal of the dead !  
Imperishable type of evanescence !  
Posthumous man, who quitt’st thy narrow bed,  
And standest undecayed within our presence,  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning !”

HORACE SMITH.

OF all the quiet towns reposing in the brightness of a Dutch sun, Leyden is the fairest, and the quietest. Seldom is the stillness of her broad and poplar-planted streets disturbed by sound more startling than the music of a wandering barrel-organist, or the measured tread of some stately dignitary of the University, passing from one classroom to another, and heavy with a weight of learning. She is an *alma mater*, worthy of the gravity of Holland, and the *genius loci* is distinctly visible throughout. The very canals look more unconscious of motion, and more impressed with the

\* I believe there is a German story somewhat similar to this, with a general abstract of which I was favoured by a friend, but I have never seen the original.

propriety of silence than anywhere else. On the poorest house, the fact of " Lodgings to be let," is indicated by the classical phrase "*Cubicola locanda*;" and the old lady who conducts you through the apartments, has an air about her, as if she were well versed in Herodotus, and not unacquainted with the doctrines of Pythagoras. Even the man who sells roasted chesnuts at the corner of the street looks as if he were a decayed scholar; and, such is the influence of that learned atmosphere, you cannot help addressing him with considerable trepidation, lest a subdued smile should rise to his lips at your ignorance of philology betrayed during the transaction of purchasing from him a few *stivres'* worth of his fruit. Calm, and stately, and solemn are the students; and yet more calm, more stately, and more solemn are the professors. To them the rest of the living and busy world is a nonentity, or a vague and far-off dream. It is with the past alone that they are conversant; — the languages, the modes of thinking, the habits, and the events of the past. Of the present they know nothing, or only enough to teach them to despise it. Wrapped up in the mantle of antique lore, they are like re-animations of the long-buried dead, moving about in the sunshine of the actual world, but with memories brooding over departed ages, and a total apathy towards the things with which they are now sur-

rounded. The business of my story makes it necessary for me to bring my reader into more immediate contact with one of these strange individuals as he existed in the town of which I speak, about a century ago.

Elevated on a small platform, and comfortably set down in an old fashioned, high-backed, venerable-looking elbow-chair, sat Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck at one end of the *theatrum anatomicum*, or hall of anatomy, in the University of Leyden. He was in the act of holding forth, in very Ciceronian and full-mouthed latinity, to some thirty, or five-and-thirty grave and Dutch-built *alumni*. Professor Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck was a man who was generally believed to have more knowledge in his little finger, than the Bodleian library has on all its shelves. He was probably about five-and-fifty years of age, of the middle height, and the obesity of his person, though not remarkable for a Dutchman, was such as in any other country would have been thought considerable. He wore a full bushy brown wig; but what principally distinguished him from his brother professors, was a pair of green spectacles, which he almost never laid aside. Doctor Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck had never been farther than five miles from Leyden in his life. The *theatrum anatomicum* was his home and country. The preparations and curiosities it contained were his felicity by day,

and his dream by night. He was not only the professor of anatomy, but the *custos rerum naturalium* — the keeper of that splendid museum, in which all that the earth contains of wonderful, was to be found, from the gigantic crocodile, who stood looking at you with his jaws wide open, as if he were still alive and anxious to devour you, down to the smallest specimen of a Batavian frog preserved in spirits, in a vial hermetically sealed.

Alas! did I say “*all* that the earth contains of wonderful?” Grievous is the error I have made! There was *one* thing the museum wanted, and to procure which was now the object of the professor’s life. About fifteen years previous to the time of which I speak, a learned stranger from Gottingen visited Leyden. He was of course conducted through the museum by its never-to-be-too-much-respected keeper. Proud was the Professor of this opportunity of pointing out its riches, and of inspiring with awe the learned stranger from Gottingen. — Judge then of Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck’s horror and astonishment, when the learned stranger from Gottingen turned up his nose at the whole, and merely remarked with a sneer, — “You have not even an Egyptian mummy!” Plain as it was that envy alone was at the bottom of this conduct, it was nevertheless but too true, that the *theatrum anatomicum* of Leyden — the incomparable *museum rerum naturalium* did *not* possess a

mummy. It was an appalling fact, and the more appalling that it had hitherto been overlooked. Had the learned stranger from Gottingen taken from the nail on which it hung, the poisoned arrow of Java, and plunged it into the side of Professor Von Broeck, he could not have inflicted on him a more deadly injury than by thus pointing out the deficiency of that collection, which had been to him, from his youth upwards, everything — father, mother, wife, children, and relations.

A sore discontent, and a sort of settled melancholy took possession of the mind of the illustrious Professor. The gigantic crocodile sunk into insignificance, and the Batavian frog preserved in spirits, could not preserve Von Broeck in his. He wandered through his *theatrum anatomicum*, but the lustre of its curiosities had faded. A vision of the pyramids of Egypt floated before his eyes; he sat him down on the pedestal of a skeleton elephant, and meditated upon mummies. That hall which had been to him richer than the palace of Aladdin, was now disenchanted — the rock's egg was wanting. How was it possible for him to have existed so long without the procuring of that which now appeared the great end and aim for which existence was given? To the excited imagination of Von Broeck, a mummy concentrated in itself all that is delightful to the eye, the memory, and the intellect. How invaluable seemed



its associations ! How full of poetry and history its wondrous hieroglyphics ! How teeming with illustrations of natural history its precious balsams and spices ! How great the light which their chemical union and artificial application threw upon ancient science ! How interesting the display of Egyptian industry afforded by the immeasurable foldings, and curious texture of the stuff which envelopes and preserves the body !

The more Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck reflected upon all these things, the more did his deep longing to possess the treasure increase. No time was to be lost ; a mummy must be immediately imported from Egypt. Orders to that effect were sent out through the medium of one of the first mercantile houses of Amsterdam. But the fates were unpropitious, and disappointment of the cruellest kind was in store for the too sanguine Tobanus. The first ship which took on board for him an Egyptian mummy, was shortly afterwards blown up ; the two next foundered at sea. The tidings of these successive calamities almost broke his heart, and he communicated them to his affectionate students with tears in his eyes. Not yet conquered, however, our professor at length procured a special messenger, whom he dispatched to the land of the Nile, entrusted with full powers to treat for the finest mummy contained either in the great Pyramid, or the catacombs of Memphis.

But again were his hopes dashed to the earth ! The special messenger fell into the hands of a horde of predatory Arabs, who carried him off to the desert, where they sold him for a slave, and he was never more heard of.

This fresh calamity brought on a fever on Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck, during the delirious fits of which he imagined that his own limbs were mummies rolled up in a thousand ells of balsamic papyrus, studded with hieroglyphics, and consecrated for ever to Isis and Osiris. He regarded them with proportionate veneration, and could hardly be induced to move them, much less to allow any one to touch them. During his convalescence, an idea occurred to him which he eagerly grasped at. As he could not procure a mummy from Egypt, why should he not make one for himself ? why should he not resuscitate in modern Europe, an art now extinct ? As the professor of anatomy he had always a choice of subjects at his command ; he had materials too in abundance, for embalming and enfolding ; and thus, possessed of these, and all other requisite appliances, why might he not with patience and perseverance, come to rival the artists of an earlier day ? The new-born hope re-invigorated his whole constitution ; and, resolved at all events to make the trial, it was not long before he might have been found every evening from dusk, till long after

midnight, engaged at his new occupation in the *theatrum anatomicum*.

For a time every thing went on exactly as he could have wished. The process of disemboweling was rather tedious, especially as the corpse he had to work on was, of course, Dutch. But Tobanus persevered, and having stuffed into the body a plentiful supply of spices, he proceeded to wrap it up with a due attention to what he considered the science of the art. He thus succeeded at length, in compounding a mummy, which to his too partial eye, appeared not one whit inferior to any of those of the race of Pharaoh. His pride and happiness continued but for a few days. At the expiration of that period, there was a something saluted the olfactory nerves, which forced the *alumni*, as soon as they entered the *theatrum anatomicum* to stuff their handkerchiefs to their noses, and to assume an expression of countenance which plainly indicated to the learned professor, that his mummy was betraying itself in a manner peculiarly insulting to his knowledge of the art of embalming. There was no alternative ; the labour of weeks had been lost ; the mummy was faithless, it had abandoned itself to corruption, and must be turned out of the museum. With a heavy heart did Tobanus order it to be removed ; but he determined to try the experiment again. Some corpses might have less putrefactive tendencies.

He tried another, but in a few days the smell was as great as before, and the handkerchiefs as much at the nose as ever. Another, but the *alumni* smelt it out;—another, but the odour was the worst of all.

Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck began to despair; yet when he reflected on the tremendous nature of the fact, that the *museum rerum naturalium* of Leyden was without a mummy, he could not bring himself to believe that it was the will of heaven that it should always continue so. He meditated on the causes of his own failure, and the more he meditated, the more he was confirmed in the conviction that it was not owing to any want of skill upon his part, but to the preposterous obesity which is the great characteristic of the Dutch, whether dead or alive. It must be confessed, that this was an argument *a posteriori*; but though the Dutch are before most people in several respects, they are *behind* in this. Von Broeck looked at his own portly figure, and felt satisfied that it was impossible *he* could ever become a mummy. By a judicious extension of this *argumentum ad hominem*, and by making the observation that he was not by any means beyond the average size, the real state of the case appeared to him to be, that Holland was the very worst country on earth for a compounder of mummies; and that ancient Egypt, on the contrary, whose inhabitants were,

by all accounts, a lean people, was the very best. He could not afford to travel all the way to Egypt for a lean subject ; but on weighing the matter in his own mind, he came to entertain the belief, that something of the sort he wanted might be met with nearer home, and especially in France, where, it was well known, that *soup maigre*, *grenouilles*, and sour wine, was the common sustenance of the lower classes.

As soon as he was fully possessed with this belief, he was seized with an earnest desire to visit France, from whence he might bring back the only desideratum of the Leyden museum. It is true, he had never in his life, been farther from that town than his own *lust hous*, which was just five miles along the Amsterdam canal ; but now the great interests of science, and of the *theatrum anatomicum* demanded an extraordinary exertion, and he felt that he could not entrust the all-important business to any one but himself. His determination being finally taken, he assembled the anatomical students, in order to communicate to them his intention. At the moment at which we first introduced him to the attention of the reader, he was in the act of delivering his valedictory address.

Upon this occasion he was more than usually eloquent. Seated, as we have said, in *cathedra*, and listened to with the most profound attention

by the five-and-thirty grave and substantial Dutch students, who had for several seasons been enjoying the benefit of his anatomical demonstrations, he entered fully into the history of his mummy-directed labours. He began with the learned stranger from Gottingen, and ended with the last abortive mummy which had been removed from the Museum. He then adverted to the cause why Leyden could not, in the nature of things produce a mummy, and with this part of his address the Dutch *alumni* seemed peculiarly gratified. He went on to state that it was his fixed resolve, that the stain which at present attached itself to their Museum should, nevertheless, be wiped away; and that, though he despaired of procuring any subject lean enough in that country, he did not doubt of meeting with one in France which, as as they all knew, was peopled by a race of men of far less solid proportions. With this view," concluded the illustrious Von Broeck, "I am about to proceed thither. I shall leave you for a brief space only to return to you enriched with what I have laboured to obtain for the last fifteen years. There is not a university in the world to be compared with that of Leyden, and there shall not be a mummy in all the *Sarcophagi* of Egypt superior to that which shall belong to you."

The *alumni* were evidently affected at the conclusion of Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck's address.

Dutchmen seldom shed tears, but they walked home even more slowly than usual, and smoked out their pipes without speaking another word that day. Next forenoon there was a more than common assemblage on the quay as the Rotterdam Treck-schuyt was about to start. Several of Von Broeck's brother professors, and almost all his pupils, had come to see him off. As the erudite and venerated man stepped into the boat a shadow fell upon their faces, for they felt that one whose whole existence had hitherto been devoted to their *theatrum anatomicum* was about to proceed into a far country, and to undertake a difficult—it might be a hazardous—enterprise purely for their sakes and the love he bore that ancient and renowned seat of learning. They waved their hands to him as well as it is in a Dutchman's nature to wave a hand which is generally at the end of a short and rather dumpy arm, and having done so, they returned to their own chambers to await the event in silence.

The chimes of the Binnen-and-Buyten Stad of Rotterdam were proclaiming the hour of six P. M., on a fine summer evening, as the Leyden track-boat came slowly in sight. Very different, in point of bustle and animation, was the scene on the banks of the Maas from any which was ever witnessed in the sedate University town of which we have just been speaking. The quays at Rotterdam were all alive with the bustle of traffic. Mer-

chants, brokers, captains, sailors, porters, beggars, boys, and many others of all sorts and sizes, both native and foreign, hurried backwards and forwards, or walked leisurely up and down, discoursing apparently upon matters of weighty moment.

Among this motley assemblage appeared two individuals in close conversation, whose air and gait, as well as the numerous and respectful salutations they constantly received, indicated to the most careless observer that they were persons of no little consequence. They were in fact the most opulent and distinguished merchants in Rotterdam, and in that town the only species of aristocracy which is either understood or acknowledged is the aristocracy of wealth. It is not to be wondered therefore, if Mynheers Jan Van Daalen and Tobias Van Vleiten, conscious of their surpassing riches, looked with considerable superciliousness on the surrounding crowd through which they moved, among them but not of them.

Notwithstanding their superciliousness, however, neither of our opulent merchants had been blessed with anything like a commanding presence, or at least anything which, out of Holland, would have been considered such. Van Daalen measured little more than five feet in his stockings; whilst, to counterbalance this deficiency of stature, it was matter of doubt whether he was not fully as broad as he was long. Like Sancho Panza, of



precious memory, Van Daalen prided himself not a little, upon his curious rotundity; and that it might lose none of its imposing effect, he constantly wore a magnificently powdered wig, which, like a white cloud, overshadowed the upper half of his person, whilst in his right hand, he carried a finely polished Spanish cane, considerably taller than himself, surmounted with a large and richly painted porcelain head. During a life of nearly sixty years, the world had gone well with Van Daalen. He had several ships which traded regularly to Lima and other ports in the Spanish main; and his speculations were commonly so successful that the worthy burghers of Rotterdam often saw with longing eyes, great bags of gold and silver coin delivered at the door of his warehouse. He was on the whole, as good-natured, and as little selfish as a wealthy Dutch merchant could reasonably be expected to be. He had married early, and was now a widower, his wife having died in giving birth to his only child, Wilhelm Van Daalen.

The outward man of Mynheer Van Vleiten presented a strange contrast to that of his companion. He was at least six feet high, and his person was as spare as it was lengthy. His complexion was dingy and sallow; and his sharp prominent nose projected like a wedge from his dried-up and hollow cheeks. His large, dull, grey, fish-like eyes

floated beneath a brown wig, which fitted close to his head. He wore a long, cinnamon-coloured frock-coat, which, notwithstanding the warmth of the evening, was buttoned from the chin to the knee, thus exhibiting the unnational thinness of his lengthy figure in one unbroken line. The buttons on this cinnamon-coloured coat were the only redeeming point in Van Vleiten's costume: they consisted of double ducats, and as they glittered in the evening sun, many a poor fellow, labouring hard for a few stivres, could not help breaking in his own mind the Tenth Commandment, whilst he looked at them. Van Vleiten had spent many years of his life in Batavia, where he had realized immense wealth in the skin trade; and its hot unwholesome climate partly accounted for the very bilious and exsanguineous hue of his own skin. Loss of health, however, is a price which few have the good sense to refuse to pay for the acquisition of wealth. On every post-day, Van Vleiten had made large remittances from Batavia to Rotterdam, where his funds lay at good interest, and whither he himself at length determined to follow them, accompanied by his only daughter, the heir of her dead mother's beauty, and her living father's wealth — Wilhelmina Van Vleiten.

Heer Daalen, and Heer Vleiten being thus, according to the Dutch phraseology, the most "sub-

stantial" merchants in Rotterdam — although the epithet certainly seemed to apply more appropriately to the dumpy Van Daalen, than the fleshless Van Vleiten — it had occurred to the former, that a union between the two families would be mutually desirable and advantageous. His son Wilhelm was just four years older than Wilhelmina ; he was a young man of good parts, and sprightly manners ; and as he had always exhibited an aversion to the drudgery of a mercantile life, his father had at length consented to buy him a commission in the army, in which, having already seen some service, there could not be a doubt that he was a very likely person to win the heart of the fair frow Van Vleiten. Van Daalen accordingly set his heart upon the match, and, if it be correct to disclose their secret, we may hint that the young people, as soon as they became sufficiently acquainted with each other, did not long for it less eagerly than the old gentleman.

In his meditations, however, on the mutual advantages to accrue from this alliance, Van Daalen had overlooked one little circumstance ; namely, that the sum total of his own fortune was five hundred thousand ducats, whereas, that of Tobias Van Vleiten was at least seven hundred thousand. This little circumstance did not escape the attention of the latter, as soon as the scheme of the intermarriage of the families was propounded to

him. He immediately pointed out to Van Daalen that the bargain he proposed to strike, was not such as would for a moment be listened to on 'Change ; and as he had made so much money by less likely means, he could not be brought to see why he should lose at least two hundred thousand ducats by his daughter. Van Daalen, however, was not a man to be repulsed in a moment. He renewed the attack again and again, and though Van Vleiten remained inflexible, his friend did not yet altogether despair of making him listen to what he considered reason. The conversation which we have already stated these two worthy merchants to be engaged in when they made their appearance on the quay at the Maas, was devoted once more to this momentous subject.

" My dear Van Vleiten," said Mynheer Daalen, " only consider —"

" Mynheer Van Daalen," answered Van Vleiten, with more than his accustomed sternness, while his glassy eyes grew a little brighter than usual, " I shall consider no more about it. Five hundred thousand ducats are a very pretty sum, but seven hundred thousand are prettier by two-sevenths. We are both solid men, but till you have made up your lee-way by two hundred thousand ducats, you cannot rank yourself upon a par with me." So saying, he pointed significantly at his half-dozen East Indiamen at anchor in the Maas.

Van Daalen looked towards them with a sigh, and he might have looked longer had not the Leyden trackboat just then stopped at the quay, and he and his companion stood together at some little distance to see the passengers step ashore. Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck, with his green spectacles and peculiarly scholastic appearance, was the first who attracted their attention. It happened that in proceeding to the hostel, where he intended to spend the night, the learned Tobanus had to pass very near where the two merchants stood. The moment his eye fell on Mynheer Van Vleiten, he started like one who had seen a spirit.

“ O Isis and Osiris !” he muttered to himself in Latin, ‘ What do I behold ?—either a living mummy, or one who waits only till respiration ceases to pass at once into that blessed state. Here is the visible interposition of Providence, which out of its regard to the *theatrum anatomicum* of Leyden, intends to save me the fatigue of my proposed journey !”

Considering how the mind of Von Broeck was possessed with only one idea, and had been so for the last fifteen years, it can scarcely be matter of surprise that the long anatomy of Van Vleiten, who looked more like a huge cinnamon stalk just imported from Batavia than a human being, suggested to our Professor the belief, that Egypt had

at length surrendered up one of her children for his use and behoof.

“Der duyvil!” said Van Vleiten to his friend, “why is that pair of green spectacles fixed so intently upon me? Let us move off.”

The two merchants moved off accordingly, and walked on for upwards of a quarter of a mile. They then turned for the purpose of retracing their steps, but they had no sooner done so, than to their utter astonishment, the same individual with the green spectacles and bushy brown wig met them in the face! All parties stopped.

“*Salvete illustrissimi!*” said Von Broeck, but receiving no answer, he continued, after a moment’s pause, “Or would you rather that I should address you in the vernacular? Unworthy as I am, I am Doctor Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck, the guardian of the sciences of the United Netherlands, the duly appointed and installed Professor of Anatomy and Natural History in the illustrious Academy of Leyden; and I now have the surpassing happiness,” he added, looking full at Van Vleiten, “to see before me a person destined to increase the fame of our University, and to add to the permanent glory of the United Netherlands.”

Mynheer Van Vleiten, somewhat soothed by this last declaration, requested that the learned Tobanus would be a little more explicit in his information.

"Most willingly," answered the Professor; "but what I have to say must be communicated in private."

"If, then, you are really what you announce yourself to be," replied Van Vleiten, whose curiosity began to be excited by this unexpected rencontre, "you may call upon me to-morrow at my own house, between the hours of twelve and two. Any one will inform you where Heer Van Vleiten resides."

"I shall not fail," said Von Broeck, bowing profoundly, and casting many a longing look after the opulent merchant, as he carried his thin configuration away along the Maas accompanied by his fat friend Van Daalen.

Short and brief were the slumbers which that night visited the eyes of Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck. The great aim of his life was at length, he believed, about to be gratified. Cadaverous as he looked, he did not conceive it possible, that Van Vleiten could continue long in the land of the living, and he would not allow himself to doubt that he should be able to prevail upon him to bequeath his body for the important purposes of science to the *Theatrum Anatomicum* of Leyden.

Scarcely had the steeples of Rotterdam rung out the hour of noon ere Tobanus presented himself at the stately mansion of Van Vleiten. To the still farther heightening of his delight, he was ushered

into an apartment furnished in the most sumptuous Oriental style. Not only did Turkish ottomans, and Egyptian vases, and urns of Arabian incense, and Chinese Mandarins, nodding their nicely-balanced heads from porcelain pedestals, adorn the room, but the walls were covered with an Eastern paper on which were painted, in gorgeous colours, many of the most wonderful natural and artificial productions of that rich quarter of the globe. More conspicuous than all, and in the centre of the room, stood a colossal Indian idol, which Van Vleiten had brought with him from Batavia, and which Tobanus at once recognized for a figure of the "Great Vishnu." This was the very abode where he who was destined to become the most illustrious mummy of modern times ought to reside. Von Broeck was in raptures, and his hope strengthened into certainty, that the name of Van Vleiten was destined to descend with his own *in sæcula sæculorum!*

The opulent merchant made his appearance in the same dress as he had worn the day before, and if possible looking more lank and thin than ever. Joy sparkled through the green spectacles of Tobanus as he gazed upon his emaciated figure, and already saw him in imagination dead and exsiccated among the repositories of the Museum.

"Fortunate man!" exclaimed the erudite Professor, without waiting for the usual little ceremo-



nies by which a conversation is generally opened. —“Fortunate man! happy was the hour in which thou wert born, and happier—far happier—will be that in which thou shalt die! Let me ask you one question;—Have you yet made your will?”

“Sir!” said Van Vleiten, not a little astonished at this mode of address. “I *have* made my will; but I cannot conceive of what importance that circumstance should be to you—a perfect stranger.”

“A codicil! a codicil!” cried Tobanus earnestly, “You must add a codicil to that will.”

“To what effect?” asked Van Vleiten.

“To the effect of insuring your preservation for centuries—nay, for thousands of years! To the effect of making science your debtor, and posterity your friends! To the effect of procuring yourself a name and a being that shall never perish, and a perpetual residence in the most illustrious Museum of the United Netherlands!”

Van Vleiten opened his dull eyes to their full extent.

“If I rightly understand you,” said he, “you mean to inform me that you are in possession of that far-famed secret—the *elixir vitæ*, by which the body is preserved inviolable against the attacks of disease. Pray be seated. If your learned researches have made you acquainted with this pro-

found mystery, I shall indeed be happy in having attracted your regard."

"Heaven forbid!" answered Tobanus, "that any Professor of the University of Leyden should devote his attention to so vain and profitless a pursuit—a branch of the black art, and an engine in the hands of the evil one! No, Mynheer Vleiten, I am indeed possessed of the secret of preserving the body from decay, but not until the immortal spirit has quitted its earthly tenement; and the testamentary legacy which I wish you to bequeath to Leyden and to me is your own person, in order that the one thing needful may thereby be added to our incomparable Museum, namely ——"

"Impertinent scoundrel!" interrupted Van Vleiten, bursting into a fury that deprived him of all self-command, "do you dare to ask that I—the most substantial merchant in Holland, a Counsellor of the Indies, and a Bewindhebber of Rotterdam,—shall allow my body to be given over to dissection for the gratification of your depraved appetite, or the benefit of your paltry academy?"

"Most worthy sir!" replied Tobanus, with great coolness, "you totally mistake my meaning. Only look at your own configuration,—like the venerable Greek sage, *γνωθι σεαυτον*,—and then tell me whether, with these bloodless limbs of yours, you would not make the very worst subject for dissec-

tion ever laid upon the table of our *theatrum anatomicum*? I have a higher and nobler destiny in view for you. The rich tawny hue and well-dried proportions of your rare exterior shall never be invaded by the rude knife of the surgical demonstrator. All I propose is, by a slight process of disembowelling, and the injection of a sufficient quantity of cloves, ginger, pepper, and hot spices, to perfect the work already nearly finished to my hands, to prevent the possibility of any putrescent odour ever escaping from the juiceless aridity of your dry but still life-like body, and in short to hand you down to all ages a faultless specimen of a mummy !”

“ Of a what ?” cried Van Vleiten, hardly able to speak for passion.

“ Of a mummy !” pursued Tobanus with enthusiasm ; “ a mummy compounded like unto the mummies who are the descendants of the Pharaohs. By many a generation yet to come, thou shalt be acknowledged for one of the children of Sesostris. The plebeian appellation of Tobias Van Vleiten shall be sunk for ever, and thy bloodless arteries, cartilages, lymphatics, nerves, bones, and skin, shall rejoice in the more dignified and historical name of Amenophis, or Tethmosis, or Pherun, or Cheops, or Amasis, or perhaps even the splendid cognomen of Osiris itself !”

“ Go to the devil !” ejaculated the enraged Van

Vleiten. "Insolent impostor, begone!" And so saying, he seized the head of a nodding Mandarin which he hurled at the august pericranium of Doctor Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck. Tobanus stooped to avoid the unwonted missile, which, glancing over his shoulders, unfortunately fractured the nose of the "Great Vishnu" in the centre of the room. This disfigurement of his favourite idol almost drove Van Vleiten distracted, and making a spring towards Tobanus he would in all probability have done something deadly, had not the illustrious Professor, perceiving his intention, effected a rapid retreat towards the door, and, leaving one of the skirts of his coat in the hands of Van Vleiten, hastened from the house with greater expedition than he had ever been known to use in his life before.

As soon as he had carried himself far enough from the impending danger, he began to reflect with no little surprise and sorrow on the strange unwillingness to yield to his high destiny which had been manifested by the wealthy merchant. But Tobanus had lived long enough to know that a lofty purpose could be achieved only by the most undaunted perseverance. He resolved, that *per aspera ad astra* should now be his motto. He felt it borne in upon him, as it were, that Van Vleiten was to be the mummy for which he had sought so long; and being determined not to lose sight of his

prize, he returned to the vicinity of the Bewindhebber's mansion at nightfall, and after a short search was fortunate enough to obtain lodgings immediately opposite. Here he resolved to watch incog. the outgoings and incomings of Van Vleiten, in hopes that something ere long might cast up which would turn the scale of fortune in favour of the science of the United Netherlands.

Meantime Van Vleiten, who was by no means of a strong constitution, had suffered considerably in his health from the over-excitement of the scene with Von Broeck. The subsequent exhaustion had tended to increase the symptoms of a lethargic complaint to which he had been long subject, and he now often dozed profoundly for hours together, at times when most of the other inhabitants of Rotterdam were actively engaged in their daily duties. The fair Wilhelmina tended her father with affectionate solicitude, and though no danger was apprehended by his medical advisers, she was nevertheless unremitting in all the little offices of filial love. A good daughter, they say, makes a good wife ; and Wilhelm Van Daalen believed in the truth of the saying with all his soul. But alas ! the chance of his ever becoming the husband of Wilhelmina seemed now farther removed than ever ; for his father, instead of increasing his fortune, had suffered some severe losses by one or two recent ventures. The lovers, however, swore

eternal fidelity; and Wilhelm, having obtained three months' leave of absence from his regiment, went to pay a visit to an old and wealthy maiden aunt at Leyden, in the vague hope that she might possibly be prevailed on to offer in his behalf a few golden arguments to Van Vleiten.

"By the sword of Marlborough!" said Wilhelm, as he kissed Wilhelmina's hand at parting, "we must either prevail on these old people to consent to our happiness, or else we must just throw ourselves into each other's arms, and sink or swim in the wide world as many other excellent young persons have done before us."

Nothing remarkable occurred for about ten days after the departure of Wilhelm. A fortnight, however, had not elapsed, when one night our friend Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck was awakened out of a profound sleep by an unusual noise in the street, immediately under his windows. He rose, and on looking out, what was his consternation to behold, that the house adjoining that of Van Vleiten was in flames, and that the fire was already extending to the mansion of the latter!

"Sacred powers!" exclaimed Tobanus, "should he be burned to ashes in his bed, what then will become of the future mummy of Leyden?"

The thought was overwhelming, and hardly taking time to put on his green spectacles, and wrap a loose dressing-gown round his portly per-

son, he hastened down to the street. Here he found every thing in the greatest confusion ; but he had only one object in view, and that he determined to effect, at whatever personal risk. Forcing his way through the crowd, he entered the house of Van Vleiten, the door of which he found wide open. A number of domestics and others were collected in the hall ; but such was the panic which the fire had created, that not one of them would venture up stairs to ascertain the fate of their unfortunate master. Tobanus eagerly enquired the way to his bed-room, and it was pointed out to him. The house was full of smoke, but he rushed on, and having ascended to the bed-room floor, he speedily found the apartment he was in search of. He flew to the bed, and there, as well as the smoke would permit, he discovered the apparently lifeless body of Van Vleiten, stretched out in listless unconsciousness.

“ Suffocated ! by the great Ibis ! ” cried Tobanus. “ In five minutes more he might have been reduced to a heap of cinders ; but now he is the property of the United Netherlands, and must be carried off by me, for the sake of this, and future ages.”

So saying, he wrapped the body of the most substantial merchant of Rotterdam in a blanket, and lifting it on his shoulders, proceeded down stairs. The fire having by this time gained ground,

everybody had left the house, and in the street greater confusion prevailed than ever; so that no notice whatever was taken of Tobanus when he came out with his flannel burden, and quietly slipped across the street to his own lodgings. Here, however, no time was to be lost. Having clothed his person somewhat more decorously than his haste had hitherto permitted, he carried out his invaluable prize by a back-door in the grey dawn of morning, and hastening to the nearest canal basin, he fortunately found a track-boat which was to start for Leyden at five o'clock. He retreated to a quiet corner of the cabin, and laying down his burden beside him, he never moved from his seat till he felt the boat once more rub against the quay of his beloved Leyden.

The professors and students of that famous University were soon made aware of Von Broeck's return, and also of the success which had attended his expedition. They received from him in the course of the day, a special invitation to meet him that very evening in the *theatrum anatomicum*, when he undertook, so confident was he of success, to go through the process of compounding his mummy before the eyes of them all. Expectation was on tip-toe. Nothing was talked of but Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck, and the wonderful revival of ancient science which was to be achieved by him.



By seven o'clock, P. M. the *theatrum anatomicum* began to fill. Students and professors, all with grave and earnest faces, walked in and took their respective places. Here and there, several small groups might be seen conversing seriously in an undertone. On the demonstrator's table lay two bodies, one of which had been already partially dissected and lectured upon. The other was entirely wrapped up and concealed in a blanket. Gums, and ointments, and spices, and cerements, and various surgical instruments of curious shape were arranged in due order beside it. At length the private door was thrown open, and Tobanus himself entered the hall. He was received with a simultaneous burst of applause, which he received with a quiet dignity, implying a subdued consciousness, that it was not altogether undeserved. To the applause succeeded silence the most profound; and Tobanus, without as yet uncovering the body, spoke somewhat to the following effect: —

“ Gentlemen, you see before you the consummation of the labours of many years. Within the folds of this blanket lies the being destined to supply the only desideratum now existing in our incomparable museum, and to pass down in the mummy state to all ages, another proof of the triumphs of Dutch science, and of the matchless superiority of this university over all others. I need not recount to you, gentlemen, the difficulties

and dangers I experienced before I succeeded in securing this invaluable body ; but I may briefly mention, that they were enough to have appalled the stoutest heart, and that nothing but my invincible desire to advance the paramount glory of the United Netherlands could have enabled me to overcome them."

The applause was here renewed, and Tobanus again bowed with dignity.

" I shall now, gentlemen," he continued, " proceed to expose to your expectant gaze this body so un-Dutch-like in its proportions ; but so admirably fitted by the tenuity and sun-driedness of all its limbs for the purposes to which it is destined. I will venture to say, that no one now present has ever beheld a corpse so predisposed to mummyism, if I may use the expression, as that which I shall forthwith disembowel in your presence."

As he thus spoke Tobanus carefully removed the blanket, and the long, lank, cinnamon-stalk-like figure of Van Vleiten, surmounted by a white nightcap which he had worn in bed, and which Von Broeck had omitted to remove, was fully submitted to the view of the Professors and Students of the Leyden University. Every one leant forward in his seat, and fixed his eyes upon it as if he would have devoured it at a gaze. For a minute or so not a whisper was to be heard, and Tobanus had already lifted one of the surgical instruments, and

was about to commence operations, when a young man suddenly threw himself over the benches, and rushing up to the table caught hold of the Doctor's arm, exclaiming vehemently, —

“Heaven and earth! what is it you are about to do? By the sword of Marlborough! that is Tobias Van Vleiten, the richest merchant in Rotterdam, and my father-in-law that was to be!”

“Young man,” answered Van Broeck, with the same dignity of demeanour as he had preserved throughout, and at the same time disengaging himself from the grasp of Wilhelm, “who this person was during his life-time, or what name may have belonged to him, it is unnecessary now to enquire; the soul has already left its mansion, and the empty body is about to pass into a new state of existence, and to receive the far nobler name of Amenophis, or Tethmosis, or Cheops, or —”

“A truce with your unintelligible jargon!” interrupted young Van Daalen. “The worthy Van Vleiten must have died suddenly, and you must have stolen his body, for by no other means could you possibly have become possessed of it. It is an ill-gotten property, and I demand its restitution.”

A murmur of dissatisfaction here arose through the *theatrum anatomicum*. Wilhelm was a stranger to all the students, except the one with whom he had that evening accidentally visited the hall, and

they were exasperated at the charges he made against the character of their Professor, in which they conceived the whole University to be implicated. "Order!" "Silence!" "Shame!" "Turn him out!" resounded from all quarters.

"I shall not budge from this spot," said Wilhelm, "until the body of my deceased and respected friend be delivered up to me."

"Gentlemen!" cried Tobanus, a good deal agitated, "the cause of science is at stake; I call upon you for your assistance!"

Instantly all was confusion: at least a dozen of the *alumni* rushed up to Van Daalen, and were in the very act of laying hands upon him, when all at once, a long, low, deep groan echoed through the room. Every one stood stock-still, and silence was restored in an instant. The groan was renewed! — it came from the dead body of Van Vleiten! All eyes were bent upon it. The corpse slowly rose, and sat up on the table on which it had been stretched. A pair of dull glassy eyes opened, and fixing a wild vacant stare, first upon the half-dissected body which lay beside it, and then on a skeleton which hung dangling by a cord from the roof, fell back again on the table with another groan.

"Sacred powers!" exclaimed Van Daalen, "he is not dead! — Back! back! he may yet survive if the proper restoratives be applied. I beseech

you let us carry him to the open air. My aunt's house is not far off; he must be removed thither. You commit murder if you hesitate!"

Matters were now much changed; and though Tobanus himself stood motionless, the very picture of despair, several of the students did not hesitate to give their aid to Wilhelm, who wrapped the blanket once more carefully round Mynheer Van Vleiten, and had him carried off immediately to his aunt's house. Here the opulent merchant was put to bed, and the best medical assistance instantly obtained. Animation was soon restored, and the physician declared that the patient had been suffering merely under a severe lethargic fit. Intelligence of the fire at Van Vleiten's house, which had fortunately been extinguished before much damage was done, and the mysterious disappearance of the owner of the mansion, was conveyed to Leyden that very night. The fears of the affectionate Wilhelmina regarding her father's safety were allayed as speedily as possible, and she immediately set out for Leyden to assist in his sick-chamber.

It was some time before Van Vleiten fairly came to himself, or recovered from the fright he had sustained. For several days he could not be persuaded that the process of embalming had not actually taken place, and that he was not at least as much a mummy as a living being. He de-

clared that he could never get the better of the dreadful sensations he had experienced when he first opened his eyes in the *theatrum anatomicum*, and beheld the frightful objects that presented themselves to his bewildered gaze. By constant care and excellent nursing, however, he at length manifested symptoms of confirmed convalescence; and he was no sooner re-instated in his own house than he intimated to the delighted Van Daalens, that as he conceived he owed his life to the intrepid interference of Wilhelm, he did not think he could do less than bestow upon him the hand of Wilhelmina.

It was a merry day in Rotterdam, when the respective heirs of the two richest merchants it contained, were united in the holy bands of matrimony. From that day Van Vleiten, to his utter astonishment, grew fatter and fatter, till at length he became only a little less corpulent than any of his brother burgomasters; while, on the contrary, the unfortunate Tobanus Eleazar Von Broeck grew rapidly leaner and leaner, and though he continued to haunt for some years longer the *theatrum anatomicum*, he dwindled at length into such a shadow, that had there been another Professor at Leyden equally versed in the art of embalming, Tobanus himself might have been compounded into a mummy, for the great cause of science, and the glory of the United Netherlands.

## LOVE ON THE CLYDE ;

AN HISTORiette FROM GLASGOW.

“ It was a rich merchant in Glasgow did dwell,  
He had a handsome daughter, and few could her excel.”

*Old Ballad.*

JACOB SANDERSON was a manufacturer of buttons. His name, I believe, may still be seen in the Trongate. It is in large gilt letters, and has an imposing and dignified air. Why not ? Has not Mr. Sanderson a seat in the town council, and a country-house on the *Sauchy-haugh* road ? Nor has Mr. Sanderson's good fortune stopped here ; for it has pleased Heaven to bestow upon him a wife, and an only child. Of his *cara sposa* I need say nothing : she is the button-maker's better half, and all that such a half should be. Miss Arabella, or as her friends venture to call her, Miss Bella, demands a greater share of our

polite attention. She is decidedly the prettiest girl north of the Clyde. She wears a lilac-coloured pelisse, trimmed with pink plush ; and her bonnet is of flowered white satin, ornamented with a wreath of roses. She has a perpetual ticket to the Botanical Garden ; and innumerable instances are on record, of students, especially Irish students, looking at her, when they should have been looking at Professor Hooker's new classification of mosses.

Mr. Samuel Dempster was neither a student, nor an Irishman ; he held Latin and Greek in supreme contempt ; and as for logic and metaphysics, he did not understand the meaning of the terms. But Mr. Samuel Dempster kept a respectable haberdasher's shop — was in a snug money-making way — and on Sunday, looked “ exceeding genteel ” in his blue coat, nankeen trowsers, well-polished boots, and white hat, turned up with green. Samuel had been long a faithful admirer of Miss Sanderson ; and, bating one or two little quarrels on the score of jealousy, they had been, upon the whole, remarkably constant and exemplary in their mutual love. This love was founded, as my readers will be happy to learn, on the surest of all bases — a congeniality of mind ; and as weeks flew on, Mr. Dempster became more and more enamoured. The very people who frequented his shop began to suspect there was something the



matter with him, for in the aberrations of his mind, he frequently produced his bombazeens when they asked for a sight of his silks ; and on one occasion actually cut off twenty yards of brown braid for a lady who wanted the same quantity of green ribbon. There is not a case in all history where Cupid exercised a similar influence over the heart of a haberdasher. In love ! — the phrase is cold and unmeaning ; — he was in flames — he was in a lime-kiln — he was in the boiler of a steam-engine — he was in the crater of a volcano ; — what would you have me say ? — he was in Tophet.

It was about this period that Mr. Sanderson's intention of going to *the sea-bathing* for two or three of the summer months was made public. Rothesay and Largs he pronounced too far off ; Dunoon he was afraid he would find dull ; and the contest therefore lay betwixt Ellensburgh and Gourock. Miss Arabella was decidedly in favour of Ellensburgh ; but alas ! Ellensburgh was already as full as it could hold (and a good deal fuller) so that Gourock was the only remaining alternative ; and in Gourock the family settled.

They had hardly been there a week, when the ferry-boat from Kilmun conveyed to the pier a Highland *laird*. He had come across for the express purpose of seeing them, for Mrs. Sanderson and he happened to be thirteenth and fourteenth cousins. When I say that he was a Highland

laird, I mean that he possessed a bare-looking stone house of two stories, consisting, I think, of five rooms and a kitchen; that he rented from the duke some half dozen of the Argyleshire hills; and that he was the undoubted and sole proprietor of nearly two hundred sheep (all black-faced) and of more than threescore head of horned cattle. That he was a man of no mean consequence cannot, of course, for a moment be doubted. I may add, that he was sufficiently civilised to wear breeches, and that, though he carried his tobacco in a *speuchan*, and his snuff in a *mull*, he decorated his outer man with neither a dirk, nor a *sporrán*. Erring lowlanders called him Macalpin; his own Gaels knew him by some far different appellation, which I shall not attempt to write, because I do not know either how to pronounce or to spell it.

Unluckily for the attentive reader, who cannot fail to be interested in a tale like this, my limits do not admit of much amplification. If time and space were allowed me, I could have traced the workings of a new-born passion in the Highlander's breast, with a minuteness and a skill worthy of Rousseau, or even of Letitia Matilda Hawkins; but under existing circumstances, I can only say, in plain language, that he fell in love with our heroine, who was his cousin by the mother's side, fifteen times removed. Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson watched the progress of his courtship

with delight. They had, it is true, been long aware of Mr. Samuel Dempster's attentions in the same quarter ; but then, what was Mr. Samuel Dempster when weighed with a Highland laird, at the head of whose genealogical tree was the name of Galgacus, the general of the Caledonians in the time of Agricola ; and who, though not very distantly related to the chief of the Macalpins, condescended, out of complaisance to the usages of modern innovators, to allow himself to be called " Esquire : " and in addition to all this was the fact that he was pretty well known to be in the annual receipt of four hundred and fifty pounds sterling.

Notwithstanding this host of temptations, however, Miss Arabella herself, took rather a different view of the subject. It occurred to her, that Macalpin was a man as near fifty, as forty — that the colour of his hair was not even an *equivoque* between red and auburn — and that his nose, as if emulous of the distinction claimed by his hair, had a raw and fiery look, indicative of smuggled whiskey, and deep carousals. In the silence of her own heart, therefore, as well as in the solitude of her own bed-room, she heroically determined rather to die a maid than forsake Mr. Dempster.

While affairs were at this crisis, our friend the haberdasher, unable to bear any longer the pangs of separation from his best beloved, stepped on board the *Oscar* steam-boat one fine Saturday fore-

noon, and was at Gourrock by dinner-time. On this occasion it may be proper to mention, that he wore his white hat, and that he had emptied the contents of a small bottle of lavender on his cambric handkerchief; he had likewise added an additional seal to the blue ribband attached to his watch; and he sported a cornelian brooch in his breast-ruffles.

You may imagine the sensation occasioned by his arrival. Bella, who was reading at the time the third volume of "Sense and Sensibility," shrieked, and very nearly fainted; Mr. Sanderson, who had just got to the last page of the "*Greenock Advertiser*," let the paper fall in visible agitation; his wife, who was indulging with Macalpin in some reminiscences of Inverary, and the "Black Loch" and the hill of "Duniequaigh," lost her wonted presence of mind, and became suddenly as dumb as a pillar of salt. Mr. Samuel Dempster, though unable to account for this odd sort of reception, retained his self-possession, and after glancing at Macalpin with some degree of suspicion, he at length succeeded in restoring all parties to composure, and things went on for the rest of the evening, as well as could have been expected.

Early on the following morning, Miss Sanderson and "her own true love," might have been seen walking together by the coast, and at length seated

together on a rock near the Clough light-house. The former was confidentially relating to the latter the ticklish and uncertain situation in which she stood. Mr. Dempster placed his white hat with a very formidable look on one side of his head, and swore by St. Mungo and all the other patron saints of Glasgow, that not a Highlander of them all should deprive him of his Arabella. The lovers then returned to breakfast; but Macalpin, though his penetration in affairs connected with the tender passion was not certainly to be much calculated on, had discovered something in their bearing towards each other which he did not by any means like, and determined to crush in the bud the Glasgow haberdasher's presumption. With this view, he threw into his tone and manner when he addressed Mr. Dempster, all that stern dignity and fierce air of superiority which Highlanders in general pique themselves on being able to assume. He placed his chair, too, next Miss Sanderson's, with a look which seemed to say, "Let any one dare to occupy this seat but myself;"—he walked by her side to church; he turned up the text for her in her own bible; and this, let me remark, was with him a very unusual piece of gallantry, for had the passage not happened to be in the book of Genesis, I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that there is great reason to doubt whether he would have been able to find it all. In the afternoon and evening

he conducted himself after the same fashion, and, in short, succeeded in engrossing the whole of Miss Bella's company.

But Mr. Samuel Dempster, though a seller of cotton stockings and bombazeens, had a soul which disdained to be overcome by "an Argyleshire drover," as he contemptuously termed his too dangerous rival. Knowing that he would again have an opportunity of being alone with his mistress on the following morning (for Macalpin would not have risen before ten to save the nation), Samuel took his measures accordingly. The morning was a remarkably fine one, and Arabella looked lovelier than ever. She was dressed, not in her lilac-coloured pelisse trimmed with pink plush, but in a white robe and pea-green spencer. They walked on the road towards Greenock. I am not enabled to report their conversation, but I know that they were met by a *noddy* before they were a mile out of Gourock. The noddy stopped, and the horse's head (for a noddy has only one horse) was turned again towards Greenock. Mr. Dempster opened the door, and let down the steps. Miss Sanderson blushed, pulled out a pocket-handkerchief, and cast her eyes back towards her father's house in Gourock. "Is it of Macalpin you are thinking?" said Mr. Dempster. The question was decisive. Arabella entered the noddy, and Samuel followed her.

The hour of breakfast arrived at Gourock. The fresh herrings were already on the table, and the tea had been infused for nearly twenty minutes; but what was become of Miss Sanderson and Mr. Dempster? They were surely ignorant of the time of day, yet Mr. Dempster's seals and blue ribbon had seemed to indicate that he possessed a watch. There was something mysterious in their protracted absence. The breakfast passed over in silence. Little, indeed, was eaten. Macalpin could hardly finish his second herring. At length the wooden clock in the lobby struck twelve. The distress of the party was at its height, and some faint suspicions of the truth began to dawn upon them. Just then, Mr. Lohead, a very worthy old gentleman, an upholsterer, called upon Mr. Sanderson, and in the course of conversation (which, was almost entirely on his side) he happened to mention, as a circumstance of which Mr. Sanderson was no doubt perfectly aware, that he had seen Miss Arabella and Mr. Dempster start that morning in the *Inverary Castle* for Glasgow from the steam-boat quay at Greenock.

Here was at once "confirmation strong as proofs from holy writ!" The scene that followed, no pen could do justice to. Macalpin was the chief object in the group. It was not so much the loss of his intended bride that affected him, as the insult offered to his Highland pride. His face became

first white, then red, and at length blue—a pale determined blue. He did not speak much, but he went up to his bed-room, and brought down in his hand a brace of long old-fashioned pistols, which were evidently loaded to the muzzle. “Cot tam!” said he, “he will take ta life, if she pe take ta wife;” and he concluded by taking in the mean time a huge pinch of snuff. In less than half an hour he was on his way to Glasgow, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson.

Samuel and Arabella became one flesh on the very day of their elopement. I need not describe to my intelligent readers their mutual raptures. The only thing which threw a cloud over their happiness was the dread of pursuit and a whole volley of reproaches. But though they had boldly and openly taken possession of Mr. Dempster’s house in Virginia Street, the day passed over without interruption. The next came and departed in the same way, and the next, and the next. At length, on the fourth or fifth, the button-maker and his spouse made their appearance. They were in black, and their countenances were “more in sorrow than in anger.” They spoke not a word of reproach, for the good people plainly perceived that matters could not now be altered, and were not displeased to see their child so respectably settled for life. It is true that one little circumstance had probably no slight influence in bringing them



to this wholesome mode of thinking. An apoplectic fit had removed the worthy Macalpin from this life just as he was stepping ashore with his pistols in his hand, at the Broomielaw. Whether or not this consummation was hurried on by the effects of his passion, it is at all events certain that he was buried at Kilmun with great solemnity, and that more whisky ~~was~~ drunk at his funeral than had ever been drunk on any similar occasion in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

Mr. and Mrs. Dempster live in the greatest possible felicity; while the former continues to be looked up to by all the young haberdashers of Glasgow, as affording the best instance now extant of the inaccuracy of Shakespeare's apophthegm, that

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

## DICKY CROSS, THE IDIOT OF EXETER.\*

“This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew,  
and walks till the first cock.” — SHAKESPEARE.

It was the king's birth-day, and Exeter was in a prodigious bustle, for Exeter is one of the most loyal towns in England. There was to be an illumination in the evening, and the mayor and corporation were to drink his majesty's health, and all the little boys were carrying green boughs through the streets, and cracking pistols, and shouting, and looking as happy as dirty hands and faces would let them. Some “*shows*” too — huge caravans drawn by eight horses—had arrived, and had taken up their station in the open space near the cathedral. Thither, by the aid of sufficiently loud, if

\* Should this volume be fortunate enough to find any readers in Exeter, they will doubtless perceive that the above story is by no means a mere fiction.

not very harmonious music, and many a square yard of painted canvas, and some histrionic performances, exhibited *gratis* to beget a feeling of confidence and a sense of liberality, a crowd of gaping spectators was attracted, many of whom stood looking and gaping the whole day, unable to make up their minds whether they should expend four-pence to obtain a view of those inner wonders of which the external allurements were but as types and symbols.

There was only one person in Exeter capable of diverting the attention of a considerable portion of the community from these "shows." This formidable rival was Dicky Cross, the Idiot. Whenever he made his appearance, he was watched by everybody with a sort of suppressed murmur, half of fear and half of curiosity. Dicky Cross was indeed the lion of Exeter—the most remarkable character which that good town ever produced. He was no common idiot, and his exterior was well calculated to sustain the interest which the many rumours and mysterious whispers concerning his character and mode of life could not fail to excite. He was a man apparently between the age of thirty-five and forty. He was considerably above the middle height, and, though awkwardly, was powerfully made. His shoulders were broad, and his ungainly limbs were brawny and muscular. To see

him in certain moods indeed, as he lounged listlessly up and down, one would not have supposed him easily capable of rousing himself into exertion. When, however, it chanced that his passions were in any way stirred his lethargy instantly disappeared, and his countenance, the expression of which was at all times disagreeable, kindled into fiend-like fury. His eyes, which were small and deeply sunk beneath a cloud of shaggy eyebrows, would, upon these occasions, become intensely fiery; his dark matted hair, twisted into strong wiry curls, appeared to erect itself on his head; he gnashed and grinded his teeth until foam came churming from his mouth; and his maniac gestures, incoherent imprecations, and wild bellowings inspired even stout hearts with awe and wonder. The younger part of the population of Exeter fled from him affrighted, and mothers quieted their fretful infants by the bare mention of his name. Though nothing had ever been distinctly proved against him, the schoolboys nevertheless loved to regale each other during the winter nights with many a soul-harrowing tale of the dismal deeds which had been done by Dicky Cross. It was universally believed among them that he had committed more murders than one, and that he was fond of inveigling children, in away in the dusk to some ruinous haunts in the particular, outskirts of the town, where, after sub-

jecting them to many a slow torture which his malignity suggested, he finally put an end to them altogether.

It cannot be denied that some of the idiot's habits gave a colour of probability to these reports. Often for days, and sometimes for weeks, he disappeared, and no one knew whither he had gone, or what he was doing with himself. On the other hand, among the places known to be principally frequented by him, when hunger or some other motive did not bring him into the heart of the town, were the church-yards, or any of the old dilapidated buildings in the vicinity of Exeter which tradition commonly affirmed to be haunted. Of late, too, it had been discovered that he had either found out some secret mode of entrance into the cathedral, or that he was able to elude the vigilance of the door-keepers and vergers, for it was known that he had frequently contrived to spend the whole night in the interior of that noble and venerable Gothic structure. Every precaution had been taken to prevent the recurrence of so unhallowed an intrusion, but frequently without success; for on throwing open the doors in the morning it was not unusual to find that the first thing which presented itself was the idiot, walking up and down the aisles, gibbering unintelligibly to himself. What his inducements could be thus to select the antique and solemn cathedral for the

scene of his nocturnal wanderings it was difficult to divine, but the fact of his doing so only increased the disagreeable mystery which, in the opinion of the inhabitants of Exeter, attached to itself to his character altogether.

Most country towns have their "idiots" or "innocents," but in general they are of a more harmless and familiar sort than the being we have just been describing. They are often to be found sunning themselves in the suburbs, and even strolling sometimes through the market-place with a good-natured unmeaning smile upon their low-browed faces, objects of idle jesting to the unthinking, and of pity to the more reflective. Dicky Cross was not exactly like one of these. He was born an idiot, and had remained so all his life, but in him the evil part of human nature seemed decidedly to preponderate. Even in his most tranquil moments he was sullen, morose, and unsociable; his temper was one of extreme irritability, and when once excited to anger, his passions knew no bounds. Whatever truth there might be in the more vulgar rumours concerning him, it is certain that he had more than once when enraged laid violent hands upon those who had provoked him; and would in all probability have torn them to pieces, had they not been rescued from his grasp by the strong interference of others. In addition to the name of Dicky Cross, a Christian appellation which he had

obtained no one could tell how or why, he was also frequently spoken of as "the grey man," a soubriquet he had acquired from the peculiarity of his dress, which was all of one colour, a sort of light bluish grey. Though made of a coarse stuff, soiled, and threadbare, and not very nicely fitted to his person, it was nevertheless by no means so ragged and squalid a costume as we usually see worn by common beggars. For many years his dress had been the same, and the wonder was, not that it was somewhat past its best, but how he had contrived to make it last so long. A hat was a luxury in which he never indulged, and hence probably the extreme sunburntness of his complexion. He boasted of a pair of shoes and stockings, the former of which, however, stood in need of cobbling, and being also too large for his feet, made a disagreeable clattering as he walked. To complete our portrait of this strange being, we may add, that his forehead was not quite so low as that of idiots generally is, and that his head altogether, in opposition to the doctrines of phrenology, was considerably above the average size; though it must be confessed, at the same time, that its shape was unnatural and disagreeable. The brow was high and narrow, whilst the occipital part, said to be the seat of the animal propensities, was large, broad, and heavy. His eyes were quick, restless, and piercing, with little or no expression; his mouth

was large and savage-looking, and was filled with great coarse teeth ; his nose was one of the worst features of all, being little else than a huge shapeless projection.

On the king's birth-day to which we have alluded, and which, as it took place about thirty years ago, in the reign of George the Third, fell of course on the fourth of June, Dicky Cross was seen going about the streets of Exeter all day. Not that he took any interest in the festivities which were enacting, or to be enacted, but rather that he seemed to derive a sort of malicious satisfaction from perceiving that the merriest groups of boys were startled at his approach, and either scampered off, or collected into a knot, and remained silent till he passed. Even older people made way for him hastily, glancing at him suspiciously as he wandered on with uncertain and capricious movements. If any of them ventured to accost him with a good-humoured "How goes it with you to-day, Dicky?" he only fixed upon them a long gaze of his unlife-like eye, and with some inarticulate mutterings expressive of displeasure, strode slowly away.

Many were the happy faces which were that day to be seen in the cheerful streets of Exeter ; but among them all none looked so happy as the sweet and modest face of Mary Woodward. It was a face of quiet but deep happiness ; and no wonder, for Mary leant upon the arm of one who was in



three short days more to be bound to her for ever by the most sacred of ties. Had any one selected from all Exeter a young man of striking personal appearance, and of a fine, frank, open-hearted bearing, he would have pitched upon Miles Neville. His father was one of the oldest and most respectable legal practitioners in the town, and had brought up his son to succeed him in his business, which, lawyer though he was, every body allowed he had conducted on the most honourable principles. To Mary Woodward, young Neville had been long attached. She was the orphan daughter of a naval officer who fell in one of Lord Nelson's engagements, and left her little for an inheritance, save the spotless integrity of his name and character. After this irreparable loss, she resided principally with a maiden aunt; but every one loved her so much that she was continually taken away from her aunt on visits of longer or shorter duration, to some of the best families in Exeter and the neighbourhood. Old Mr. Neville observed his son's growing attachment to Mary with complete satisfaction, for he well knew how erroneous a calculation those parents make who demand of their children a sacrifice of their best affections at the shrine of Mammon. Thus everything had gone smoothly on; and now the wedding-day was fixed, Mary's wedding dress was ready, and all her simple preparations for her approaching change of state,

which had for some little time back occupied her innocent and happy mind, were on the point of being completed.

No wonder, then, that she looked so smilingly on this sunny king's birth-day. No wonder that, as she and Miles Neville passed through many a group of friends, a thousand pleasant compliments were given and returned. Among the poorer classes many an aged pensioner who had benefited by Mary's ever-active benevolence, held up his hands to bless her, while little girls, with the quick perceptions and graceful fancies of childhood, came running up to offer her bouquets of their choicest flowers, or fling them in handfuls before her steps. A happy man was Miles Neville. In the glad beating of his youthful pulse, and the sparkling flow of his spirits, his native town of Exeter seemed the very paradise of earth, and he the most enviable of created beings since the fall of Adam. Mary and he would never have tired of looking at all the gaieties that were going on, and the preparations for the illuminations and fireworks in the evening, had not the church chimes reminded them that it was already near four, and that they were both engaged to dine at that hour. Unfortunately they were not to dine at the same place. Miles had been long pledged to spend the afternoon of the king's birth-day with a friend who lived a little way out of town; and Mary, who, for the last

fortnight, had been residing with old Mr. and Mrs. Neville, and was to continue with them till her marriage, had faithfully promised to dine with her worthy maiden aunt, who wished to give her sundry good advices previous to the performance of the nuptial ceremony.

It was necessary, therefore, that they should now turn their steps homewards, and they were just about to do so, when a sudden noise arrested their attention, and at the same instant about a dozen boys turned into the street, and fled past them at their utmost speed with every demonstration of terror in their looks. They were hotly pursued by Dicky Cross with a countenance no longer vacant, and limbs listless and inactive, but with his whole person, if one may so speak, lighted up with passion. How the unhappy fugitives had roused the maniac's anger Miles Neville knew not, but as he heard the incoherent curses which, in a strong hollow voice, and with clenched hands, he uttered against them, as he rapidly gained upon their steps, he felt that the poor boys were in no trifling danger. Just then one little fellow who was running with all his might, and who was distinguished among the rest by the bright beauty and luxuriance of his natural ringlets, losing his balance, fell prostrate, and almost before he had time to shriek forth his terror, Dicky Cross caught him up with a cry of fiendish exultation. He was about to

dash the child with all his strength to the earth, when young Neville, springing from Mary's side with the speed of lightning, snatched the boy from his grasp, at the same time giving the idiot so violent a push with his athletic arm as made him reel several paces backwards. Thus baffled in the very crisis of his revenge, Dicky Cross, as soon as he recovered from the unexpected shock he had sustained, fixed his burning eye upon Miles Neville, and foaming like an over-heated charger, measured him from head to foot. Miles, having by this time set down his little protégée, who immediately took to his heels again, stood in full expectation of an attack. But whether cowardice or cunning, or both, effected an alteration in the idiot's intention, it is certain that he did not think proper to come again into personal contact with his opponent. He walked up to him, however, and after giving vent to some hideous gibbering, which ended in a sort of savage yell, he shook his bony hand in Neville's face, and then pointing to Mary Woodward (who was by this time as pale as death), with a sneer and laugh of inconceivable malice, he walked off in an opposite direction, loudly muttering to himself, and ever and anon stopping and turning round as long as Miles continued in sight.

The whole of this scene, which has occupied some little time in narration, passed over in the space of two or three minutes. It took a good

while longer, however, to allay the agitation into which it had thrown Mary ; but with her lover's aid she gradually regained her composure.

In about half an hour afterwards Miles flung himself upon his horse to gallop to his friend's country-house, having first obtained Mary's promise, that on her return from her aunt's, she would not retire to her own apartment until he came home, although he might be somewhat later than usual. Immediately on Miles' departure, Mary, having speedily performed her unpretending toilet, set out to fulfil her engagement also, under the protection of Mr. Neville's servant, Timothy, who saw her to her aunt's door, and undertook to return for her a little after sunset, before the bustle of the evening commenced.

Miss Susan Stapeldon, Mary's aunt, was an unmarried lady of the old school, — somewhat precise and ceremonious in her manners, not without a touch of stateliness, — but, withal, a warm-hearted, charitable, and worthy individual. She possessed a moderate independence, and lived in a quiet, lady-like manner, in a neat small house. She had two domestics, one an elderly person who had been with her nearly all her life, and the other much younger, but scarcely less attached. Miss Stapeldon entertained the most affectionate regard for her niece, and had left her by her will, the greater part of her property. Of course, therefore,

she was not a little interested in Mary's approaching change of condition, and considered herself called on to give her on the occasion the best instructions and advice of which she was mistress, taking care, at the same time, to inform her, for about the three hundredth time, that although she herself had remained a solitary damsel all her life, it was not from necessity, but choice ; several of the best alliances in Exeter, or the neighbourhood, having been within her power.

Engaged in discussing subjects of so momentous a description, the hours flew rapidly on, and already had tea been introduced, and the last beams of the setting sun had faded from the crocketed pinnacles of the neighbouring cathedral. The sounds of loyal merriment rose louder in the streets, and as twilight advanced, the windows of the more impatient of the *illuminati* began to be lighted up at intervals.

" Bless me, my dear !" said Miss Stapeldon, suddenly interrupting herself in some important remark on the subject of domestic economy ; " it is within ten minutes of ten o'clock, and Timothy has not yet come for you ! It will not be safe or proper for a young lady to be seen abroad much later."

" He will no doubt be here immediately," answered Mary, " and I shall put on my bonnet and shawl to be ready for him."

Miss Stapeldon's house was in a small square, or market-place, on the south side of the cathedral, and though the Nevilles scarcely lived a quarter of a mile off in a direct line, yet as their residence was to the north of the church, it was necessary for Mary, before she could get home, to pass not only across the open space opposite the west part of that building, but also through several winding streets. The ten minutes elapsed, and then ten more, and then another ten, but Timothy came not. Miss Susan Stapeldon's ideas of decorum were sadly outraged by the reflection that her niece should be seen on the streets of Exeter on so hilarious an evening at so late an hour.

Still no appearance of the unfaithful Timothy; and it was at length determined that our heroine should proceed home without him. Not, however, by the public streets, but by a private and shorter road. Behind Miss Stapeldon's house there was a small garden, and a door in one of its walls communicated with a building which stood retired by itself at the north-east end of the cathedral, and was commonly known by the name of the Bishop's Palace. The bishop, however, had not lived in it for several years, and the stately old rooms which it contained, were left in the charge of a trusty house-keeper, whose duty it was to keep the venerable furniture from falling to pieces as long as she possibly could. For the bishop's convenience, when

he chose to make use of it, a small private door opened from one of the courts of this mansion into the cathedral. Now, it occurred to her aunt, that if Mary Woodward were to avail herself of this door, and passing through the church, make her exit at the other end of it, she would find herself at once in the neighbourhood of Mr. Neville's house, and would avoid the greater part of those crowded streets along which she would otherwise have to make her way. This suggestion was no sooner mentioned than adopted, and as Miss Stapeldon was on an excellent neighbourly footing with the housekeeper in the Bishop's Palace, she had nothing to do but to send to state her wishes in her niece's behalf, to obtain an immediate assurance that they would be most willingly complied with.

Miss Woodward, therefore, at length bade her aunt good night, who would not, however, let her go till she had again expressed her sense of the impropriety of Timothy's conduct, and pinned her shawl closer round her neck, lest she should catch cold in going through the cathedral. Light of heart, Mary quickly crossed the little garden, and passing out by the postern, found Dame Morley, the bishop's housekeeper, waiting for her as desired.

"The sun had set, and yet it was not night," as Byron says. To the west there were still some



streaks of red in the beautiful sky of a summer evening, and on the east the moon, nearly at the full, was rising in tranquil majesty. Where its beams however were obstructed by walls or houses, there was a strong *chiar-oscuro*; and as Mary in the dusky twilight passed thro' the antique apartments of what once had really *been* and still was *called* a palace, she could not help being struck with the fantastic shapes which the old furniture assumed in the uncertain light. Dame Morley probably observed this; and with somewhat of the garrulity of advancing years, shaped her conversation accordingly.

"Aye, aye," said she, "they are fast falling into decay. They were reckoned out of fashion when my grandmother was in her teens; and the lords and ladies are dead and buried and gone to dust who once were proud to call them their own. And now they are despised and neglected, and nobody cares to look after them but an old woman like me: and for all my care they are fast mouldering. They will hardly last longer than myself, they are going to pieces every week. Folks say this house is haunted, and if I believed in such things I might well think so, for often and often at the dead hour of night, have I heard strange noises ringing thro' these rooms. But it is only some moth-eaten tapestry falling from the walls; or the rich hangings of some brocaded bed coming down

to the floor; or the wooden frame of some quaintly carved cabinet unable to sustain its own weight through sheer rottenness. And as for the supernatural voices which they say are heard, does not the wind often wail and moan through an old mansion like a living thing? There is one room, it is true, through which I do not much care to pass at night, and that is the picture gallery, for if there be any light in it at all, or if one has a lamp in one's hand, one catches strange glances from the dim ancient portraits hanging all round in their lofty black frames. Sometimes, when the flame flashes full upon them, I cannot help thinking I see a changing expression upon their countenances, and there is something fearful in such a thought, knowing they have all been dead for a hundred years!"

Had Mary Woodward been nervously inclined, such conversation as this would hardly have medicined to her relief. She listened, however, with patience to her talkative guide who at length brought her to the court, or enclosed space, which separated the palace from the cathedral. They crossed it together, and then dame Morley, producing a huge key which had every appearance of being seldom used, proceeded to unlock the private door which gave admittance to the latter building. This task accomplished, the worthy dame seemed to consider her commission at an end.

"I need not go any further with you, Miss

Woodward," said she; "You know the cathedral as well as I do myself. You have only to go along the choir, across the transept, and down the nave, and you will come to the door that takes you out to the street on the opposite side."

"I know my way well," said Mary, believing that she could now have no difficulty in reaching home. "It is quite unnecessary that you should put yourself to any more inconvenience on my account, my good dame. I shall call soon to thank you for the trouble you have already taken, and to have another view of your fine old palace. When I have a house of my own, you must return my visit. Good night! They will wonder what has become of me."

So saying, Mary entered the cathedral, and passed rapidly down the choir. Dame Morley looked after her for a moment with an old woman's blessing on her lips, and then shutting once more the Bishop's entrance, locked and double-locked it; and taking out the rusty key re-crossed the court, and made the best of her way back to her own apartment in the least ancient part of the palace.

Through the great eastern window of the noble cathedral of Exeter, dim with the solemn tints of sacred emblazonry, the moon shed a diminished influence, but enough to cast a fitful light through the whole of the interior. Our heroine had already

passed through the aperture in the organ screen which separates the choir from the transept, and having crossed the latter proceeded along the nave not unobservant of the holy magnificence of that "temple built with hands." At length she reached the door she sought, but what was her astonishment when she found it shut — locked ! She could not at first bring herself to believe that it was so. She knew that this door was in summer always allowed to stand open till near midnight, and it was not yet eleven. She walked rapidly to the principal entrance ; it was closed also. She tried the only other door with which she was acquainted, but with no better success. Scarcely yet perceiving all the peculiarity of her situation she hurried back to the small postern by which she had been admitted. It, too, was locked. For the first time she began to tremble. She knocked upon it with her hand, and raising her voice called with her utmost strength upon dame Morley. The feeble sound scarcely awakened an echo in the lofty aisles, and the silence which succeeded seemed deeper than before. For some moments Mary stood still as marble, listening if she might catch the faintest foot-fall from without ; but the beatings of her own heart were all she heard, and they became so loud that she fancied she could not have heard any thing else, even although there had been any thing else to hear. Again she thought that she might

not have examined the doors at the other end of the edifice with sufficient care; and more quickly than ever, though the way appeared twice as long as before, she retraced her steps, in the hope of discovering some mode of egress. It was in vain! Whether, because the vergers did not think it prudent on so turbulent an evening to keep the cathedral as long open as usual, or whether some other motive had influenced them, certain it was that she was shut up alone within its walls.

Mary Woodward had a strong and well-regulated mind, but it was a trying situation for a girl not yet out of her teens. Lonely and helpless as she was within the vast and massy walls of that gloomy cathedral, a sense of her own littleness, and of the mysterious grandeur of the place overwhelmed her. On the centre of the nave, and across the bare stone floor of the transept, the moonbeams fell broadly; but under the Gothic arches and among the great carved pillars of the aisles, there was merely sufficient light to show how much shadowy darkness remained. The sounds of the revelry going on without, reached not the solitary being within; and the only sign by which she was made aware of its existence was the occasional gleam of a rocket which she caught through some high window as it exploded in the darkening sky.

Summoning all her resolution to her aid, and en-

deavouring to fortify her mind by the reflection that she was a temporary prisoner in a building consecrated to the noblest and purest of purposes, she continued for some time walking along the nave, and occasionally in the transept, still indulging a faint hope that some of the doors might be re-opened. As the time passed on, however, this hope became fainter and fainter; and when at length she heard the clock on the northern tower tell the hour of midnight, her heart sank within her. She was, besides, growing wearied, and somewhat chill; and in spite of herself, foolish imaginations began to creep over her with a sort of shivering awe. In the state of nervous sensibility into which she had fallen, the sight of her own shadow became painful; move which way she chose, she could not help thinking that it seemed to accompany instead of following her.

Overcome at length with fatigue, she passed once more with tottering limbs into the choir, where she hoped to find some resting-place, however comfortless. Here, in consequence of the partition wall, the light was more uncertain. The pulpit and seats in the chapel, the fluted organ at one end, the altar at the other, and the marble tombs which were erected all round, dimly perceptible as these objects were, looked strange and unnatural to the agitated girl. In a small recess on one side, where a stone seat had been rudely

carved, she threw herself down, and recalling all her self-possession, made a strong effort to rally her spirits.

The monuments which surrounded the choir were for the most part ornamented with the effigies of the departed. Many of these figures were carved rudely enough, while others were sculptured with delicacy and precision. Some of them represented bishops and archbishops in their sacred robes, and with their mitres on their heads; whilst other more warlike prelates clad in complete suits of armour, looked as they did in life after they had laid down the crosier for the sword and buckler. The taste of the artist, or the wishes of surviving friends had, in several instances, preferred emblematical to imitative figures, and some of the tombs were, in consequence, adorned with strange fantastic shapes of death and sin, or of wild and fabled animals. Notwithstanding the gloom which prevailed, the whiteness of these marble shrines presented a sort of indistinct outline by which their general conformation might be traced.

There was one tomb nearly directly opposite to where Mary sat, on the other side of the chapel, well known to all the inhabitants of Exeter, by the remarkable recumbent figure which was carved upon it, and which no one ever passed without pausing to look at. The figure was that of a skeleton, very ingeniously executed, and grinning as

if in silent mockery of all the vanities of life. A helmet with the vizor up, partially concealed the skull, and in the long bony hand was a broken lance. It was a vivid and painful representation of what the once powerful tenant of the sepulchre beneath then was, and of what all humanity must one day be.

Mary's eye happened to rest upon this figure,—probably conducted to it by a gleam of moonlight which fell upon it from an opposite window, making it more conspicuous than those by which it was surrounded. She was about to avert her gaze from an object so little calculated to soothe her agitated mind, when suddenly a shape rose from behind the tomb! In an agony of terror a scream involuntarily burst from her, and her heart beat convulsively. She believed at first that the skeleton itself had risen from the marble on which it lay, and putting both her hands upon her eyes, she sat trembling like an aspen, and almost delirious. For a moment all was still as before — the solemn hush of midnight. It was only for a moment; the slow tread of a heavy foot fell upon her ear, and she *felt* that the shape was approaching her. Though expecting every instant to drop down lifeless, her sense of hearing appeared more acute than ever, and she could distinctly trace the successive foot-falls as they passed along the opposite aisle, round the upper part of the chapel, and drew nearer the spot



where she had seated herself. To seek any other concealment was out of the question; she could not have moved though her soul's safety had been at stake. Besides, if that which was coming towards her was not of this world, what concealment could have availed.

But the graves do not give up their dead. The being in the cathedral with that lonely girl was human like herself. At least the outward attributes of humanity were his, though the evil one seemed to have had power at his birth. It was Dicky Cross the idiot. Before the doors were shut for the night, he had concealed himself among the tombs as was his wont not unfrequently, and he had but now risen from a restless slumber behind the skeleton warrior. Mary's scream had attracted him towards her, and he came along the aisle in which she was, muttering to himself unintelligibly. Her eyes were still closed, and her hands upon her face, when he stooped before her. She gasped for breath, and after a brief pause was able to articulate,—“If you be human, speak to me!”

A strange laughter, not loud but hoarse, was the only reply, as the idiot put up his hand to uncover her face. She felt the touch of flesh and blood, and with a desperate effort opened her eyes and looked upon him. She saw no spectre; but one whom she hardly dreaded less, and she sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

"Ha! I have found you!" cried Dicky Cross, as in the momentary glance she gave him of her face he remembered who she was. "Ha, ha! where is thy champion now? ha, ha!" and a savage fire burned in his eyes.

Seizing Mary by her long and beautiful hair, he dragged her, insensible as she was, to a place where the moonlight fell more distinctly, and then, kneeling beside her, watched with a demoniac expression of satisfaction the symptoms she began to give of returning animation.

"You are alone with the idiot now," he whispered loudly in her ear, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to recollect where she was. "Alone! alone!" he repeated; "nobody but the old tombstones and I."

Mary did not dare to move or speak. She felt like the poor kid given over to the savage will of the tiger.

"He did not know when he struck me," resumed the madman, "that I slept with the dead bishops. Thou shalt sleep with them too, but not as I sleep."

Then suddenly kindling into fury, he started to his feet, and laying his hands upon part of Mary's dress tore it away, exclaiming,—*"Off with these trappings, woman! Yonder skeleton lies less daintily. Rise! we must visit the skeleton."*

So saying, he again grasped her by the hair, and half led, half dragged her, more dead than alive,

round to the opposite side of the choir. He stopped before the hideous effigy he had spoken of.

"This is my bed-fellow," said he; "and he must be yours also. Ha! ha! we'll cheat your minion. I know him! his name is Neville, but this skeleton is my ancestor. He struck me! and you were with him! you stood by and saw it! you smiled to see the idiot struck! Where are you now? These are the dead bishops; kneel to them! kneel to them!"

And as he spoke, he threw his victim forcibly down upon the floor. She clasped his knees, and beseeched him to have mercy.

"Mercy! ha! ha! ha!" shouted the creature; "blood has been shed in churches ere now! Neville will be here in the morning, but you and he will not laugh at the idiot again."

He fumbled among his pockets, and pulled out a rusty knife. Mary's soul recoiled with horror from the death she saw she was to die.

"Mercy! mercy!" she again repeated, flinging herself in despair along the cold stones.

The idiot laughed, and she heard him sharpening the knife upon the tombstone. Her moment was come; but, yielding to the mingled impulse of frenzy, and the last flash of dying hope, she suddenly sprang from the ground, and with more than woman's strength rushing upon her executioner endeavoured to wrench the instrument of

death from his grasp. A terrible struggle ensued, in the course of which Mary's hands and arms were cut in several places; but the issue was not long doubtful. Gathering her in his arms with all his strength, he dashed her from him on the ground, and as she fell, her head struck against the stony skeleton. Uttering a yell of triumph, he raised the knife, and was about to plunge it into her heart, when the flash of torches burst into the choir, and a blow from a powerful arm stretched him senseless at her feet.

"Mary! Almighty Heaven! she is dead!" cried Miles Neville, throwing himself by her side.

"Ha! ha!" cried the idiot, recovering himself, and still grasping his knife.

"Monster!" shouted Neville, in despair, and, again springing to his feet, felled him a second time to the earth.

"See! see!" said one of the attendants, "she recovers!"

"Thank God! thank God!" said her lover, bursting into tears.

"Where am I?" faintly ejaculated Mary.

"Safe! safe!" and Miles folded her to his bosom in a passionate embrace.

He had saved her from certain death, though weeks elapsed before she perfectly recovered from the shock she had sustained.

Greatly alarmed on his return home, to find

that she was still absent, and that Timothy had been drinking too many bumpers to the king's health to be able to keep the promise he had made, Neville instantly proceeded to the house of Miss Stapeldon, who, had retired to rest several hours before, but was not less alarmed than Miles when she heard that Mary was missing. Dame Morley was next applied to, and from the information received from her, it occurred to Neville that his bride might actually be locked up in the cathedral. Torches were procured, and the door was no sooner open than a noise was heard which led at once to the spot where the last struggle was taking place.

The blows which the idiot had received were not mortal; but for the rest of his life he was kept in close and severe confinement.

It was from Mary Woodward herself, then Mrs. Miles Neville, the happiest and prettiest young wife and mother in Exeter, that I obtained the particulars of this story a good many years ago.

**POETICAL PIECES**

**FOUND IN**

**MY OLD PORTFOLIO.**

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" I'faith a mad wag !

" — Aye, by'r Lady! a merry philosopher."

*Ben Jonson.*

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## A BREATHING OF THE COUNTRY.

SEATED all a summer's day  
By the margin of a brook,  
'Neath a tree whose shadows play  
O'er the pages of thy book ;  
Reading words of power to stir  
Many a thought of happiest kind,  
Glancing through the theatre  
Of thy free uncurtained mind,  
Yieldeth joy I value more,  
Than all the hot town hath in store.

Angling in a breezy pool  
With a lure of auburn wing,  
While the waters beautiful  
Dancing o'er a cascade sing,  
And the fish of green and gold  
Leap contending for the prize,  
Till a scaly patriarch old  
Gasping on the fresh sward lies —  
Tell me, in the city where  
Pleasure dwells so passing rare ?



Wandering o'er a gentle hill,  
Brilliant with earth's common flowers,  
Which, though men nor sow, nor till,  
Greet the sunshine and the showers ;  
Viewing far the landscape spread,  
Mapp'd into a thousand fields,  
Whilst in blue air, overhead,  
Many a cloud its palace builds,  
Lost in smoky streets, can we  
E'er so much of beauty see ?

Far away, within a wood  
Where the birds forget to sing,  
And the solemn solitude  
Almost grows bewildering,  
Nursing dreams of bygone days,  
Broken fancies, sad but sweet,  
Broken as the flower that lays  
Its bruised odours at thy feet ;  
Better love I thus to muse,  
Than the haunts where fashion woos.

Lovely in each garb art thou,  
Nature, God's most holy child !  
Bright for ever is thy brow,  
Ne'er with worldly passion soiled !  
When the soul is faint with sin,  
Hardly knowing where to flee,  
Let it leave the feverish din  
To make a fellowship with thee,  
And on thy altar lay its cares,  
Thy altar fann'd by mountain airs !

## A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

THEY 're stepping off, the friends I knew,  
They 're going, one by one,  
They 're taking wives, to tame their lives,  
Their jovial days are done—  
I can't get one old crony now,  
To join me in a spree;  
They 've all grown grave domestic men,  
They look askance at me.

I hate to see them sober'd down,  
The merry boys and true,  
I hate to hear them sneering now  
At pictures fancy drew  
I care not for their marriage cneer,  
Their puddings and their soups,  
And middle-aged relations round  
In formidable groups.

And though their wife perchance may have  
A comely sort of face,  
And at the table's upper end  
Conduct herself with grace,  
I hate the prim reserve that reigns —  
The caution and the state, —  
I hate to see my friend grow vain  
Of furniture and plate.

O give me back the days again,  
When we have wander'd free,  
And stole the dew from ev'ry flower,  
The fruit from every tree :  
The friends I love — they will not come —  
They 've all deserted me ;  
They sit at home and toast their toes,  
Look stupid, and sip tea.

By Jove ! they go to bed at ten,  
And rise at half-past nine ;  
And seldom do they now exceed  
A pint or so of wine ;  
They play at whist for sixpences,  
They very rarely dance,  
They never read a word of rhyme,  
Nor open a romance.

They talk, good Lord ! of politics,  
Of taxes, and of crops ;  
And very quietly, with their wives,  
They go about to shops ;  
They get quite skilled in groceries,  
And learned in butcher meat,  
And know exactly what they pay  
For every thing they eat.

And then they all get children too,  
To squall through thick and thin,  
And seem right proud to multiply  
Small images of sin;  
And yet you may depend upon't,  
Ere half their days are told,  
Their sons are taller than themselves,  
And they are counted old.

Alas! alas! for years gone by,  
And for the friends I've lost,  
When no warm feeling of the heart  
Was chill'd by early frost;  
If these be Hymen's vaunted joys,  
I'd have him shun my door,  
Unless he'll quench his torch, and live  
Henceforth a bachelor.

## THE FATE OF SERGEANT THIN.

A NEW ORIGINAL BALLAD ENTIRELY FOUNDED ON FACT.

WEEP for the fate of Sergeant Thin,  
 A man of a desperate courage was he,  
 More he rejoiced in the battle's din,  
 Than in all the mess-room revelry ;  
 But he died at last of no ugly gash —  
 He choked on a hair of his own moustache !

Sergeant Thin was stern and tall,  
 And he carried his head with a wonderful air ;  
 He looked like a man who could never fall —  
 For devil or don he did not care ;  
 But death soon settled the Sergeant's hash —  
 He choked on a hair of his own moustache !

He did not die as a soldier should,  
 Smiting a foe with sword in hand,  
 He died when he was not the least in the mood,  
 When his temper was more than usually bland ;  
 He just had fastened his sabre tash,  
 When he choked on a hair of his own moustache !

And then they all get children too,  
To squall through thick and thin,  
And seem right proud to multiply  
Small images of sin;  
And yet you may depend upon't,  
Ere half their days are told,  
Their sons are taller than themselves,  
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If these be Hymen's vaunted joys,  
I'd have him shun my door,  
Unless he'll quench his torch, and live  
Henceforth a bachelor.

## THE FANCY BALL.

IN A LETTER TO MY COUSIN.

THE fancy ball?—of course, dear coz,  
I could not help being there,  
Though I mingled in all the gaieties, coz,  
With a heart that had many a care;  
But I hid them beneath my mantle, coz,  
For I went as a Spanish don,  
And I looked as proud as a bridegroom, coz,  
When his marriage dress is on.

And in sooth the sight was a pleasant sight,  
For those who love such things,  
And who peep not under the rosy wreath  
Which mirth o'er her votaries flings;  
'Tis better to catch the spirit, coz,  
Of the passing hour as it flies,  
Than walk by yourself to a corner, coz,  
And begin to philosophise.

I did all I could to be pleased, dear coz,  
But I own that I searched in vain  
For a face whose features might bring me back  
The light of thy face again ;  
Oh ! beauty is often talked of, coz,  
But very rarely seen—  
Beauty that looks like a seraph, coz,  
And moves like a starry queen.

And the men were worse than the women, coz,  
They were all so pompous and dull ;  
And some looked as awkward, as if they had spent  
Their lives in the Isle of Mull ;  
And each seem'd painfully conscious, coz,  
That he wore a fancy dress,  
Which he knew had cost him twenty pounds,  
As nearly as he could guess.

The English are too grave a people, coz,  
To enjoy a fancy ball,  
They lack the gladdening sun that shines  
On the Tuscan Carnival ;  
Their misty climate affects their blood,  
And acts like a witch's spell,  
They cannot fling their reserve aside,  
And sing "*Vive la bagatelle !*"

Oh ! 'twas only a shadow dim and faint,  
Of what it might have been,  
Had a livelier spirit ruled o'er the hour,  
And danced through the glittering scene ;  
Even I could have felt the influence, coz,  
Of souls more warm and free—  
Souls which, like thine, could have left the earth,  
And gone up to the sky with me.



But the souls lay some in a necklace, coz,  
And some in the style of hair;  
And some in the peak of a stomacher,  
And some—heaven best knows where ;—  
From a feather or two, peep'd the souls of a few,  
From a turban that of others ;  
And some had never got souls at all  
From their fathers or their mothers.

Doubtless there were exceptions, coz,  
If one could have found them out ;  
And 'tis always a thankless task at best  
To grumble, and sneer, and pout ;  
Amongst so many smiles, dear coz,  
What had my sighs to do ?  
Where every one was looking sweet,  
Why the deuce should I look blue ?

Then live the Fancy Ball, dear coz,  
With its terribly sour champagne ;  
And if there be another next year,  
May we all be at it again !  
And may none of the ladies who glitter'd there  
Be angry at what I've said,  
For, rather than anger a fair ladye,  
I'd let her chop off my head.

### THE TALL GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.

UPBRAID me not;—I never swore eternal love to thee,  
For thou art only five feet high, and I am six feet three ;  
I wonder, dear, how you supposed that I could look so low,  
There's many a one can tie a knot, who cannot fix a beau.

Besides you must confess, my love, the bargain scarcely fair,  
For never could we make a match, altho' we made a pair ;  
Marriage, I know, makes one of two ; but here's the horrid  
bore,  
My friends declare, if *you* are one, that *I* at least am four.

'Tis true the moralists have said, that Love has got no eyes,  
But why should all my sighs be heaved for one who has no  
size?

And on our wedding-day I'm sure I'd leave you in the lurch,  
For you never saw a steeple, dear, in the inside of a church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take her husband by the arm,  
But pray excuse me should I hint a sort of fond alarm,  
That when I offered you my arm, that happiness to beg,  
Your highest effort, dear, would be to take me by the leg.

I do admit I wear a glass, because my sight's not good,  
But were I always quizzing you, it might be counted rude :  
And tho' I use a concave lens,—by all the gods ! I hope  
My wife will ne'er look up to me through a Herschel's telescope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one ! I ask no parting kiss,  
I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a bliss ;  
Nor will I weep lest I should hurt so delicate a flower,—  
The tears that fall from such a height, would be a thunder-shower.

Farewell ! and pray don't drown yourself in a bason or a tub,  
For that would be a sore disgrace to all the Six-Foot Club ;  
But if you ever love again, love on a smaller plan,  
For why extend to six feet three, a life that's but a span !

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### A POINT FOR THE CRITICS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ARMAND GOUFFE'.

" WRITE just as you speak," say modern critics,  
That desperate band of merciless ascetics :  
O ye ! who fix the laws of composition,  
Have ye no pity for *my* sad condition ?  
Tell me, in God's name, how should I compose,  
For, gentle critics, I speak thro' my nose !

## TO A WITHERED CURRANT-BUSH.

WHAT is the reason, thou currant-bush,  
 That there is not a leaf upon thee,  
 Although there are leaves on the gooseberry-bush,  
 And leaves on the old apple-tree ?

Art thou asleep in thy winter sleep,  
 Or art thou a stubborn thing  
 That will not be woo'd by the April sun,  
 Nor the breath of the gentle Spring ?

The heart's-ease looks up, with a smile, in thy face,  
 And the primrose is silent with joy,  
 And the butterfly flutters from flower to flower  
 Like a happy, but truant boy.

The blackbird is singing among the boughs,  
 And the lark 'neath the rainbow's zone ;  
 All Nature is full of the spirit of joy,  
 But thou art dejected alone !

Good lack ! I hope thou'rt not dead, currant-bush,  
For a doleful thing 'twould be,  
To have no red currants when August comes,  
And no red jelly at tea.

'Twas pleasant to pluck the luxuriant strings  
Of the ruby beads that hung  
In tempting clusters, ruddy and ripe,  
Thy fresh green boughs among.

O ! never glanced gems upon beauty's neck  
With a richer glow of light,  
Than the coral fruit upon thee, currant-bush,  
When Autumn's skies were bright.

And I mind me well, six months ago,  
How gladsome it was to see  
The busy group of sisters small,  
Who prattled and danced round thee.

And surely thou wert right pleased, currant-bush,  
To be rifled by such sweet fingers ;  
And of them, perchance, 'midst thy withering boughs,  
Some faint remembrance lingers.

Poor bush ! I pity thee much ;—and more  
That thy fate has a touch of my own ;  
The April sun now shines on us both,  
But *not* as it *once* has shone.

## THE PASTEBOARD TOY.

A SONNET AFTER WORDSWORTH.

ONE day my youngest son, a little boy  
 Of seven or eight, came smiling up to me,  
 And said, " Papa ! look what a pretty toy  
     My aunt bought for me last night after tea ;"  
 I look'd, and lo ! it was a Highlander,  
     Cut out in pasteboard very tastefully,  
 And wearing, that he might look handsomer,  
     His tassell'd pouch gay dangling at his knee.  
 Between his legs there was a bit of string,  
     Which when I pull'd, it made me laugh to see  
 How the smart man his little limbs could fling,  
     Kicking and capering very lustily.  
 " Amazing ingenuity !" said I ;  
 " I'll play with this small figure frequently."

## EDINBURGH REVISITED.

I was a lad, a chubby lad,  
A curly-pated lad,  
When one forenoon I bade adieu  
To all the friends I had,  
And sailed for India, with a heart  
Half merry and half sad.

We cross'd the line, and round the Cape  
We held our stormy way ;  
We toss'd beneath a tropic night,  
Burn'd 'neath a tropic day,  
And not till five long months were past  
Cast anchor off Bombay.

Full many a year in Indian land  
I broil'd and toil'd full sore ;  
But finding I was getting rich,  
My lot I quietly bore,  
Still looking forward to the time  
I should return once more.

At last it came, though not until  
The bloom of youth was flown,  
And till, when looking at my face,  
It hardly seem'd my own ;  
My eye was dim, my brow was bald,  
My cheek was whity-brown.

" There's not a man in Edinburgh,"  
Thus to myself I said,  
" Will know me now, for more than half  
Of my old friends are dead,  
And they who still remain will be  
As stiff and cold as lead."

With heavy purse, but heavier heart,  
I slowly travell'd home ;  
And when at length I caught a glimpse  
Of high St. Giles's dome,  
How freshly back into my heart,  
Old thoughts began to come !

" And shall I find *thee* still the same,  
Though friends be changed or lost,  
Auld Reekie ! whom my soul held dear  
On Coromandel's coast ?  
Thou hast not, queen of many a hill,  
Like me been tempest-tost !"



Alas ! my native town *was* changed ;  
I scarcely knew the place,  
For only here and there I caught  
The melancholy grace  
Of some remember'd feature still  
Unalter'd on its face !

Perchance 'twas fairer than before,  
Yet not so dear to me ;  
Why had they stolen my childhood's haunts  
When I was o'er the sea ?  
Why was there nought but stone and lime  
Where green fields used to be ?

The Calton-hill was all cut up,  
The High-street all cut down ;  
A church-yard was let out in shops,\*  
The old " Nor' Loch" was gone ;  
And many a country road was now  
A street within the town !

Even Arthur's seat look'd different now,  
For they had pruned the crags,  
And all the fine irregular rocks,  
That, like the horns on stags,  
Once jutted out, had gone to fill  
The civic money bags.

From every venerable place  
Patrician pride had fled ;  
In courts where nobles used to dwell  
Trade rear'd her noisy head ;  
And fashion to a newer bride  
At the West End was wed.

\* Part of the Calton-hill burying-ground was removed in 1815, to make way for Waterloo Bridge.

The grass grew green in George's square,  
The meadows were deserted ;  
The house where Walter Scott was born  
Look'd old and broken-hearted ;  
The order of all things to me  
Seem'd grievously inverted.

As for my friends, there scarce was one —  
A lonely man am I ;  
And often when I see the stream  
Of busy life flow by,  
All glittering in the smiles of hope,  
A tear-drop dims my eye.

O could I ever be again  
A curly-pated lad,  
I would not leave my native land  
For all Allahabad,  
It is domestic love, not gold,  
That makes the bosom glad.

## MATRIMONY.

“ Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery ! still thou art  
a bitter draught !”

STERNE.

To die, some wicked rascals tell us,  
Is a mere joke—a bagatelle,  
Whether we're partial to a gallows  
Or choose to walk into a well;  
But, from a paltry love of life,  
Say the same rogues, not over civil,  
To take unto yourself a wife,  
*Alias* a spouse—O ! that's the devil !  
“ Who” cry these wags, “ would ever cumber  
His house with such a dull, insipid,  
Useless, heartless piece of lumber,  
A mere machine, a moving biped ?”  
And then they speak of Eve and Adam,  
And Samson's wife, and Lot's sad dame,  
And poor Job's breeches-wearing madam,  
And hundreds more than I can name ;  
Pandora with her poisonous box,  
And Helen who to Asia ran,  
And her who had the art to hoax  
Wise Socrates, unhappy man !

Yet, after all, I still maintain  
That women, on the whole, increase  
Man's happiness; and can't refrain  
From saying they're a useful piece  
Of household furniture, a kind  
Domestic animal, that knows  
All the vagaries of your mind,  
And makes your tea, and mends your clothes.

But marriage is, no doubt, a sea  
With many a rock that one may split on,  
With many a hidden shoal that we  
Will soon or late be sure to get on.  
Who ever saw a genuine tear  
Drop from a widow'd husband's eye?  
Who ever had the luck to hear,  
At such a time a genuine sigh?  
Look at the widower, when he goes  
Accoutred in his best black clothes;  
Is there no smile about his face,  
No air of freedom in his pace,  
No scorn about the glance he throws  
In proud security on those  
Whose looks inform you well enough  
*Their* mates are "made of sterner stuff?"  
This puts a story in my head  
I somewhere either heard or read.

A messenger, in breathless haste,  
With hair, erected on his head,  
Into Cornaro's chamber press'd,  
And rush'd up to the sleeper's bed.  
The sleeper lay in sweet repose,  
The wasted strength of life restoring,

Laid by the music of his nose,  
Which mortals vulgarly call snoring.  
The stranger shook him pretty roughly,  
And tweak'd his nose, and pull'd his hair ;  
At last Cornaro, rather gruffly,  
Ask'd - " What the devil brought him there ?"  
The messenger, in great distress,  
At length, in broken accents, said,  
" O! Sir, they've sent me here express  
To tell you that your wife is dead !"  
- Indeed !" the widow'd man replied,  
Turning upon his other side,  
And drawing o'er his eyes his cap,  
Resolved on finishing his nap,  
" Poor woman ! when I wake, you'll see  
How great a blow this is to me !"

SOME ACCOUNT OF HOW I SPEND MY TIME  
IN THE COUNTRY.

How rich those golden buttercups appear !  
I'm sure there are at least two thousand here !  
Mixed up with daisies, which I've always thought  
Like silver buttons on green nature's coat.  
Grasshoppers chirp around me, and the hum  
Of many a bee doth to my quick ear come ;  
The breezes ripple o'er the long spear grass,  
And wandering flies buzz round me as they pass.  
I lay me down, and little beetles run  
Into their holes my lengthy limbs to shun ;  
Yet ever and anon, they venture out,  
And trot along my leg with poking snout.  
I heedless lie upon my back at ease,  
And, for a shelter 'gainst the sun and breeze,  
I with my hat do cover up my face,  
Thus making for my eyes a shady place,  
Wherein I look, and on the crown do see  
The maker's name imprinted legibly ;  
And if you wish that name to know, 'Od wot,  
'Tis " Grieve and Oliver, late Grieve and Scott."

Thus do I lie, and in me thoughts arise  
Profounder than my common speech implies ;  
And every incident of sight or sound  
Excites new trains and makes them more profound :  
The short shrill fragment trilled by some blythe lark  
(Belonging no doubt to Lord Mansfield's park),—  
A sudden flush of sunshine on my face,  
When frivolous winds my trusty hat displace,  
A jenny-nettle's spinning thro' the air,  
With whizzing wings, and legs long, thin, and bare,—  
A little fish, close by me in a brook,  
That leaps without the fear of angler's hook ;—  
These, and a thousand other things like these,  
Inspire, arouse, refine, and greatly please.  
Then all at once, the whole scene passes by,  
And I grow drowsy, though I can't tell why ;  
And with a dim perception where I am,  
I doze a while as softly as a lamb ;  
Until a midge, with its small tickling toes  
Creeps up my cheek, and dallies round my nose.  
Enraged I wake, and starting from my back  
Salute the intruder with a thundering smack—  
In vain—for he is off, unscathed as air,  
Leaving my cheek and nose that blow to share.  
It puts me in a passion, and I rise  
Cursing the daisies to their sore surprise ;  
And in my anger a resolve I make  
Never to lie there more asleep, nor yet awake.

TO A LADY WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE FOR  
HER A POEM OF NINETY LINES.

TASK a horse beyond his strength,  
And the horse will fail at length :  
Whip a dog, the poor dog whines —  
Yet you ask for ninety lines.

Tho' you gave me ninety quills,  
Built me ninety paper-mills,  
Poured out ninety inky Rhines,  
I could not write ninety lines.

Ninety miles I'd walk for you  
Till my feet were black and blue ;  
Climb high hills, and dig deep mines,  
But I can't write ninety lines.

Tho' my thoughts were thick as showers,  
Plentiful as summer flowers,  
Clustering as Italian vines,  
I could not write ninety lines.



When you've swallowed up the sea,  
Floated ships in cups of tea,  
Plucked the sun from where he shines,  
Then I'll write you ninety lines.

Even the bard who lives on rhyme  
Teaching silly words to chime,  
Seldom sleeps, and never dines —  
He could scarce write ninety lines.

Well you know my love is such,  
You could never ask too much ;  
Yet even love itself declines  
Such a task as ninety lines.

Tho' you frowned with ninety frowns,  
Bribed me with twice ninety towns,  
Offered me the starry signs,  
I could not write ninety lines.

Many a deed I've boldly done  
Since my race of life begun ;  
But my spirit peaks and pines  
When it thinks of ninety lines.

Long I hope for thee and me  
Will our lease of this world be ;  
But tho' hope our fate entwines,  
Death will come ere ninety lines.

Ninety songs the birds will sing,  
Ninety beads the child will string ;  
But his life the poet tines  
If he aims at ninety lines.

Ask me for a thousand pounds,  
Ask me for my house and grounds ;  
Levy all my wealth in fines,  
But don't ask for ninety lines.

I have eat of every dish —  
Made of beast, and bird, and fish ;  
Briskets, fillets, knuckles, chines,  
But eating won't make ninety lines.

I have drunk of every cup,  
Till I drank whole vineyards up ;  
German, French, and Spanish wines,  
But drinking won't make ninety lines.

Since then you have used me so,  
To the Holy Land I'll go ;  
And at all the holy shrines  
I shall pray for ninety lines.

Ninety times a long farewell,  
All my love I could not tell,  
Tho' 'twas multiplied by nines,  
Ninety times those ninety lines.

## MAD TOM'S SONG.

THE great round moon !—tu-whit ! tu-who !  
I ride on its rim when I've nothing to do,—  
I ride on its rim, and I sail away,  
And I dash off the stars from its sides like spray !

Were you ever at sea when the waves ran high,  
And the ships of a nation went tumbling by ?  
Did you hear the cries of the seamen bold ?  
Did you hear the squeaking of rats in the hold ?

But what is a voyage along the sea,  
To lilting thro' all the sky with me,  
Over the clouds and the rainbow's rim,  
Over the tops of the seraphim ?

The great round moon ! tu-whit ! tu-who !  
When there's frost in the air, her nose looks blue,  
Her nose looks blue and her cheeks look red,  
And her eyes come starting half out of her head.

Yet better loves she the frosty night,  
When the icicles round her are clanking bright,  
And jangling like bells as she journeys on,  
Than a sky made warm by the summer sun.

Better loves she the snow and the hail,  
Veiling the earth with their gossamer veil,  
Than the flaunting flowers of the rosy spring,  
That lift up their heads to the sun—their king.

Away! away! before the wind!  
That long-tailed comet is far behind;  
And the track that is left by our silver car  
Is bright as the train of a shooting star.

The great round moon! tu-whit! tu-whoo!  
I ride on her rim when I've nothing to do;  
I ride on her rim, and I laugh as I go,  
At all that is puzzling the earth below.

Men flatter a lordling who comes into place,  
Just as I see a planet extinguished in space:  
Men weep o'er a score that have perished in fight,  
Just as I see a world emerging to light.

If they rode on the moon thro' the boundless blue,  
They would join in my chorus—tu-whit! tu-whoo!  
They would alter their notions of virtue and sin,  
And weigh 'gainst their world the head of a pin!

**SIX WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.**

I dox'r care three-and-sixpence now  
For anything in life;  
My days of fun are over now,  
I'm married to a wife.  
I'm married to a wife, my boys,  
And that, by Jove! 's no joke!  
I've eat the white of this world's egg,  
And now I've got the yolk.

I'm sick of sending marriage cake,  
Of eating marriage dinners,  
And all the fuss that people make  
With newly wed beginners;  
I care not now for white champagne,  
I never cared for red;  
Blue coats are all blue bores to me,  
And Limerick gloves or kid.

And as for posting up and down,  
It adds to all my ills ;  
At every paltry country town  
I wish you saw the bills !  
They know me for a married man,  
Their smirking says they do,  
And charge me as the Scots Greys charged  
The French at Waterloo.

I've grown, too, quite an idle rogue,  
I only eat and drink ;  
Reading with me is not in vogue,  
I can't be plagued to think ;  
When breakfast's over, I begin  
To wish 'twere dinner time,  
And these are all the changes now  
In my life's pantomime.

I wonder if this state be what  
Folks call the honey-moon ?  
If so, upon my word, I hope  
It will be over soon ;  
For too much honey is to me  
Much worse than too much salt ;  
I'd rather read, from end to end,  
"Southennan," by John Galt.

O ! when I was a bachelor  
I was as brisk 's a bee,  
But now I lie on ottomans  
And languidly sip tea,  
Or read a little paragraph  
In any evening paper ;  
Then think it time to go to bed,  
And light my bedroom taper.

O ! when I was a bachelor  
I always had some plan,  
To win myself a loving wife,  
And be a married man ;  
And now that I am so at last  
My plans are at an end,  
I scarcely know one thing to do,  
My time I cannot spend.

O ! when I was a bachelor  
My spirits never flagg'd,  
I walk'd as if a pair of wings  
Had to my feet been tagg'd ;  
But I walk much more slowly now,  
As married people should ;  
Were I to walk six miles an hour  
My wife might think it rude.

Yet after all, I must confess,  
This easy sort of way  
Of getting o'er life's jolting road  
Is what I can't gainsay ;  
I might have been a bachelor  
Until my dying day,  
Which would have been to err at least  
As much the other way.

## A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

OFTEN it chances that a dreamy mood  
 Comes stealing o'er me, and my rapt thoughts brood  
 On things long past, or things that ne'er can be,  
 Until my mind, like a small skiff at sea,  
 Goes dipping up and down from wave to wave,  
 Dancing o'er billows that might be its grave;  
 To no point steering, holding no fixed course,  
 But yielding to the fickle current's force.

I love the idlesse of that tranquil hour,  
 And all my nature hath confessed its power.  
 The landscape then that stretches far away,  
 Till in the distance fields and woods look gray,  
 Is present to the sense, yet is not seen,  
 For many ærial fancies float between,  
 Tho' whence they came, and whither they may go,  
 I never knew, and never hope to know;  
 Fair fleeting fancies! like a morning mist,  
 Whose fleecy robe the golden sun hath kiss'd,  
 Breaking it down to many a phantom shape  
 Of banner'd castle, or high jutting cape,  
 Romantic city crown'd with tower and spire,  
 Or fairy palace bursting into fire :



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